

## Old Fuel

Autumn

The art of seeing eye to eye  
The fog or war is on the rise again

It's strange  
I cannot recall calling in at all  
Losing line of sight  
Target: My pride, before the fall  
It skillfully eludes  
my crosshairs and the noose  
Hiding in plain sight, I miss, we fight

and it is on again  
I'll aim for your feelings  
On again  
and fire is returned  
Time's run out in search of a weakness  
Adding old fuel to fire as we burn

We move on  
It can't be the end since time is out of sight  
and if it's bend or break, we'll make a break for it at first light  
It might sound right true that I'll be true to you  
If it comes down to trust, we drop our gloves and it is on again

And so it starts, the endgame, and it may come as no surprise  
that this will end in stalemate. In time preceding our demise

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