

Now I Am An Arsonist

Jonathan Coulton

I was just an acrobat, high above the street
Pointing at the ground the empty sky beneath my feet
The perfect fall, no one could tell at all
That it was killing me

You were just an astronaut, floating on a spark
Tearing up the atmosphere, burning down the dark
As you fell in, the heat against your skin
Till it got too bright to see

Far away, I hear the things they say about me
Even though they know you had to go without me

Now you are an architect, setting up the sea
Everyone is with you and you're all waiting for me
You check the net, but you haven't caught me yet
They're not quite done with me

Now I am an arsonist, seven miles high
Burning through the air I breathe, thunder in the sky
My engine sings as it melts this pair of wings
That only I can see

Touch the sun, my eyes wide open unbelieving
Catch a breath, the only one who's left is leaving

Now I am an arsonist