

# Molotov

## Dead Poetic

With my back to the wall, you've somehow pinned me up against  
Fingernails in the palms of these tightly clenched fists  
And I'm somewhere in between a held tongue and a curse Or I could keep it inside and hide it, in hopes my  
avoidance will cure it  
But there's no time for this or I could keep it inside and hide it  
In hopes my avoidance will cure it but there's no time for this again So light it up and let it fly away  
A Molotov cocktail  
My dreams symbolized in flames Put your back to them all, I swear they're not getting you there  
A blueprint for the outside when it's cold out there  
It's not clear but I refuse to breathe from these machines again You all depend on the filters that keep you away  
From the pain when you cry and the praises you sang  
It's not real so I refuse to breathe from these machines again So light it up and let it fly away  
A Molotov cocktail  
My dreams symbolized in flames And I won't ask a lot from you  
I just pray that the masks will come unglued and  
And we're not yours, we'll be with you soon I hope we can be with you soon  
I hope we can be with you soon  
I hope we can be with you soon So light it up and let it fly away  
A Molotov cocktail  
My dreams symbolized in flames And I won't ask a lot from you  
I just pray that the masks will come unglued and  
And we're not yours, we'll be with you soon And this routine feels like a knife  
Entering my back then down my spine  
I've withstood the sting for long enough And I'm prepared to discard it  
So light it up and let it go away  
So light it up and let it fly away, fly away

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