

Moth To A Candle Flame

Second Person

oh, my days are dark again,
and they're drawing to a certain close.
I am a moth to a candle flame,
and my icarus wings are working loose.

there are no angels to watch and pray,
and there are no stars to wish upon.
who is gonna carry my soul away?
who's gonna miss me when I'm gone?
who is gonna miss me when I'm gone...?

oh, it's easy to try,
it's easy to say,
nobody loves me, anyway.

so where's my jaw, now?
where's my instinct to survive?
I don't know how I am ever getting out of this alive,
I am ever getting out of this alive,
I am never getting out of this alive.

"moths are attracted by the light.
when the moth touches the candle flame,
it dies."

well I looked death in the eye,
and I don't remember what I said.
asked was I going along for the ride,
I think I replied; I am already dead.

well I took a look at it nice and slow,
and I wonder what I made of it.
was it really my time to go?
was I really afraid of it?
was I really afraid of it?

I guess it's easy to try,
it's easy to say,
nobody loves me, anyway.

so where's my jaw, now?
where's my instinct to survive?
I don't know how I am ever getting out of this alive,
I am ever getting out of this alive,
I am never getting out of this alive.

"you're looking for something entirely different.
more like a candle flame.
focus."