

Untitled

Matt Corby

So I threw your letter into the flame
And watched the fire regain
And these words have done nothing for you
As I did not read them through
Now turned to ash in the flume

And colours are dull
As the feeling of the cold
And memories fall
As the fire is getting old
Oh and I once more am now

Don't you fret I'll find my way
Carefully walking from the devil's plane
And I know why you did not follow me
Pride swallowed me then led me astray

And now the dark in me has now seen the day
Oh my chill has now lost its way
And these hands that once had helped me to pray
They are limp in utter dismay
Oh they, oh they fall in their disarray

And colours are dull
As the feeling of the cold
And memories fall
As the fire is getting old
Oh and I, I once more am now

Oh don't you fret I'll find my way
Carefully walking from the devil's plane
And I know why you did not follow me
Pride swallowed me then led me astray