

Dead Poetic, Molotov

With my back to the wall you've somehow pinned me up against.
Fingernails in the palms of these tightly clenched fists.
And I'm somewhere in between a held tongue and a curse.
Or I could keep it inside, and hide it.
In hopes my avoidance will cure it.
But there's no time for this.
Or I could keep it inside, and hide it.
In hopes my avoidance will cure it.
But there's no time for this again.

So light it up and let it fly away.
A Molotov Cocktail, my dreams symbolized in flames.

Put your back to them all, I swear they're not getting you there.
A blueprint for the outside, when it's cold out there.
It's not clear, but I refuse to breathe from these machines again.
You all depend on the filters that keep you away
From the pain when you cry, and the praises you sang.
It's not real so I refuse to breathe from these machines again.

So light it up and let it fly away.
A Molotov Cocktail, my dreams symbolized in flames.
And I won't ask a lot from you, I just pray that the masks will come unglued.
And we're not yours, we'll be with you soon.

I hope we can be with you soon.

So light it up and let it fly away.
A Molotov Cocktail, my dreams symbolized in flames.
And I won't ask a lot from you, I just pray that the masks will come unglued.
And we're not yours, we'll be with you soon.

And this routine feels like a knife, entering my back then down my spine.
I've withstood the sting for long enough, and I'm prepared to discard it.
So light it up and let it go away. So light it up and let it fly away.

Fly away.