

# Burning Bridges

Willis Earl Beal

Your flaming face is the fire of fools  
My lonely cart in the corner sitting on the stool  
Now the rules are round and rather cruel  
You shuffle the long with the lever at useOur excuse in the shame out far and here  
All the rules and their fate from the burning still  
And they ashes from the slashes on the regions of hell  
They'll combine with the love from me transfersThere will be no us, modeled by your curse  
My old bruise through the flesh in my hunger hurts  
With my nephew of mess and a whole of your promise  
I must hide in speech, leaving low these partsBurning s so less men know across the sea  
Give me away by the flames of her and me  
Burning s so less men know across the sea  
Give me away by the flames from you and me  
From you and me  
Her and me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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