

The Arsonist

Fletcher

Embers in the sky, the orange and the red
Everything's in flames, was it something I said?
Oh well, guess I'll see you in hell
Running out of time, tick, tock, tick, tick
So good at this game, it's making me sick
Oh well, don't make me outcrazy myself

I'll take the blame for the gasoline
I was the bitch who burned everything
Over and over, I'm tired
I guess the arsonist ran out of fire
Now that I'm older, I can't afford
To blow up my life every time I get bored
I'm passing the torch, yeah, I'm tired
I guess the arsonist ran out of fire

Mirror on the wall, tell me what you see
Am I just paranoid, or is everybody looking at me?
I think I'll hide 'cause
I'm not here for your entertainment
You're tryna take my soul, and baby, you ain't even paying
Oh
Oh, if I toss the match, then I'll end up in ashes this time

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