

Noel Torres**"We Threw Gasoline On The Fire And Now We Have Stumps For Arms And No Eyebrows"**

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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 sarcasm
To me it's plain, to you absurd
You don't know me let alone my intent
Actions do not always self represent
I don't feel 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 of 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 don't feel the need for relivin'
Some things are better off dead
Never thought the furnace
Was going to 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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