

# Kerosene

## Brother Cane

Dizzy hands are ringing, heads are turning gears

    All alarm inside

Yet I see right through it, artificial fear

    Savoring a fire, in me

This kerosene, my sanity relies on this keroseneTriggering on bottom, riding out the wave

    Brings my pain in style

Selfless for a reason, lock the broken door

    And I've torn away, the bleeding eye

Feeling the weight, restore the light in meI only do it to stay alive

    I never thought it could save my lifeDon't disappear, realize

    The more it burns, the more I understand

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