

## February Seven

The Avett Brothers

I went on the search for something true.  
I was almost there when I found you.  
Sooner than my fate was wrote  
Perfectly it slit my throat  
And beads of lust released into the air.  
When I awoke you were standing there.

I was on the mend when I fell through.  
The sky around was anything but blue.  
I found as I regained my feet  
A wound across my memory  
That no amount of stitches would repair.  
But I awoke and you were standing there.

There's no fortune at the end of the road that has no end.  
There's no returning to the spoils  
Once you've spoiled the thought of them.  
There's no falling back asleep  
Once you've wakened from the dream  
Now I'm rested and I'm ready,  
I'm rested and I'm ready to begin.  
I'm ready to begin.

I went on the search for something real.  
Traded what I know for how I feel.  
But the ceiling and the walls collapsed  
Upon the darkness I was trapped  
And as the last of breath was drawn from me  
The light broke in and brought me to my feet.

There's no fortune at the end of the road that has no end.  
There's no returning to the spoils  
Once you've spoiled the thought of them.  
There's no falling back asleep  
Once you've wakened from the dream.  
Now I'm rested and I'm ready  
I'm rested and I'm ready  
Yeah I'm rested and I'm ready  
I'm rested and I'm ready  
Yeah I'm rested and I'm ready  
I'm rested and I'm ready  
To begin.  
I'm ready to begin.