

Ashes

The Belle Brigade

You light the fire,
But you don't keep it alive.
It cools down, you get tired,
And the red turns to white.

And the ashes in the air,
Can be collected and confined.
To the shape we used to make,
But the weight is gone.

All your life,
Every love you ever had has expired.
You gets old and you stop trying,
When it's down to the wire.

All the ashes in the air,
Can be collected and confined.
To the shape we used to make,
But the weight is gone.

When weight is gone,
And how you're gonna get it back.
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And how you're gonna get it back.

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