

Artificial Fire

Eleni Mandell

Found the treasure at last
We have to count backwards
 You start at the end
'Til we find what we're afterThere are two kinds of men
 He could never be true
 But am I just like him?
Am I unfaithful too?I was drawing a map
 But I couldn't have known
 Take a right, take a left
You'll know when you get thereThe puzzle will fit
 Late one night Montreal
 With his clothes on the floor
And his artificial fireIs there anybody counting
 This mathematical equation?
 Could there be another answer?
 Could I change his mind
Or could he change mine?Why can't there be one?
 He tried to explain
 In the dark I would laugh
We were talking and nakedReading my map
 Late one night in Montreal
 Found the treasure at last
It was artificial fireIs there anybody counting
 This mathematical equation?
 Could there be another answer?
 Could he change my mind
Or could I change his mind?It was new, it was old
 From the start it was both
 And a year nearly passed
And one night MontrealI'm a killer at heart
 And I wanted to feel
 So I laid out my trap
 With my artificial fire

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