

## **Eleni Mandell**

### **"Artificial Fire"**

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Found the treasure at last  
We have to count backwards  
You start at the end  
'Til we find what we're after

There are two kinds of men  
He could never be true  
But am I just like him?  
Am I unfaithful too?

I was drawing a map  
But I couldn't have known  
Take a right, take a left  
You'll know when you get there

The puzzle will fit  
Late one night Montreal  
With his clothes on the floor  
And his artificial fire

Is there anybody counting  
This mathematical equation?  
Could there be another answer?  
Could I change his mind  
Or could he change mine?

Why can't there be one?  
He tried to explain  
In the dark I would laugh  
We were talking and naked

Reading my map  
Late one night in Montreal  
Found the treasure at last  
It was artificial fire

Is there anybody counting  
This mathematical equation?  
Could there be another answer?  
Could he change my mind  
Or could I change his mind?

It was new, it was old  
From the start it was both  
And a year nearly passed  
And one night Montreal

I'm a killer at heart  
And I wanted to feel  
So I laid out my trap  
With my artificial fire

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