

# Chimney's Afire

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The guilt they feel for killing that whale  
Her chimney's afire  
Her eyes  
The ire

And with Bible leaf  
She fuels her own fire  
Her eyes  
The ire, the ire

And with that sin  
Sinking into their skin  
The sin now a slick on the sea

Now she's bound to the land  
By the lance of a man  
And her fire's trapped in the street lights

Oh no  
What you've gone and done with a life  
Now she's bound to the land  
By the lance of a man  
And her fire's trapped in the street lights