

Mourning Maxwell

"Truce"

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Secrets from the back burn decision pack a pistol
Now intention bears a gaping open wound
With dagger in hand you know we would have talked
This over if you could have followed through//

This could be the chance for us to understand
But some choose a path less taken
Its like breathing with your heart inside your throat
Trying not to choke
We'll never be half of what we make it//

Silence has it complications
Now it's seeping through our pores
And we're funning low
Say what you're thinking right now
Its all that matters let it out and let it go//

When the blood flows we'll all jump shit
As buoyant as a brick in flooding waters
It's the courage that I long for and the subtley you that
That's whispering and it shows.

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