

On Fire

Deer Tick

With your form in the back of my Ford
I'm informed I gotta get you home
But my legs are on fire
And my head is on fire

It's untoward to succumb to the swarm
While the wards are sanitizing thrones
And your fingers are liars
And your head is on fire

And I'm trying to weather the storm
You're deciding whether you storm
It's not so bad to just be alone
It's not so bad to just be alone

For days at a time
Be alone
For weeks at a time
Be alone

As I'm torn from a world's worth of warm
The interred emerge as shrouded clones
And my legs are on fire
And my head is on trial
And my fingers are liars
And my spine is a coward

Every pressure demands I perform
Any tricks you have left to perform
It's not so bad to just be alone
I might prefer to just be alone

Be alone
For months at a time
Be alone
For years at a time
Be alone
If we're out of time