Don't Burn the Fires

Dead Moon

Running away, I knew I was wrong
I's tried to fit in where I didn't belong
Wearing their clothes, playing their games
Being a part of that urban decay
Don't burn the fires, I'm never coming homeWhen the morning sky was cold and grey
I could hear the whispers of my own mistakes
Those warning eyes, that final touch
No one seemed to care that much
So don't burn the fires, I'm never coming homeAnd when I'd reached my destination
I thought someday I might return
Cause deep inside was the need
To feel the home fires burn
But a faltering voice merely whispered
My name as if we'd never expected to
Hear it again, and my heart grew
Cold to that indifferent sound
As I slowly laid the receiver down

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