

Burnt

Guillemots

I am running out of ammunition
For the soldier in my head
They'll only love me with condition
None of you will know until I'm dead

When I wake without her
It's like a sun without a cloud
Beautifully serene and gentle
And not something of which I'm proud

I have always said that pointless races
Should never be run at all
They should be kept away and chained up
And never mentioned at all

But I can't see the point in
Walking like I do
I get from A to B and back again
When all I'm doing is passing through

(I liked it, I liked it, it scared me so
I loved it, I loved it, it burned me so
I miss it, I miss it, everywhere I go)