

Wire, Torch It!

His father's smile
And the sparkle in his eye

In the house not home, behind closed doors
They hide their fakes, between the floors
In the house not home, under the bed
Stories are told, and lies are spread
The house not home is full of love
It's the hate which seeps in from above

I'm going to torch it
Torch it down
I'm going to torch it
With you on the top

In the house not home, they gild their flaws
Preen their feathers, and sheath their claws
In the house not home, eyes are closed
Blood runs hot, whilst hell hath froze
In the house not home, me-me prayers
The wailing wall of cheap despair

In the house not home, the long house turns
Shit to gold, the tall house burns
In the house not home, dreams are trained
Innocence, hope, lost mysteries explained

I'm going to torch it
I'm going to torch it
I'm going to torch it with you on the top

I'm going to torch it
I'm going to torch it
I'm going to torch it with you on the top
Goodbye

In the house not home
There are four blanks
Your ignorance was unusable
Your thoughtlessness was not

I'm going to torch it
I'm going to torch it
I'm going to torch it with you on the top

I'm going to torch it
I'm going to torch it
I'm going to torch it
I'm going to torch it with you on the top

We sing our cheap despair as our secrets are sold
The spirit is broken, I'm gonna torch you down
The spirit is not broken, I'm gonna raise it up from the ground