

Chimney's Afire

Josh Pyke

The guilt they feel for killing that whale
Her chimney's afire
Her eyes
The ire

And with Bible leaf
She fuels her own fire
Her eyes
The ire, the ire

And with that sin
Sinking into their skin
The sin now a slick on the sea

Now she's bound to the land
By the lance of a man
And her fire's trapped in the street lights

Oh no
What you've gone and done with a life
Now she's bound to the land
By the lance of a man
And her fire's trapped in the street lights