

Kingmaker, Pyromaniacs Anonymous

That deep whining sound
Is a lust for this town
And the sleaze all around is poetic
those multi-coloured lights
That shine through the night
Reveal all that's poor and pathetic

Beneath all that fire
Is a heartfelt desire
To douse the whole city in petrol
But I'd probably set camp
And the matches be damp
And I wouldn't get to see the inferno
Oh no! Oh no!

Flames, look much brighter
Than the cold, hard things
That are given you
Pass the lighter...

Slowly coming 'round
To the drabness of the town
But spurred on by fear of anonymity
I've seen it all before
People always ignore
What the police didn't see in the vicinity

It's a family trait
Fire runs in my veins
But as a person doesn't make me any lesser
Seeing the ashes
The heat and the flashes
Those things aren't done by any hairdresser
Oh no! Oh no!

Flames, look much brighter
Than the cold, hard things
That are given you
Pass the lighter...

Burn down the schools!
(But) It's no substitute for truths

Flames, look much brighter
Than the cold, hard things
That are given you

Flames, look much brighter
Than the cold, hard things
That are given you

(Oh) got to sleep through the day
To keep all my thoughts at bay
Got to sleep through the day
Sleep through the day

Flames, look much brighter
Than the cold, hard things
That are given you
Pass the lighter...