

# Staring Back, The Problem With Fire

So what will I do when the size of the world  
makes me ponder destinations?  
And the blood inside keeps beating me,  
saying if I leave you now,  
there is still a chance to forget.  
After that will anything else make sense?  
Tell me how you think it is, does it move you?  
I will listen.  
Your shining eyes don't look my way,  
but when the night falls I can see them,  
I still feel them.  
My polar devices seem to pull magnetically,  
contrived to watch me spin.  
Leave you now? Still a chance to be strong.  
After all is done I still feel the sand on my feet  
and the world in my hands,  
and the echoes of that night will remain.  
So why can't I understand?  
I could weigh your remarks,  
I could try to balance out all the miles between us now.  
Branded by your gentle fire,  
tasted what I still desire. Branded.  
If I leave you now, I know I'll never forget.  
Nothing to regret because the light that you gave me  
will always shine inside, no need for me to lie.  
And the time that remains is not pointless anymore.  
Release my hand and fly.  
Punishment no longer makes sense