

## Selfconsuming Fire

The Flower Kings

She's waiting for the early tide  
She turned back where the road got wider  
She's looking for a soft asylum  
Thinking loneliness is such a bitch to juggle

Been searching in the book of dreams  
Been dreaming of a desert flower  
Been waiting for the perfect touch  
To release her from the self-consuming fire

Been hiding in a solitude  
Grim exile in the business towers  
A life amongst the living deadn  
Afraid to see what's  
Building up inside of her

Five frozen faces fade away  
Like still life in twilight hour  
As memories of years gone by  
The years of glorious undivided power

A flower tamed at your expense  
A friend that could have been your lover  
Sing softly from a world unchained  
To catch the dawning resurrection hour

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She tapped into the lucid dreams  
To try escape the wildest fire  
The fires that consume her soul  
The way out is getting stony, steep and narrow

She's following the spiral down  
She's trapped inside the wicked powers  
If only she could hurt her God?  
He'd crush her soul in the 11th hour