

# Sunday's Best, Don't Let It Fade

Trace around her lips with his fingers, he tries to draw on a smile,  
"Give it time. These scars are the stars that will show you the light."  
And now she's all he sees;  
he stays awake to watch her breathe the unheard  
melodies; the grace notes of her restless sleep.

Hold me now, don't let it fade away from here. It's so clear

His tattered undershirta souvenir that she likes to breathe in.  
She sighs days doing nothing unconscious of time.  
And now he's all she sees;  
she stays awake to watch him breathe the unknown  
poetry; sweet sonnets of how it should be.

And everybody might just have these same ideas--  
these same plans--I suppose...

We've found a perfect niche:  
where plastic meets perfect, kill substance for style...  
But inside, we get burned by the fuel that we cannot deny.