

Arson Eyes

ROAR

This is how I built a mountain with my failed attempts to love
you
It became the color dust, and like a copper fox on rust, would
hide too

I would murder hours, hands inside the Earth
Pulling perfect stones, who
When I begged them to convince you of their shape
Only seemed to refuse

Save all your effort that cannot be measured
Currently you're just a man selling vapor

Arson eyes
See a world
Made of paper

Arson eyes
See a world
Made of paper