

For The Fire

Feint

My God, it's plain to see
She's overrated bleeding empathy
He lies and hides the truth
Inside I know it's my desire for the fire

You got the matches, I'm a fool
Give me affection to set them to
Without a witness who can say it's all your fault?
Need some ignition
Well mine's for hire
For burning bridges or getting higher
'Cause smoke fuels madness then you'll tear yourself apart

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