

# Glass Casket, Scarlet Pain And Gasoline

I remember this feeling coming over me, seeing the back of your car for the last time.

It felt great.

I felt the shutter of your engine opening a gray world.

I saw the back of your car.

I'll scream to the top of this town. I'll cry to the end of this water.

When do pleasant dreams arrive?

When there is nothing left dreaming for,  
don't become that nightmare.

I can't take this anymore,

I can't take this scarlet paint and gasoline.