

# Untitled

Matt Corby

So I threw your letter into the flame  
And watched the fire regain  
And these words have done nothing for you  
As I did not read them through  
Now turned to ash in the flume

And colours are dull  
As the feeling of the cold  
And memories fall  
As the fire is getting old  
Oh and I once more am now

Don't you fret I'll find my way  
Carefully walking from the devil's plane  
And I know why you did not follow me  
Pride swallowed me then led me astray

And now the dark in me has now seen the day  
Oh my chill has now lost its way  
And these hands that once had helped me to pray  
They are limp in utter dismay  
Oh they, oh they fall in their disarray

And colours are dull  
As the feeling of the cold  
And memories fall  
As the fire is getting old  
Oh and I, I once more am now

Oh don't you fret I'll find my way  
Carefully walking from the devil's plane  
And I know why you did not follow me  
Pride swallowed me then led me astray