

Bridge Burn

Little Comets

The shore, the shore, it is a metaphor for every moment that has ever passed between them the way, the rays, repeat upon her face It's their monotony, she says, We need to bridge burn...

We need to bridge burn We need to bridge burn We need to bridge burn We need to bridge burn

Shukran! Shukran!, he whispers to her hands, and sees his future in the beach outstretched before them the way, the waves, was his empty words away is opportunity, he nods, We need to bridge burn...

We need to bridge burn We need to bridge burn We need to bridge burn We need to bridge burn

But I could tell you that it means so much to look in your eyes, to look in your eyes and I could tell you that it's not a crutch to look in your eyes, to look in your eyes

We need to bridge burn, bridge burn

So now her heart, a mirror from the start evacuates the empty space that grew between them he holds, her near, the sun a souvenir a final time to reminisce before they bridge burn

We need to bridge burn We need to bridge burn We need to bridge burn We need to bridge burn

We need to bridge burn, bridge burn