

Fairweather "Letter Of Intent"

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You break down systematically when everything is
black and
White and red was making up for giving in enough to
sleep at night?
You must be tired now from days and nights of
growing old,
I'll mark this down as one and call it moving on.

Don't bother reading those last rites, with demons
sleeping
Soundly out of sight, Sustaining tones of broken bones
will
Sleep with you tonight.
You must be tired now from days and nights of
growing old,
I'll mark this down as one that I take to my grave alone

I'm making this my last reply,
And mark this down as one for moving on,
It's my resignation
And mark this down as one for moving on

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