

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 red 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 lost, 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 deceive its demise

Through the cracks keep crawling, cloaked in silence, as we must weep

As we must weep