

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 after
There 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 there
The puzzle will fit
Late one night Montreal
With his clothes on the floor
And his artificial fire
Is 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 naked
Reading my map
Late one night in Montreal
Found the treasure at last
It was artificial fire
Is 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 Montreal
I'm a killer at heart
And I wanted to feel
So I laid out my trap
With my artificial fire

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