

**411****"Burning Pictures"**Visit "[Burning Pictures](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

The last time I heard your voice I was screening all my calls  
I try to match your message to a face I can't recall  
It's been so long since I've seen the barren walls  
outside my room  
And I remember every second that I spent forgetting  
everyone I knew

White pills and nicotine send tremors down my spine  
I see things moving in the corners of my eyes  
And there's nothing on the radio but shit I've never  
heard  
Still desperate for distraction I pretend I'm singing  
every single word

I'm burning pictures because it's best if I forget  
Black smoke and blistered skin are all that I have left  
Blurry faces of my friends form rank and file in empty  
frames  
Two more weeks of medication and I won't even know  
their names

Each time I strike a match a face goes up in smoke  
Red flames light my path the further down I go  
I trip and fall through empty halls where doors open  
and shut  
While reactions of the passers by reflect how they  
could give a fuck and

I'm burning pictures because it's best if I forget  
Black smoke and blistered skin are all that I have left  
Blurry faces of my friends form rank and file in empty  
frames  
Two more years of education and I won't even know  
their names

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