

# Bonfire Pickets, Sorry I Was Late

No-one told me this was the deal  
I didn't think that anybody cared  
Nobody said that if I wasn't here your heart would break  
But you can't make me guilty  
No matter how you try  
I've felt guilty too many times  
There are no more tears to cry  
The fire here is smouldering  
It's nearly burnt out and cold  
Like the inner reaches of my soul  
It's tired and it's old  
Unaffected by guilt and love and the sounds that make hearts break  
I'll say it once, but that is all,  
I'm sorry I was late.

The hunger cannot reach me as I pile out of the door  
The world is waiting for me, I need to leave  
I used to hate leaving you here  
My heart tugged at my soul and eyes  
But now it's not so bad.

They question my intentions, where did I go?  
The old me died with the fire  
Several nights ago  
Not really an almighty loss, a born loser and a cheat  
But people say they miss the spark  
Their pleas fall on deaf ears  
The spark that made me human  
Ran away to better lands, a shame  
I should have gone there too.  
The guilt that used to kill me,  
Left through the open gate  
I will not cry, worry or swear,  
I'm sorry I was late.

The scene that awaited me  
Was hard to bear

My soul, ripped out  
Was crying, standing there  
'You let me go, I won't come back, I'll drag you to your grave  
Your allies are depraved  
Of sensitivity and warmth  
That you used to save.  
You've tarnished all you ever did  
There's no point going on.'

The words they stung at first  
Because they were true  
But it won't make me change my ways  
Because I was deaf to all such insults, emotions drag you to hell!

I let it go, it won't come back, it'll drag me to my grave  
I'll say it only once again,  
I'm sorry I was late.