

You missed your flight out to New York
Now you're back here killing swallows
And boarding up the doors
Putting holes in every wall

Spinning on in absolution
Cause none of its your fault

Pray to your favorite constellation
Press your candle to the flame
Paint yourself into a corner
With your bridges all ablaze

Are you hearing voices now?
Holding your breath until you pass out
Still inside a burning house
Still not sure whether to put it out or to burn it down

Pray to your favorite constellation
Press your candle to the flame
Paint yourself into a corner
With your bridges all ablaze

No one's safe
Until you're somewhere far away
No one's safe

What's it like to be a martyr?
Or is it god you blame?
Are you looking for a new god
Or do you learn from your mistakes?