

Brazil, The Novemberist

I dream of airplanes crashing
Solemn beginnings daily
Everyday I grow old
And am born again
Bath in light that starts to darken when I emerge
I dream of airplanes crashing
Solemn beginnings daily
Dissolution is change
I see tongues of fire upon our heads
Turn off the lights to see the next room
The constant

Save a match for me
Run with me into the flames
Save a match for me
Play the game with me tonight

Will november lose its meaning
When your fingers lose their feeling?
Today make it shatter like glass
Today makes tomorrow unbecoming
November is what can change me