

Burning

Fugazi

There's something acting on this body
Something goes in when nothing comes out
And someone's acting on this information
But nothing's registered from this location
From this site that I sense that I am, in asking
What is this burning in my eyes?
I wanted a language of my own
My lips were sucked empty and I mouthed the lines
Of this crowd that surrounds me
Punctured and parceled i fold my hand
To this site that I sense that I am in asking
What is this burning in my eyes?

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