

# Burn The Flames

Roky Erickson

Here I sit  
A vampire at my piano  
The flames burn glaringly higher  
And the eyes that stare through the darkness  
Though they have no form  
There's no need for alarm

So burn, so burn, burn the flames  
Higher and higher  
So burn, burn the flames, never to expire

Here I sit  
A skeleton at my organ  
The candles in my candelabra  
Burn hellishly hellish hell  
And the laughter unending echoes  
Through the haunted house  
A little Christmas spirit ghostly haunting deadly spirit  
Every creature is stirring  
Even a mouse

So burn, so burn, burn the flames  
Higher, higher, higher and higher  
So burn, burn the flames, never to expire

So burn, so burn, burn the flames  
Higher, higher, higher and higher  
So burn, burn the flames, never to expire

Here I sit myself at my instruments  
Here they sit at their instruments  
And the music fills and fills, terrifies, horrifies, forever sc  
ares  
The children of the night  
What music we make

So burn, so burn, burn the flames  
Higher and higher  
So burn, burn the flames, never to expire