

# Lonely Man Burning

## Celestial Season

this war is over  
I'm getting sober in my head  
I'm growing older  
leaving the colder man for dead  
over my shoulder  
I loose control again and again  
I'm out of order  
but on a concrete fundament feed the burning man inside  
try to, try to  
feed the burning man tonight  
this empty dayride  
these lonely days that never end  
are out of view last night I was floating  
I saw the flames inside a house  
the door wide open  
the firebirds were flying out I wrote it in my book: 'it's the mystery you can't control'  
the women, alcohol, the misery in your best friends call  
you'll get your share of all this reality TV, somewhere,  
keep dreaming

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