

Part nonsense,  
part lung test,  
sickness loved  
in these hands.  
Sought numbers  
for answers.  
In hundreds  
I said prayers.

Missed some trains.  
Lost some friends.  
Some forgave  
in the end.

I don't want to tell you you're the reason why,  
but you're just a couple minutes shy of  
changing things for good.  
Maybe I'll put aside this poison  
like I always knew I should.  
knew I should.

Horizon  
gently pretends  
to be the end,  
to be an end.  
But what you can't see-and I don't want to give it away  
that things look good  
for the rest of the day.

Now I trust a shiver  
to bring this body's bad news.  
Voices might consider  
that it's my time, or let me choose.  
Now I don't worry too much  
about what I really have to loose,  
because I'd surely give it all up  
if I could get some time..  
time with you.