

Jawbox

"P.S New York Is Burning"

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I leave it burning and count the dead.
It reeks of incest.
Erase my anguish.
It reeks of pain.
A jilted lover, a one time friend.
Forget your name.
And knowing nothing I know that it's just begun.
Can't see the future.
Feels like shedding skin.
I just break free and run.
This day feels different.
My mind is clearer now I know what state I'm in.
And from a distance it seems so unreal.
Nothing left.
And if it hurt you, it hurt me too.
Nothing to feel.
I had to kill it to heal the wound.

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