

Galt Areus, Drop the Match

We'll lay it to rest, and send it off right,
with a finger pointed straight up to the sky.
We've talked it to death, and I know you've changed,
and I'll try not to be more of the same.
So drop the match, let it go, burn these memories to pitch;
drop the match, let it go, carve this rabble here to rags.
And leave the flames to cast shadows on our backs.
The wretched advance, the sun will soon rise,
and we've just moments to decide...
Well I know one truth:
there's nothing I won't risk to be with you.
Light it up until it's black,
Leave the flames to eat it up, spit it back,
It's just old ink dried blue to scraps-
Strike that match so a vast sail of black is all that's left of our past.
And leave the flames to cast shadows on our backs.
And leave the flames to cleanse the past.