

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
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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