

When it feels like you've been cancelled  
like someone took your breath away  
to replace it with ether  
and you stagger in headwind all day  
it's too easy to go crazy  
way much harder to stay clear  
though you're pleading (come save me)  
no one or nothing comes near

refrigerate your fire

The grim faces that you're passing in your free fall from the ground  
won't remember, won't be asking  
and they won't be making a sound

hold your soldiers  
and keep them in the woods  
until it's over, it will be  
wait see  
the sun sets  
and morning  
puts you back into place

refrigerate your fire.