

## The Snake The Cross The Crown "Letter"

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I got your letter, but the willingness wore out,  
And then penmanship was beautiful at best.  
Your words were honest,  
But the meanings raised a doubt  
And the sorrow to the ground

Breathe in, breathe out  
You're taking in the good,  
You're living with the bad  
But the latter seems to be more  
Than it ever has before

And in between the sorrow of self-infliction  
And your blood cells are burning to break free  
And I think I might let them go  
A pretty vision to follow through

You know it's hot and we can't take it  
It doesn't look like we would make it,  
So let's just forget,  
You know it's hot and we can't take it  
It doesn't look like we would make it,  
So let's just forget

You're hearing one thing, it's always the same,  
But the trick is holding on  
Remember that glare,  
The one before everything comes clear  
And it's harder every day to think of what to say  
But the trick is holding on  
And the time is making everything seem hotter  
And there's no use holding on

And every day is more like science fiction(?)  
And the past comes into play  
A life with less emotion

And I know we both let them go  
A pretty vision to follow through

You know it's hot and we can't take it  
It doesn't look like we would make it,

So let's just forget.  
You know it's hot and we can't take it  
It doesn't look like we would make it,  
So let's just forget.

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