

The Weight Of Words

AFI

Gently carried on the wind to forbidden fields, flowers of the
deepest red
As the rays slowly descend, the contrast is revealed of dark re
d dust on deadened blades

Love, I can't turn away from this and I'm sorry
Love, I can't create

Softly tearing silver holes through the charcoal sky, droplets
longing to leave life
As their destination is met their color is consumed, silently l
ost, as we must weep

Love I can't turn away from this, I'm so sorry
Love, I can't create

Through the cracks it's crawling, through desire, trying to dec
eive its demise
Through the cracks keep crawling, cloaked in silence, as we mus
t weep
As we must weep