

Book of Matches

Oak is Keeping

Eyes they burn and itch and sting
soak the rags in gasoline
all are dirty, you will see
Choke, the smoke will make you whole
and hold it

Book of matches made divine
from ashes all your precious time
you waited for a chance to shine
the strangest things you find can make you whole and pure

Know thyself before you know any else
make it burn
Know thyself before you know any else
make it burn

Light the match it will be the last
make it burn
feel the dirt beneath your knees
beg me please

Lyrics submitted by shay.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>