

# Burnt-Out Hotel

## Minimal Compact

I've heard they arrived...  
...it's an average day  
running away grey lights  
pacing the street with indifference  
wonder how they burnt out alive  
if there's no reply from the station  
radios jammed broken lines  
if you can recall empty spaces  
filled with debris wasted lives  
in a burnt-out hotel  
flames danced with cruel affection  
black smoke has covered the sky  
everytime you play with fire  
something inside you just dies  
rain has washed away the traces  
no one's suspecting a crime  
wind has swept away the ashes  
nothing remains to remind

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