

Your Head Is on Fire

Broken Bells

(Look behind
Your head is on fire
Whirling masses
Rolling ashes
Keep on yawning
Career dawning
Life is Tasteless
Folding paces)

To turn away from the night
Allowing the light a low
He's surely fooling yourself
Leaving life on the shelf

You'll never know
How low an angry heart can go
How long a sitting hands return meant

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