

# The Wrote & The Writ

Johnny Flynn

They're taking pictures of the man from God  
I hope his cassock's clean  
The burden of being our holy fellas  
Your halo'd better gleam, better gleam

What of all those wayward priests?  
The ones who like to drink  
Do you suppose they'd swap their blood for wine  
Like you swapped yours for ink, for ink

You wrote me, oh so many letters  
And all of them seemed true  
Promises look good on paper  
Especially from you, from you

The weight of all those willing words  
I carried all alone  
You wouldn't put your pen to bed  
When we hadn't found our own, our own

Your sentences rose high at night  
And circled round my head  
The circle's since been broken  
Like the priest before me is breaking bread

I'm being asked to drink the blood of Christ  
And soon I'll eat his flesh  
I'm alone again before the altar  
Shedding all my old regrets

The last of which I'll tell you now  
As it flies down the sink  
I never knew a part of you  
You didn't set in ink, in ink

The letters that you left behind  
No longer shall I read  
Your blood's between the pages  
And I can't stand to see you bleed

And I'll soon forget what was never there  
Your words are ash and dust  
All that's left is the song I've sung  
The breath I've taken and the one I must

If you're born with a love for the wrote and the writ  
People of letters your warning stands clear  
Pay heed to your heart and not to your wit  
Don't say in a letter what you can't in my ear