

Hold On

William Fitzsimmons

We were proud and young
Broken fool with lovers' lungs
She the risen seed
Her the shallow breath I breathe

Like a dog I run
She the rabbit chased and won
Through a field of trees
Lost her way was lost on me

Should I hold on?
Should I hold on?

Summer's end will call
She the rise and both will fall
To the cold return
And no longer for her I burn