

Jairus, Ara Pacis

Its not the fear of seeing new days, but its the fear of seeing your eyes
full of august promises and september curses
and helping your hands with wayward stabbings
flick throw these matches ill ignite and rise
to dress you in flames and reel around your ashes
in cowardice speak her name tear this writing from this page
and watch me claim this crime
bring gasoline ill do the murders