

Sunday's Best "Don't Let It Fade"

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Trace around her lips with his fingers, he tries to draw
on a smile,
"Give it time. These scars are the stars that will show
you the light."
And now she's all he sees;
He stays awake to watch her breathe the unheard
Melodies; the grace notes of her restless sleep.

Hold me now, don't let it fade away from here. It's so
clearâ€¦

His tattered undershirt-a souvenir that she likes to
breathe in.
She sighs-days spent doing nothing unconscious of
time.
And now he's all she sees;
She stays awake to watch him breathe the unknown
Poetry; sweet sonnets of how it should be.

And everybody might just have these same ideas--
These same plans--I suppose...

We've found a perfect niche:
Where plastic meets perfect, kill substance for style...
But inside, we get burned by the fuel that we cannot
deny.

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