

The Raw And Searing Flesh

The Lawrence Arms

I never want to see you
In the raw and searing flesh
I don't ever want to hear you
Singing softly to the dead

I never want to feel your skin
Running warm along my side
I never want to sink that way again
It would be easier to die

To die

I'm tending the pyres
Of my frustration
Burning leaves on buried trees
Kneeling in to rake the ashes

I'm embering, I've smoldered out
My hands are free, my lungs are proud
Your forgiveness is a fading fiction
Your forgiveness is a fading fiction

These flames have never burned so high
I won't be staring in your eyes

I'm trying hard to remember
The way the smoke drifts through the air
We'll all be dead, come November
Four months out of every year

Every year, every year, every year, every year

I won't be staring your eyes
I won't be staring your eyes
In your eyes every year