

Noel Torres

"We Threw Gasoline On The Fire And Now We Have Stum"

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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 sarcasms, to me it's glee
to you absurd
You don't know me let alone my intent.
Actions do not always self represent
I don't see urgency in explaining
My conscience opaquely clear

The seed is gently sown back to mother earth
The flower blooms resplendent fumes
A miracle rebirth
The cynic in a search for the something more
The fragrant air cannot compare to what it was
The great before

Remember the good old days, remember the sound
Remember the sweet mustiness underground
No I dont feel the need for reliving
Some things are better off dead
Never thought the furnace was gonna burn us
We worked the bellows for so long
The comfort of the fire apathized us
Looks like we burned ourselves alive

Remember the old band we filled ears with pain
Nothing to lose there was nothing to gain
No I don't miss my span of attention
I do miss my old friend Tim

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