

Lawrence Arms, The "The Raw And Searing Flesh"

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I never want to see you
In the raw and searing flesh
I don't ever want to hear you
Singing softly to the dead
I never want to feel your skin
Running warm along my side
I don't ever want to sink that way again
It would be easier to die
To die

I'm tending the pyres of my frustrations
Burning leaves on buried dreams
Kneeling in to rake the ashes
I'm embering, you're smoldered out
My hands are free,
My lungs are proud

Your forgiveness is a fading fiction
Your forgiveness is a fading fiction
These flames have never burned so high
I won't be staring in your eyes

I'm trying hard not to remember
The way the smoke drifts through the air
We'll all be dead come November
Four months out of every year
Every year (every year)
Every year (every year)

I won't be staring in your eyes
I won't be staring in your eyes
In your eyes
In your eyes
Every year (in your eyes)
Every year (in your eyes)

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