

James "Semaphore"

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I may as well try semaphore
As words no longer work
This fool was feeling cornered
And he acted like a jerk

He'd tell you he was sorry
If that made good the hurt
It's too late now, for sorry
It's too late now, for words

We survive, despite our desire to stray
Hell to pay
Thought you knew my desires
Innate it's not going away
I hope you're not going away

It's a question of convenience
How pain, with time, will fade

Surrendered to acceptance
Dark night gives way to day

It was meant to be a gesture
That mark across your face
It's too late now, for sorry
It's too late now, for grace

We survive despite our desire to stray
Hell to pay
Thought you knew my desires
Innate it's not going away

Hell to pay
Thought you knew
Hell to pay
Thought you knew

Thought you knew
Thought you knew
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