

Guillemots

"Burnt"

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I am running out of ammunition
For the Soldiers in my head
They only love me with conditions
that None of you will know until I'm dead

and When I wake without her
It's like a sun without a cloud
Beautifully serene and gentle
and Not something of which I'm proud

I have always said that pointless races
Should never be run at all
They should be kept away and chained up
Never mentioned at all

but I can't see the point in
Walking like I do
I get from A to B and back again
but all I'm doing is passing time

I liked it, I liked it, it scared you so...
I loved it I loved, it burnt me so..
I lost it, I'm losing everywhere that I go

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