

# Slow Burn

Alexz Johnson

He likes pretending the end time's impending  
Keeps the good book by his side  
She keeps on praying that he'll do the saving  
They've lived through much worse and survived  
He's just accepting there's no happy ending  
He wished he made more of his life  
She's only after the truth of the matter  
But nobody knows the reasons why

Are we gasoline?  
Are we kerosene?  
Who's gonna put out this fire?  
Glaciers up so high  
Forests all ignite  
All our dreams just flames in the sky

It's a slow burn  
It's a slow burn

I wrote a letter, "I'm sorry it hurt you"  
That's all I could do from this side  
Sometimes our words fly like small little birds  
They get lost in the smoke time to time  
No one is calling the silence is haunting  
From all that we lost in the fire  
Time is a taker, a cheat, a rule breaker  
And no one is promised a buyer

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When you're up so high  
Shouldn't have to try

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