

Elm Treason

"We Go On"

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My mind is draped with plans,
these castle daydreams, pencil nevers, paper snow..
The world is only cold
except for you.
For you, I do.
We go on.

And when at times afraid
that they might steal my box of crayon stars
and spinning spoons,
alone I'll gaze the moons
to look for you.
For you, I do.
We go on.

Beside these heaven spotted sheets of songs I write
for you,
there keeps a jar of a billion tomorrows breaking
through.
We go on.

If I am no one now,
God's hand I stay that way,
and time behind me grows,
I will always know there was you.
For you, I do.
We go on.

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