

## **Dashboard Confessional "Currents"**

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The air is visible around you,  
Rising up and off your lips  
In slow currents,  
And i watch  
As your face is framed in it  
Slow currents  
Drifting curls, a trailing path  
Along drag the curls,  
A dress of blue and ash

If it is born in flames  
Then we shold let it burn  
Burn as brightly as we can  
And if it's gotta end  
Then let it end in flames  
Let it burn all the way down

The air is visceral around us  
Turning in it's simple steps  
On slow currents  
And i watch, as it pirouettes  
And spins in slow motion  
Along drag the curls in  
A slow dance,  
In a halo of amber

If it is born in flames  
Then we should let it burn  
Burn as brightly as we can  
And if it's gotta end  
Then let it end in flames  
Let it burn all the way down  
All the way down...

And if this is ever meant to end  
Then i hope it ends where it began  
So hot with love we burned our hands  
If this is how we're meant to end  
Then i hope it ends where it began  
So hot with love  
It burns our hands

If it is born in flames  
Then we should let it burn  
Burn as brightly as we can  
And if it's gotta end  
Then let it end in flames  
(let it burn)  
(let it burn)  
If it's gonna end  
(let it burn)  
If it's gonna end  
(let it burn)  
It ends where it began  
So hot with love it burns our hands

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