

Everything Burns

Molly Tuttle

See the arsonist standing in the burning sun
With the stars and the stripes and the Tommy Gun
I wonder how long can he make this last?
I wonder if he's smiling underneath that mask, I wonder

Setting fire to the hills
And it's spreading 'round
Till the streets turn hotter than hell on the ground
A fool with a fire and a poison pen
A mob full of half a million angry men

Everything burns
Everything burns
One little spark to a flame
And now everything, everything
Everything burns

Hear the thunder in the halls when he walks this way
See the lightning strike when they scream his name
I wonder what it takes to make that kind of man?
Who's holding up a match beside a kerosene can, I wonder

But the arsonist hasn't got a doubt in his mind
He's a front-page pyro, he's a sign of the times
There's too many fired-up matchstick men
And it's too late to walk it back again

Everything burns
Everything burns
One little spark to a flame
And now everything burn-burn-burns, burns
Everything burns

See the arsonist burning in the setting sun
With the stars and the stripes, now the work is done
Smoke is ascending from the blackened plain
Ash and cinders are all that remain

Everything burns
Everything burns
One little spark to a flame
And now everything, everything
Everything burns
Everything burns