

Fireside, Downer

Trace me where Im heading
Cover me with broken blankets
Show me things that cant be seen
Just like my reflections
Close the door
So that I wont be afraid

Its my turn,
to be burned on a stick
If youd ask
I wouldve passed,
but its too late

Its not my fault
Its normal to see
people in a different way
Its just like a circle
Please dont fall
Give it the can

Open all the windows,
so that I wont be afraid