

Scapegoat "Potpourri And Gasoline"

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Suddenly I've found My lungs lie dormant in a burial
ground Like a Bosnian bloodhound, inside A woman's
vultures eat our heart but not our hide All within the
pause between words Waiting for you to talk You're
tearing this heart apart Cardiac arrest waiting for you
to talk Two sides align with arms stretched out I drew
the line between the humble & the proud As my digits
grace the battleground, I sigh I've gasolined myself
without a match to light Forget the literal Look a little
deeper in these words (heaven, open) Before you talk
You're tearing my heart apart Cardiac arrest waiting for
you to talk potpourri and gasoline smells so sweet
Were only fifty feet away, with no brakes Hand crafted,
hand made, a hands destruction, I break.

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