

## Tea Time Tibbons

### Arsonists Get All The Girls

Why don't you sit and entertain yourselves  
While I lay it down on you  
When a day comes to make itself  
It knows to die before it makes it's prime  
All this bullshit I can't understand  
Why would you fake your phobia  
You won't prescribe me my smile anymore  
"I fought in a fucking war"  
He would scream bitterly  
As if the age hadn't affected him at all  
It's the nay of victory  
Had given him the blindness  
To all things contrast to focus  
A continuous drown of all  
Deafly loud enough to scoff at  
His years now have to tiptoe around him  
He still cowers  
To tibbons  
Somewhere in there may be will to remember  
We'll see you next week  
A new addition to your old one  
Don't you fucking dare  
My memories keep me company