

Hot Coals

Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros

Hot coals laying on my motorcade
Jewelry gone, eyes still blue
Thin memories in love with you, my hoary fire
In love with you.

Get the fuck out my sight.

Cold eats the flesh of broken hearts
tender the strike of tinder gods.
Hot coals.
Embers across a rayless sky
still warm my soul, I often cry.
Hot coals.

Slag reveries in love with you
my hoary fire, in love with you.

Stay the fuck in my heart.

Hot coals tonight, Cimmerian.
Hot coals to die, Cimmerian.

Heavy the tongue of tinder ray
shot by the road, a slow decay.
Hot coals.
Heady, the musk of cinder love
ashes beneath her tender rug.
Hot coals.

Slag reveries in love with you
my hoary fire, drip from the skies.

Stay the fuck in my heart.

Hot coals to die, Cimmerian.
Hot coals alive, Cimmerian.

Freedom of
the dying man is God.
Freedom of
the dying man is God.