

The Letter *(Lyrics)*

In the clutter of a desk drawer,
All paperclips and dust,
A letter lies unopened,
Secrets held in trust.

*What purpose serves the injured,
The raging of the flood;
The damning locks unleashing
The letting of the blood.*

In long hand therein written,
A verdict on appeal
Of anecdotal Judas
For trust that she would steal.

*What purpose serves the injured,
Of fortune's folly lost
Disturbed by vapid query
Of lover's hearts uncrossed.*

In quiet contemplation,
The easing of what's meant
By renderings of writing
In moments of torment.

*What purpose serves the injured,
The secrets that were swept
And harbored in the smile
That Mona Lisa kept.*

In haste say all is wasted,
Intentions often bent;
In the clutter of a desk drawer,
A letter never sent.