

## Lawrence Arms

# "The Raw And Searing Flesh"

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i never want to see you  
in the raw and searing flesh  
i don't ever want to hear you  
singing softly to the dead  
i never want to feel your skin  
running warm along my side  
i don't ever want to sink that way again  
it would be easier to die  
to die

i'm tending the parts of my frustrations  
burning leaves on buried dreams  
kneeling in to rake the ashes  
i'm in the rain, it's colder out  
my hands are free,  
my lungs are proud  
your forgiveness is a failing fiction  
your forgiveness is a failing fiction  
these flames have never burned so high  
i won't be staring in your eyes

i'm trying hard to remember  
the way the smoke drifts through the air  
we'll all be dead come november  
four months out of every year  
every year  
(every year)

i won't be staring in your eyes  
every year

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