

Burning Bridges

Willis Earl Beal

Your flaming face is the fire of fools
My lonely cart in the corner sitting on the stool
Now the rules are round and rather cruel
You shuffle the long with the lever at use Our excuse in the shame out far and here
All the rules and their fate from the burning still
And they ashes from the slashes on the regions of hell
They'll combine with the love from me transfers There will be no us, modeled by your curse
My old bruise through the flesh in my hunger hurts
With my nephew of mess and a whole of your promise
I must hide in speech, leaving low these parts Burning s so less men know across the sea
Give me away by the flames of her and me
Burning s so less men know across the sea
Give me away by the flames from you and me
From you and me
Her and me

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