

Sweet Disasters

Hot Water Music

So things are not the same
Cut all loss and walk away
What was said is done
so independence comes
and there is none the like
No more lonely souls
under changing leaves
and no more weary wrecks
Seeking harmony
while waiting for their rest
So choice is always free
granted nothing is but sure
Death won't set us free
Nor will misery
when we fear those worlds
We fear that we'll erode
quickly with no control
I won't lay sick and sorely
with my soul uneasy
The ground beneath me
is hollow, breaking up
and cracking to swallow me whole
When we get cut
it's so good to know that
sweet disasters
are just as precious
We fall down
to kiss the ground
and live to love and lose
All is well if all fails
At least we'll know the truth