

# Submission

## Burning Image

I noticed, last night, something didn't seem right  
A man shows up and tells me I'm wrong  
And disappears in the night  
I came to you to bargain for your soul  
I could have picked anyone, but it's yours that I know  
Cause it's ripe and you know it's wrong  
You seem to know what I like-----  
I like it, I like it, I like itThe positions here have all been filled; at times I can't believe my eyes  
It's what you sow, it's what you steal, still come away without a prizeAnd now it seems so real  
The pain I'm suffering, it's like it's not me  
But what it feels like, it's like I've gone away  
They take a part of your soul as they're scraping the rest away-----It all comes down to one thingIt's  
nice to know  
You'll waste away  
No one listens to what I sayI want the world, I want my way  
No one listens to what I say  
At all-----

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