Burnt-Out Hotel

Minimal Compact

I've heard they arrived...
...it's an avarage 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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