

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 deadnAfraid 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