

Escanaba Firing Line, Dakota

My little gas light, tiny heater, breathe me in a little deeper.
Tell me what I'm suppose to do...
Don't kick me down just pull me through.
This crappy job, the shit we do to make a life for me and you.
Everyday we go down deeper.
Everyday with my tiny heater.

We'll tie her up and pin her down and pull her hair back from the ground.
Your little light still flickering,
The air still warm inside of me.
We'll walk on glass with faint surprise 'cause in your mind we're always glowing.
My little gas light flickering breathe me in a little deeper.

Tell me does my mind deceive...
Or was that just on TV?
Did you make up your mind?
Just push that all aside.
In this fucked reality you don't know what to believe.

My little gas light, tiny heater, breathe me in a little deeper.
Tell me what I'm suppose to know...
What pain there was you'll never know.
My ugly face, my pitiful life
If you aren't disgusted they're probably lies.
Songs i wrote as punishment to a world whom i haven't met.

A sky i saw just yesterday made me think that maybe we should give each other another chance
To open up and take a glance.
Don't try to talk, don't try to move
Let's work it out, i thought you knew...
These hurtful words you spoke to me
In south dakota is where you killed me.

Tell me does my mind deceive...
Or was that just on TV?
Did you make up your mind?
Just push that all aside.
In this fucked reality you don't know what to believe.

Maybe if I had another chance I could sing and maybe watch you dance.
Maybe all this time on my mind has begun to make me unwind.
But when you left part of me died into the heat of my hands.