

## The Benjy Davis Project

### "Crimson Glow"

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Dead ceiling  
Is what I guess he stared at when he heard  
For reasons  
In the depth of wildly whispered words  
Slow time beats  
In the morning passed around it  
Although I can't make it better  
I'll catch you if you fall

And I want to thank you for living  
Solitude  
And though I never told you  
How I felt  
I'm doing it now  
Crimson glow

Burned out before it reached the fingers  
The first time in his life he let it go  
And what he could, and what he would  
Will be remembered  
Even though

I know I  
Can't do anything to change it  
You're standing  
On the brink of destiny  
She's crying  
Because the dad she once had is gone  
And if it don't get better  
You know who you can call

And I want to thank you for living  
Solitude  
And though I never told you  
How I felt  
I'm doing it now  
Crimson glow

Blew smoke in the reaper's face, come on, bitch  
For that you'll be remembered by me  
This breath I give to you won't be missed

Crimson glow is lit again, in me, in me

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