

# Now I Am An Arsonist

Jonathan Coulton

I was just an acrobat, high above the street  
Pointing at the ground the empty sky beneath my feet  
The perfect fall, no one could tell at all  
That it was killing me

You were just an astronaut, floating on a spark  
Tearing up the atmosphere, burning down the dark  
As you fell in, the heat against your skin  
Till it got too bright to see

Far away, I hear the things they say about me  
Even though they know you had to go without me

Now you are an architect, setting up the sea  
Everyone is with you and you're all waiting for me  
You check the net, but you haven't caught me yet  
They're not quite done with me

Now I am an arsonist, seven miles high  
Burning through the air I breathe, thunder in the sky  
My engine sings as it melts this pair of wings  
That only I can see

Touch the sun, my eyes wide open unbelieving  
Catch a breath, the only one who's left is leaving

Now I am an arsonist