# Moth

## Murmansk

Thought I was different and it seems I'm just the same
As a game I put my hand over the flame
I thought, I was smarter as I flew into the sun
But it turned out the way it does with everyone
Oh, oh, I don't fly around your fire anymore
I don't fly around your fire anymore
Burnin', fallin' down so many times before
I don't fly around your fire anymore
I love the heat, I love the things that I forgot
I love the strings that tie me down and cut me off
I was a king, I was a moth with painted wings made of cloth
When did the flame burn so high and get so hot?
Oh, oh, I don't fly around your fire anymore
I don't fly around your fire anymore
Burnin', fallin' down so many times before
I don't fly around, fly around
Fly around
I don't fly around your fire anymore
I don't fly around your fire anymore
Burnin', fallin' down so many times before
I don't fly around, fly around
I don't fly around your fire anymore
I don't fly around your fire anymore
Burnin', fallin' down so many times before
I don't fly around, fly around
Oh, fly around, oh

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