

Hot Cross "Fatefully"

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It seems such a waste to stand still
remembering time kills us, watching stones.
Mantras repeated, never believed,
lifetimes and lifetimes spent deceived.
We'll decide amongst ourselves where we'll hang when
we've died.
Leave your flowers at the door, all manner of colors
makes it easy to hide.
Pull this life apart.
Dissect each piece;
microscopic metronome to collect the last rhythm and
curious eyes
we beg to know fall
warmly among us aglow with knowing.
Fly the fields to avoid the debts
We forget we are owing,
We forget that we are owing.
And I'll steal each breath, sputtered out.
As defiant words stain me, rearrange me.
And stamp me with doubt
Fuck off, fuck off
Because I don't need you.

We'll decide amongst ourselves where we'll hang when
we've died.

Leave your flowers at the door, the colors make it easy
to hide.

You live through our minutes, divided yet shared.

We dwell on impermanence, we survive you, yet we are
scared.

Pull this life apart with knowing.
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