

Faintly Falling Ashes

The Lawrence Arms

Another senseless week of crowded thoughts and crooked teeth
Morning frost and frozen sidewalks
All those days that burn inside us
Swell up in the silence of snowflakes falling magically
But the magic fades into the memory
Sleigh bells ringing laughing all the way
Cold hands of winter grasp as I gasp for breath
Is this my last?
No thoughts of dying no more self loathing for today
So deck the halls with drunken folly
Swallow resolutions line our stomachs with illusions
Car engines sputtering like these smoke filled dreams
Mistletoes and colored lightbulbs
And the kiss of winter fades into the memory
Angels singing ... lift me off the ground
Yesterday is frozen in the revery
Tomorrow is melting
Let's raise our glasses to these faintly falling ashes ...