

Burnt

to change the way I felt
I burnt myself today
fire cleanses, doesn't it?
arson led me astray

(I thought) I hated the life I led
myself and others, too
so I lit the match, I set the fire
but arson wasn't through

the thing with arson is
you should always check the wind
'cause arson burns both ways
burns twice those that sin

everything I'd worked for
in a life that I once strolled
up in flames, it all burnt
arson turned it into coals

everyone I loved and knew
and those few I really hated
screaming, burning, along with me
but arson wasn't sated

Burnt (continued)...

the thing about arson is
you better check the wind
'cause arson burns everything
burns hot once it begins

I can't glue ashes together
to get back what I have lost
or breath life back into
at whom the match was tossed

so I will till my soul
that's barren, burn, and black
to prepare the soil of my heart
and grow a better me back

the truth of arson is
that you'll never, ever win
'cause arson burns all you love
it always burns who sins

I've committed arson
will the truth set me free?
with what's left I'll cultivate
and plant the seeds of me

Burnt (continued)...

to change the way I felt
I burnt myself away
but water, love, and light from above
now keep the flames at bay

you see, the lie of arson is
that change is fueled by fire
but its honesty and humility
which grant the life we desire

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