

Funeral Pyre

[Julien Baker](#)

I wake up with the same pain every night,
Digging in ashes and out of sight.
Clearing my chest for something to burn,
Ash from a decorative urn you keep in your mantle piece
Like a trophy for everything. We learn eventually. Call me a coward but I'm too scared to leave
'cause I want you to be the last thing I see
Call me a coward but I'm too scared to leave
Watched you pouring lighter fluid out onto the leaves
And I would have loved you with the dying fire If I let you smother me now, to the embers
Frost bite turning my limbs as black as cinders, a funeral pyre
But I would have stayed, if you had asked me to
Stood outside until my lips turned blue
I wouldn't have blamed you
For leaving me there on the porch
While you drink gasoline
Because its what you needed so bad But its true.
There's nothing that we could do.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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