

Celestial Season, Lonely Man Burning

this war is over
I'm getting sober in my head
I'm growing older
leaving the colder man for dead
over my shoulder
I loose control again and again
I'm out of order
but on a concrete fundament

feed the burning man inside
try to, try to
feed the burning man tonight
this empty dayride
these lonely days that never end
are out of view

last night I was floating
I saw the flames inside a house
the door wide open
the firebirds were flying out

I wrote it in my book: 'it's the mystery you can't control'
the women, alcohol, the misery in your best friends call
you'll get your share of all this reality TV, somewhere,
keep dreaming

this hurricane that rose is big enough to choose a path
the dusty curb, the scars it made are someones reservoir
the love your searching for is closer than the nearest bar
keep dreaming