

# 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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The only enemy  
Has a face that looks like me  
A nihilist to the end