

The Trophy Fire "Chaos/control"

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if i collect my fears i could throw them out at once but i
know through the years i would greet them again and
again at my door
all i want is chaos spinning, no control then all i want is
quiet i know, i don't know, i suppose
when i'm on the road with cities of strangers i love i
travel sometimes in my mind to white picket fences
and a slow, steady life
all i want is chaos spinning, no control then all i want is
quiet i know, i don't know, i suppose
we've all got these sides of ourselves, our divisions
they lose sight of themselves sometimes we've all
got these sides of ourselves, our divisions
they're lovers and they're fighters they ignite
us and they hold us down
i want the earth to shake me to throw me from my
shoes or just a silent drive to take me home
i suppose

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