

## Burn

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I build my house somewhere on memories of you  
a hollow field (I've made)  
and wondering where I've gone

In lines made perfect  
one chance to run away  
Angel wings, marmelade  
So I'm (covering) 'till my death

Lord although I burn I am so cold  
'lo you've sent me off  
alone in the wind you have let me go

Call of ever nation  
Call of every heart  
a part of my own sense of what is right  
a part of my own sense of where it went wrong

In lines made perfect  
One chance to run away  
Angel Wings, marmelade  
so I'm (covering) 'till my death

Everytime I am safe  
(Gotta find) the fire  
Every tear, every choice, every breath  
You have let it go  
Cause when misty skies won't last  
only what is left is what you show

The call of every nation  
The call of every heart  
Part of my own sense of what is right  
A part of my own sense of where it went wrong  
Part of my own sense of what is right  
A part of my own sense of where it went wrong