

## **The Glass Child**

### **"Torch Yourself"**

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This town has no seasons  
It's the middle of October,  
And you'd think there'd be a nice,  
Cool breeze by now (but you'd be wrong).  
The summer lingers here for half of the year  
And I'm convinced that we are all about to crash into  
the sun.  
I fell asleep on paper wings.  
These people have no feelings  
Their heads are the only things that ever teach them  
anything about love.  
And I'm not sad, I just want to trust someone so badly.  
I just want something beautiful to happen here right  
now.  
I fell asleep on paper wings.  
These words have no manners  
They come to me at night when I am trying to sleep  
(and shake me violently, like it's the end of the world or  
something).  
And I wake up on paper wings.

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