

Fairweather, Letter Of Intent

you break down systematically when everything is black and
white and red is up for living enough to sleep at night?
you must be tired now from days and nights of growing old,
I'll mark this down as one and call it moving on.
don't bother reading those last rites, with demons sleeping
soundly out of sight, Sustaining tones of broken bones will
sleep with you tonight, I'll mark this down as one that I take
to my grave alone I'm making this my last reply,
it's my resignation