

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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