

# Self On Fire

Anna Wise

Walk, pace, step, kneel  
I don't want to disappoint my family  
I don't want  
Wounds, with, time, heal  
He don't know how to respect me  
He don't know

I set myself on fire  
I set myself on fire

What a nice dress  
He carried me to the ceremony  
He carried  
Says I'll know bliss  
When my flowers safe in matrimony  
When my

I didn't know what it meant  
I put my palms to his withered hands  
Tried to get me wet  
I drip thick blood on the linens  
I took a pill to forget  
It was all coming back in dreams  
Matches in my hands  
Go my hands on kerosine  
He went out to bet  
I got an hour to fulfill my plan  
Never will the man  
Put his fists to my body

I set myself on fire  
I set myself on fire

Go  
Go, go...