

Kerosene

Anson Seabra

Empty bottles on a dusty wooden floor
A remedy I've tried too many times
Echos in my mind of shouts and slamming doors
I've done better with goodbyes

Now the sun is heading back into it's grave
It's a cold october night
Taste the autumn air and try to find a way
To keep the dark out of my mind

Kerosene
Kerosene
She lit me up
She left me numb
I call her kerosene

Light a candle as I lay me down to sleep
Watch the room around me glow
Listen quietly to wind and rustling the leaves
In the silence I'm at home

In my dreams I see her sitting by the fire
Granite eyes reflect the flames
Humming softly til the embers start to tire
A faded memory I saved

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