

All of It, All

Phosphorescent

A coward this morning
Black after backing away
And no explanation
Could ever explain it away
But could your bones be so bright?
And would it all be all right
If you layed them tonight
With me, safe beside

The thing about lifetimes
Is sometimes you have to be cruel
It's sad that it's sad
But don't let that dampen you
No, to live you must die
Yes and more than one time
You must kiss it goodbye
And never go back to that life

Your arms can be magic
It all can be magic you know
You all ways can have it
But not like you wanted I know
There is only one way
It's the onliest way
You must give it away
I mean give. It all. Away.

Your hands have fingers and fingers are muscles
And muscles they pull and pulling they told you how
Someone once told me we'd always be pulling