

Karate "In Hundreds"

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Part nonsense, part lung test, sickness loved in these hands. Sought numbers for answers. In hundreds I said prayers. Missed some trains. Lost some friends. Some forgave in the end. I don't want to tell you you're the reason why, but you're just a couple minutes shy of changing things for good. Maybe I'll put aside this poison like I always knew I should. Horizon gently pretends to be the end, to be an end. But what you can't see-and I don't want to give it away-shows that things look good for the rest of the day. Now I trust a shiver to bring this body's bad news. Voices might consider that it's my time, or let me choose. Now I don't worry too much about what I really have to loose, because I'd surely give it all up if I could get some time with you.

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