

# Cut City, Rival Tria

Dear catastrophes and friends  
I sold myself short this time  
It reveals more of how I conceive this play  
Can't count the times I've turned to you in dismay  
But I would never...

Different hands draw different things  
I disregarded that  
But I invented ways to buy myself some time  
Can honestly say I've got nothing left to hide  
But I would never...

Dear catastrophes and friends  
I tapped into something cold  
The tables turned a second time with both ends burning bright  
Because push never came to shove just a distant sound of cries  
But could I ever...

Realize this exit's waging end  
I'll be really careful  
Realize that I can't block out this no  
Apologies are pending