

The Transit War "Kerosene"

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With kerosene I think I'm gonna torture her tonight
And all the words that she wrote down were written off
and torn out of my spine
Just to spite what we once were
Crease the pages close the curtains
Put your hands all over me
Yeah write those ugly words or pack your bags and run
away
You were always good for that
With memories I think I'm gonna torture her tonight
All the words that she wrote down with cut her up send
shivers down her spine
If you fly away across the sea fill me out a postcard
there
But don't send it roaming back to me
There's a better place for words to be
Dig a hole a keep them there
The place where you can bury me

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