

Currents

Dashboard Confessional

The air is visible around you, rising up and off your lips in slow currents

And i watch as your face is framed in its slow currents

Drifting curls a trailing path

A long drag becomes a dress of blue and ash

If it is born in flames then we should let it burn

Burn as brightly as we can

And if its gotta end then let it end in flames

Let it burn all the way down

The air is visceral around us Turning in its simple steps on slow currents and I watch as it pirouettes and spins in slow motion A long drag becomes a slow dance and a halo around her

If it is born in flames then we should let it burn

Burn as brightly as we can

And if its gotta end then let it end in flames

Let it burn all the way down, all the way down

And if this is ever meant to end, then i hope it ends where it began

So hot with love, we burned our hands

If this is ever meant to end, then i hope it ends where it began

So hot with love, it burns our hands

If it is born in flames then we should let it burn

Burn as brightly as we can

If its gotta end then let it end in flames

Let it burn, let it burn

If its gotta end let it burn

If its gotta end let it burn

It ends where it began, so hot with love, it burns our hands