

Alexisonfire, Mailbox Arson

your mail's not safe in this town
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i strike a red bird on your face
i pour the kerosene in your mouth
i watch the match fall down your throat
i burn all your precious bowels
watch the smoke fold for every crack
and breathe in your secret lives
all your bills pay your welfare checks
but i don't think i can stay for long
there's a lot more that's not yet ash

your mail's not safe in this town
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your mail's not safe in this town
well i'm taking this town back

i watch the smoke start to rise
one hundred homes
one hundred fires
everything you own now burns away
this town is no longer mine
its fucked with me for the last time
how i wish that i could see your face

when the sky is streaked with plumes
know that it's my signature
upon this wretched fucking city

mailbox arson, my sweet revenge
mailbox arson, my sweet revenge

strike a match and burn away every tie that binds me to this place
strike a match and burn away every tie that binds me to this place
i will strike a match and burn away every tie that binds me to this place
strike a match and burn away every tie that binds me to this place.

when the smoke clears
you can consider us even

your mail's not safe in this town
your mail's not safe in this town
your mail's not safe in this town
i'm taking this town back

i watch the smoke start to rise
one hundred homes
one hundred fires
everything you own now burned away
this town is no longer mine
it's fucked with me for the last time
how i wish that i could see your face