## 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