

The Arsonist

The Arsonist

By : American Roulette

A Song

Published on
Booksie

[booksie.com/American Roulette](http://booksie.com/AmericanRoulette)

Copyright © American Roulette, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

The Arsonist

The nightâs edge,

Like razor blades,

Cut through the skin,

Of a love born thin,

On my part,

Your love was kind,

You gave a gift,

To an arsonist

I swore this life came down,

To an empty bottle,

And an open mouth,

Full of lies and deceit,

Now Iâm struggling,

To find my feet,

Cause Iâm out of her sight,

So Iâm out of my mind,

I never meant a thing,

When I robbed you blind,

Of the freedom you held,

Or the love you could find,

While I was killing myself,

I didnât know you were dying

The Arsonist

On every Avenue,

What can I say,?

On every Avenue,

I see your face,

Because itâ s hard,

Yeah its hard,

To be alone,

Or on your own

The Arsonist

The Arsonist

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-28 23:35:47