

## Memoryhouse

### "Bonfire"

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Its getting late  
Think I'll turn in  
The moon is out and it's much to cold to swim  
I left your photo in this pool  
With all the thoughts I weave in order to recall you  
You

Out in the pale grey moth light sky  
I see my breath like ghosts to fragile to take flight  
I held the photo to the light  
And traced the symmetry as fingerprints divide  
Divide

And I'll keep moving westward  
Along these streets at once descending  
Shift beneath the floorboards  
Of our bed as you lie sleeping  
Set ablaze the violet room  
To dissolve the memory of  
All I wonder unavenged  
Silence keep repeating  
Its the same  
Its the same

Lets get cold together  
Together  
Lets get cold together  
Oh together

Lets get cold together  
Together  
Lets get cold together  
Oh together

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