

# Moth

## Burial & Four Tet

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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