

SUN SWEPT THE EVENING RED

SPIRIT OF THE BEEHIVE

You can take what you can hold
Resentment is a hill to die on
And in times like this I hear you talking

Seasons take a toll
To watch it all end in tragedy and whimpering on

Sun swept the evening red and though it's cold
I signal my way out has come
Beneath the awning that we stole, covered in leaves
I sign off my name in the end
I give you all, all you want and more
There's the door
I sign off my patients to them