

Julius Isidro

"F.U."

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Burn the highway down, on the top of your life.
Liquor and horsepower under your command, sadly
fuckers like you can't pull off anything.
Glass one, glass two and the shot goes off.
You pump the brakes, but change the fate of an
innocent man,
Twisting strictly in the air and hitting the ground.
Freeze the pulse, fade the light inside.
A pyromaniac dead end dream, where you become the
flameboy in the scene.
Burn everything down.
Oh dear, what the fuck have you done?
Glass three, glass four, feeling alright.
A one-night stand until you realize what the fuck you've
done.
A subterfuge so easy to blame, but your dead end
dream will never end.
Let's just hope the moon keeps watching over you,
Even though it painted the flashlight of the sky that
timeless night.
Guard you when your eyes are closed, as you are
destined to lose.
When you realize some things never change, they'll
never change.
A pyromaniac dead end dream, where you become the
flameboy in the scene.
Burn everything down.
Oh dear, what the fuck have you done?

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