Torch Yourself

The Gloria Record

This town has no seasons
it's the middle of October,
and you'd think there'd be a nice,
cool breeze by now (but you'd be wrong).
The summer lingers here for half of the year
and I'm convinced that we are all about to crash into the sun.
I fell asleep on paper wings.
These people have no feelings
their heads are the only things that ever teach them anything about love.
And I'm not sad, I just want to trust someone so badly.
I just want something beautiful to happen here right now.
I fell asleep on paper wings.
These words have no manners
they come to me at night when I am trying to sleep
(and shake me violently, like it's the end of the world or something).
And I wake up on paper wings.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/