

# Sage Francis, Threewrite (Non-Prophets)

This is to the (uh-uh) intertwined souls  
the hands I've been trying to hold  
This is to the (uh-uh) love that I lost  
and all the troubling thoughts of how I got double-crossed  
and this is to the (uh-uh) divorce I was forced to settle with  
and the remorse I fought off with metal fists  
and this is to the (uh-uh) wet, watery kiss I left you with  
on your porch while I watched your trembling lips

This is to the... memory of our early years  
the first girl I shared feelings with  
and it's the realest thing I'd experienced in my short existence  
and I ain't afraid to admit  
cause love is one of the things that doesn't come with an age limit  
now does it? In fact I'ma have to say I'm more keen to feel such things  
hopeless things I'd lost in a smokescreen of meaningless fucking  
Touching without touching, candles in the dark  
casting shadows on our parents' battles, this is for the romantics at heart  
It wasn't too long before I held you more than my pen  
when I wasn't writing songs, it was something like  
&quot;Forever and always, whenever those songs play...&quot;  
I remember empty hallways  
or your image that descended from the top floor became an echo  
I paid the price for those hard things, and couldn't afford to let go  
From a passive debt, I'm past regret  
Did you know I dreamt about you before we met?  
Remembering our first kiss, and it hasn't even happened yet  
Recollecting your set, and I wasn't even given the chance to forget  
I guess that's the magic of it  
Now every rehashed subject's displaying what I wrote  
on cafe napkins to the public  
to get it over and done with, closure hath cometh  
My shoulders have plummeted from holding these buckets  
Hold your laughs till I go back to the tunnels of Paris  
where I wrote half of these paragraphs... but fuck it

This is to my ten year story, in another decade  
you better be better prepared for me  
in the first four years, you were all ears  
then the next six, you left me for the next exit  
with depth to my message  
So that began my affair with the world abroad  
Behind the curtain with the other hurtful girls I explored  
Until I became the monster, turning to the words that I record  
Pardon me, if you heard it all before  
&quot;I didn't shake you to hurt you&quot;  
when you landed on the floor  
In a room of naked virtues  
I closed my eyes to cancel what I saw  
Your hand made the first move to the handle of the drawer  
where the frail girl couldn't think to live  
&quot;I didn't shake you to hurt you&quot;  
I never planned it before  
I can't shake off your perfume, can't wash my hands no more  
and I'm breaking my curfew, but I can't walk  
I'm standing at the door, I hear the wailing of a little kid  
...and the failure of innocence  
His compromise eyeing the side of the kitchen sink  
What you think, I just let you cut you, cut me-- cut the bullshit  
Damn, I love the hugs enough to tolerate  
the way we made each other crazy, making it so tough to operate  
Productively, my self esteem didn't help when I felt ugly  
and I figured that's the reason why you wouldn't touch me  
My ego does bleed, I shouldn't have let you test it

and let your arms free to follow through with your domestic slip up  
Love is a battlefield so lick your shots quick  
while I lick my wounds and then resume as an obvious target  
Infatuations with the past protect my Purple Heart with  
a faded picture I had in my shirt pocket  
I'm going out with a bang..  
in a blaze of glory holes, the anti-hero  
I don't care how many ways the story's told  
Be careful when these doolies play like drums  
and be careful what you say, because my uzi weighs a tongue..

This is to the sleepless evenings that I spent next to grave stones  
Hoping someone from beyond would grab my arm and take me home  
I hadn't accepted I'd have to make it alone  
after feeding everything I had into a payphone  
and this is to the rain..  
I felt like it was made of spit  
My parade was an unbreakable chain of Gabe's trumpets  
Save the buckets even though they weighed down my walking  
You don't know the height of the steak you place your fork in  
You look old (that's what you said)  
I feel old (that's what I said)  
I been through a lot since you been gone, dead, born again  
torn to shreds over girls who were porcelain  
the cry-baby dolls, when we were allowed to talk again  
I stopped accepting wake-up calls (that ring true)  
I hate the way I fall for everything you do  
Our fate is flawed, that's why I make these break-up songs to sing to you  
Music is my only psychiatric drug  
And you're a pill in human form I'd like to hide under my tongue  
Kiss the foot that couldn't fit into the slipper of my mouth  
The denizen in your house begging for the benefit of your doubts  
When I got kicked out, I played the faithful puppy dog  
Loyal to the love alost, sitting at your fucking door in utter disbelief  
I sucked all of the skin off of my teeth  
you pulled away, you let me choke on your invisible leash  
You can find me hiding these screams behind my eyelids  
She blinded me (she blinded me) with silence..  
So my air-mail lips blew her a fairwell kiss  
Slinking over the sink, where all the hair gel drips  
Stairwells dip deep into her mouth where I found a cycle  
and ever since then, I've been on a downward spiral  
this round is final, it's time to recover  
because it's a porch that some dogs choose to die under  
the first song was a breakdown, I apologize in round two  
this version im certain, this shit ain't even about you  
It's the threewrite..