

The Arsonist

Thrice

There is truth beneath the floorboards;
there is hope in brick and stone.
But they tell me just to shut my mouth;
leave well enough alone.
But I think maybe all that's needed,
is a match and gasoline;
because I don't think that any one of them believes that there
will be a reckoning.

But I will see this city burn.

There are still good shepherds scattered,
but they're far between and few.
And the sheep's skin that the wolves all wear is so thin I see
right through.
And I think maybe all that's need is some gas and open flame,
because I don't think that any one of them believes that fire c
an erase their names.

But I will see this city burn.
I said I will see this city burn.

We will burn it down and build it again,
what was buried in flame.
Burn it down and build it again from the bricks that remain.

I love this city, but I've set and numbered its days.
I love this city, enough that I'll set it ABLAZE.

There is truth beneath the floorboards;
there is hope in brick and stone.
But they tell me just to shut my mouth;
leave well enough alone.
But I think that maybe all that's needed is some flint and hard
ened steel;
because I don't think that any one of them believes that the re
volution's real.

We will burn it down and build it again,
what was buried in flame.
Burn it down and build it again from the bricks that remain.

I love this city, but I've set and numbered its days.
I love this city, enough that I'll set it ABLAZE.

It will burn.