

# The Exiles

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You're playing with matches  
Got paper cuts from paper planes  
An endless majesty  
Within the pattern of the rain

Your hatred is weakness  
Your carelessness is no mistake  
There's no stupidity  
Within the chances that you take

And it feels like endless nights  
And it feels like jealous rage  
Setting all the clothes alight  
I am burning, I'm still learning  
All our houses have been shut  
All our races have been played  
Setting fire to paper planes  
I am burning, I'm still learning

You show me the exiles  
With paper cups and paper plates  
There's endless majesty  
Within the chances that they take

And it feels like endless nights  
And it feels like jealous rage  
Setting all the clothes alight  
I am burning, I'm still learning  
All our houses have been shut  
All our races have been played  
Setting fire to paper planes  
I am burning, I'm still learning  
I'm still learning

Setting fire to paper planes  
I am burning, I am burning  
I'm still burning  
I'm still burning  
I am learning