

Thea Gilmore, Black Letter

Black letter came to me today
Wired and lonely
Wired and lonely
Holding my hand
Oh, black letter came to me today
Wired and lonely
Wired to the running sand

Black letter came to me today
With a postmark of the seasons
A postmark of the seasons
Signed by time
Oh, black letter came to me today
With a postmark of the seasons
And handwriting that looked like mine

Black letter burns easily
Burns like kindling
Burns like kindling
Soon as I strike a match
Oh, black letter burns easily
Burns like kindling
I'll burn that letter down to ash

Black letter came to me today
Singing hallelujah
Singing hallelujah
Reading those words
Oh, black letter came to me today
Singing hallelujah
Black letter is a promise or a curse

Black letter came to me today
Wired and lonely
Wired and lonely
Holding my hand
Oh, black letter came to me today
Wired and lonely
Wired to the running sand
Wired to the running sand
Wired to the running sand