

Peter Kingsbery

"House Afire"

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Wind blows hot around my throat
Water poured could sink a boat
I walk along with a house afire

Memories held from times we spoke
All the rest fed to the smoke
I walk along with a house afire

And in the calm of nothingness
The hand of hope comes to caress
I walk along with a house afire

Building holes to fill with threat
And jealousy becomes a debt
The war on love is never won
As we struggle with the One

I walk along with a house afire

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