

Scarlet Pain And Gasoline

Glass Casket

I remember this feeling coming over me, seeing the back of your
car for the
Last time.
It felt great.
I felt the shutter of your engine opening a gray world.
I saw the back of your car.
I'll scream to the top of this town. I'll cry to the end of thi
s water.
When do pleasant dreams arrive?
When there is nothing left dreaming for,
Don't become that nightmare.
I can't take this anymore,
I can't take this scarlet paint and gasoline.