

# The Raw And Searing Flesh

The Lawrence Arms

I never want to see you  
In the raw and searing flesh  
I don't ever want to hear you  
Singing softly to the dead

I never want to feel your skin  
Running warm along my side  
I never want to sink that way again  
It would be easier to die

To die

I'm tending the pyres  
Of my frustration  
Burning leaves on buried trees  
Kneeling in to rake the ashes

I'm embering, I've smoldered out  
My hands are free, my lungs are proud  
Your forgiveness is a fading fiction  
Your forgiveness is a fading fiction

These flames have never burned so high  
I won't be staring in your eyes

I'm trying hard to remember  
The way the smoke drifts through the air  
We'll all be dead, come November  
Four months out of every year

Every year, every year, every year, every year

I won't be staring your eyes  
I won't be staring your eyes  
In your eyes every year