

Desa

"The Young Arsonist"

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Ex girls floating in jars of formaldehyde
Their once magic eyes no longer seem alive
It's time I set all my half-written songs on fire
and feed my dreadful poems to the flames
Why am I keeping all these memories on ice?
Do I really believe their pulses might return?
It's time to torch the piles of extinct fantasies
To detonate and wheel and run while they burn

A knife to drive into the hearts of prior I's
It's for the better
Bid them so long
The moments they lived,
right or wrong, are gone forever
I'll be something new without them

Staring sculptures of my former favorite friends

Their once laughing voices faint and distant now
I'm weary with the weight of my previous life
I want to push it from a plane and watch it crash down

Laid out side by side those phases with their eyes
closed
Laid out in a line my dying boys all wave goodbye

I'll be something new without them

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