

Andrew E

"Forest Fire"

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Waking from napping with a bad taste in your mouth.
Wishing you were sleeping, you don't want to leave the house.
Dripping from your dreaming of a habit you renounced.
Get out of bed, please go away, get out, get out, get out.

You see a liar in the mirror he's sneering in that way.
That makes you feel unsafe, insane and you hate to see his face.
You punch the mirror to shut him up but he won't go away.
He just multiplies, intensifies, he's twenty tiny blades.

Is it getting better?
It's really getting worse.
I'll give a thousand apologies for a thousand hurts.
The forest is on fire but we're gonna let it burn.
We're controlling it.
We've got it handled.
Thanks for your concern.

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