

## Kind Of Like Spitting "Following Days"

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Let the following days always remind us  
Of the presence we face, constantly dazed  
Let the following nights uniformly teach and conform  
Bless us and keep us warm  
Until we're finally safe and together  
Oh how repressed are our exchanges  
I see your hands full  
I watch you grow old  
How many smiles have you been faking  
From what I'm told you'd like to see a coffin fold  
There is no sympathy  
So these are useless love letters  
The house is filled with smoke and light

Hallowed wings and blacked out eyes  
The scene goes frame by frame  
Until we finally focus on the few details we have left  
But failed to use  
We will remember what we choose  
Let the following days always remind us  
Of the presence we face, constantly dazed

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