

Jon Heintz

"Bound to Burn"

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Broke up, bored and busted and barely breathing,
Tied down, torn and tossed and too scared to turn,
Weakness with the wonder so worn and wasted,
When I guess I should have known this heart was
bound to burn.

Faithful eyes so filled with foolish impressions,
Singing to a sad and setting sun,
The colors curl and clash and call me crazy,
'Cause I guess I should have known these eyes were
bound to burn.

Feeling underwhelmed and overtaken,
Wondering how I will ever come to terms,
If this hopeful heart is so easily mistaken,
Then I guess I should have known this heart was bound
to burn,
I guess I should have known this heart was bound to
burn.

Seems I've sifted slowly through a secret,
That I'd kept so carefully concealed from my concerns,
While I wondered through a world of wishful thinking,
When I guess I should have know my blood was bound
to burn,
and I guess I should have know these eyes were bound
to burn,
Yes, I guess I should have known this heart was bound
to burn.

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