

Pride Alone Won't Put This Fire Out

The Venetia Fair

I should have screamed at her. She might've woken up
It'd make a much better story than the one I've got
Because the world heard all it cared to hear about
dying

She's a saint and I'm a predator. We never pra(e)y
alone
The lord built me from dirt to build her out of my
bones
That's how the world heard all it ever could about
lying
And every song's about the young while we're decaying

I'll let you in if you've got the stomach to watch me
swallow the sea.
Because my pride alone won't put this fire out.
And it's all that ever kept me warm

I should've screamed at her. She might've smartened up
What kind of twisted conversation ends in giving up?
But then the world's heard just about enough of your
whining

I'm a prick because I'm built for it. My teeth are
water stones
Keeping my bayonet sharp in case these gunpowder lungs
Allow the world in just a bit too close to ignite them
And every song's about the young while we're decaying
Like some uninspired cadence but baby

The scenes define our home. The crooked frames we claim
we're leaving behind
From slamming our way through these doors. These scenes
define our home
Because the world's heard just about enough of your
whining

I'm fine as long as when they sing about
The young while we're decaying Like some final fading
cadence
You can hold my hand and watch me mouth the words