

Hot Cross "Prepare Repair"

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A rising tide spent drowning in days lost to one heart's
final lament.

Thrown off like grins known only to the dead.

Plastered behind scarlet eyes - Scarlet eyes!

Plastered behind scarlet eyes, stinking of tomorrow.

I say that once a letter is written. it's not so easily sent.

Like trying to find 2 of 3, but settling for one of me
instead.

It's a hard faith to follow: the constant give without the
take; after the scraping through it's one less heart to
break.

A head above water for the eyes held under a lasting
plea for the lost mind torn asunder.

Nothing but fair trades and farewells, when the present
tense reveals a sixth sense, when you'd die for a word
or one less empty shell.

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