Arson At 563

Crime In Stereo

I guess it wasn't as bad as it sounds.
We wore the embers like a crown,
as a reminder to remember
things don't heat up until the sun goes down.
From between the heat of passing cars,
well things got ugly from the start.
We saved some money from some crimes
and use it all to tattoo the scars.
Let the story dilate
Mike stayed forty miles away,
things weren't getting any better at his place.
Over bail bonds and broken pores,
with solemn hearts and solid boards.
Traversed the stairs to fade the memories,
closed it up and locked the doors.
So close but still haloed to crash the calm
It's only one night so what's the harm?
This apartment is no more haven than home.
Let's flood the floors,
come tomorrow we'll all be gone.
I always dreamed but never would've thought
that five of us sifting through the ash
would be the end result of too great a cost.
We placed the call to Nashville to him
Cincinnati burned us down.
The more I say these things out loud,
the more the words just twist around.
So slowly find it strange
young men with principles have a way of accumulating debts with ages.
Replace the fiction while the story ignites the scene.
We're thinking it's too much to ask for
while the flames ignite the dream.
We're sinking and they're beginning to jettison the hopeful.
I fear it's what I hoped for.
I willed it and if so
it's from real
And it's my ship to sink with.
It could be the drain of summer heat,
Fourth of July or enemies.

Bad wiring, bad timing.
It could be the weight of gravity.
It could be a story that no one will ever believe.
It could be a million things but please,
right now we only need a place to sleep.
So close but still haloed to crash the calm.
It's only one night so what's the harm.
Come sunrise those drinks won't keep you warm.
It's up to you I could be here I could be gone
things don't heat up until the sun goes down.

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