

Black Tape For A Blue Girl, Ashes In The Brittle A

Ashes. Ashes.

Our souls drift like ashes in the brittle air.....through the brittle air.

Hold out your hands. Afraid to hold out for what you need...

But see, see what you need.

Twirling like leaves, we float away....

Drift away from things, the things you desire

Desire, desire: the passion burning in your heart.

Reach for what you want.

Fears or freedoms: what if your perceptions are all wrong?

I wouldn't stop loving you.

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