

Nofx**"We Threw Gasoline On The Fire And Now We Have Stumps For Arm"**

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brilliant
a word describing something dumb
you create to desecrate
the villain i've become
a prophet
not to be made but heard
speaks in tongues and sarcasm
to me it's plain, to you absurd
you dont know me let alone my intent
actions do not always self represent
i dont feel urgency in explaining
my conscience so vaguely clear

the seed is
she leads 'em back to mother earth
flower blooms its splendid fumes
a miricle rebirth
sinin'
in the search of something more
the fragrant air cannot compare
to what it was
the day before
'member the good old days
'member the sound
'member the sweet musty mist underground
no i dont feel the need for reliving
somethings are better off dead

never thought the furnace
was gonna burn us
we worked the bellows for so long
the comfort of the fire
apethize us
looks like we burned ourself alive
'member the old van we filled ears with pain
nothing to lose there was nothing to gain
i dont miss my span of attention
i do miss my old friend tim

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