

Axxis, Fan The Flames

Fear of war
Fear of death
Fear of strangers in our path
There's so much fear
Fear of what
The preachers says
Fear the holy cross
Burnin' in our heads
In a world so cold
Our hearts were sold
Yeah, they fan the flames of fear
Dealing with our dread, my dear
Yes I know
All that makes the world go round
They fan the flames of fear
Dealing with our dread, my dear
Yes I know
That all makes the world go round
Spend our money on defence
Paid to all the governments
So much fear
We built the walls so high
All the razor wire
Cutting through the sky
In a world so cold
Our hearts were sold
Yeah, they fan the flames of fear
Dealing with our dread, my dear
Yes I know
All that makes the world go round
Oh, they fan the flames of fear
Dealing with our dread, my dear
Yes I know
All that makes the world go round
All that makes the world go round
They have the biggest banks,
The biggest walls,
Bullets and bombs for the biggest guns
Oh, they fan the flames of fear
Dealing with our dread, my dear