

Everything I Touch Bursts into Flame

Byzantine

Explain my friend
How the mighty falls again
Hubris unbound
Found my comfort within pain

Accept your errors clear the score
Prove you're wiser than before
Enkindle dreams left unmade
When all I touch bursts into flames

My life is to be a private funeral to see
The ship has run aground there to always anchor me

You've got a lot of nerve
The only enemy
Has a face that looks like me
A nihilist to the end

You forced me to go under
When in darkness I thrive
Well laid plans torn asunder
Fed to goats by my side
~Cromer, Rohrbough~
My life is to be only a catastrophe
A war that ends in silent shallow victory

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