



Fire Rashes

You couldn't learn fly
You claimed your wings were fried
From the arsonry that I supposedly
"caused your soul"

But it was you that burnt my tears
Yours were already dried
In those dead eyes, you had no fears

My tongue is left with fire rashes
You burnt my words to ashes

My thoughts, just flashes
of the burning bright fury-
From when you decided to light the matches

I always tried
But you always had your ways to justify

You were damn good at bribes