

Myssouri

"Down In Flames"

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Purified or destroyed by fire. You decide on the
Evidence. A child bride, some Freudian ire.
Summarized in
A burning bed. Blazing sheets, all our glowing springs
Beneath. And cinders flying up the wall. It's no surprise
That our histrionic rise became my meteoric fall. Down
in
Flames, down in flames. Consign to ashes every claim.
She
Dressed in red on the day that we wed. And beneath
the
Nightsky's crimson wing the opalescent moon, the
Goatsucker's croon—how could anyone help but sing?
Down
In flames, down in flames. Consign to ashes every
claim.

Posthumous rumours of the son that could have saved
you.
Sustained an insult in the womb. Wounded pride. A co-
Worker's suicide. And other things he beat you to. You
Know that vine that you always did admire—that
suffocates
The competition? Propped up on their bones, it reaches
For the sky? That's you alright, sister. I've looted my
Life to the very walls to find the nidus of my
Discontent. I do recall that I had the gall to give up
Church for lent.

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