

# Artificial Fire

Eleni Mandell

Found the treasure at last  
We have to count backwards  
You start at the end  
'Til we find what we're after  
There are two kinds of men  
He can never be true  
But am I just like him  
Am I unfaithful too

I was drawing a map  
But I couldn't have known  
Take a right, take a left  
You'll know when you get there  
The puzzle will fit late one night in Montreal  
Where there's clothes on the floor  
And his artificial fire

Is there anybody counting  
This mathematical equation  
Could there be another answer  
Could I change his mind  
Or could he change mine

Why can't there be one  
He tried to explain  
In the dark I would laugh  
And we would talk and get naked  
Reading my map late one night in Montreal  
I found the treasure at least  
It was artificial fire

Is there anybody counting  
This mathematical equation  
Could there be another answer  
Could he change my mind  
Or could I change his mind

It was new, it was old  
From the start it was both  
And a year nearly passed  
And one night in Montreal  
I'm killer at heart  
And I wanted to feel  
So I laid out my trap  
With my artificial fire