

Only Ashes

Something Corporate

Piece by piece, and bit by bit
I'll break this down for you, real slow-
But I can't whisper all of this
and I can't seem to let this go,

So I'll watch the matches, turn to ashes-
I'll watch the matches, turn to ashes.

I can tell as you turn, I smell the sulfur so clear
and fire's a beautiful sound-
and the wings that you burn, turn to ashes my dear
and ashes just fall to the ground.
Yeah, we're only ashes.

Part by part and inch by inch,
You'll have your mile when its through.
Incinerate what's left of this
and torch the part of me that's you,

So I'll watch the matches, turn to ashes.

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and fire's a beautiful sound-
and the wings that you burn turn to ashes my dear
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