

Atoms in Evening

A Lot Like Birds

On a bench, dark in autumn, you wore the shadow like a dress
Mixing the whiskey with questions, leaving nothing unconfessed
Your body was drawn in the passing headlights, shapes unseen in
the rear view mirror
You stumbled onto some honesty and then, pressed on and pulled
me near

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Could you find regret in a night like this one - would you want to be forgiven?

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Are we supposed to be separate?
Are we wrong to try and stay?
If God exists, has it all been worth it or would you want to be forgiven?

And now that you're gone and I'm at your headstone, I curse out loud like a bad prayer
We were the only thing you believed in but I let go
If I'm a Christian by December, would you please forgive me, I only meant to find God to pass the time
If you can find me while I'm turning over a new leaf, just know I'm looking for another place to hide

You said if God exists, would you take back the moments you broke the rules or got fucked up
Could you find regret?
Can you let this go?
Do you have to give in?