

Sunday's Best, In Beats Like Trains

The girl you used to tease is
rolling up her sleeves.
She finds everything she needs
in the pages of the books she reads.

So angry all she tastes is flame.
Her heart it churns in beats like trains.

What you do and don't believe,
doesn't mean a thing to me.
Who we "are," to some degree,
are the promises we choose to keep.

We will speak before we know.
Will we reach but never go?
We are all flame.

Take drugs and stay awake for days.