

Matisyahu, Fire Of Heaven

(chorus)

Fire descends on high in the shape of a lion
Burn the sacrifice of pride and ride on to Mount Zion

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Rub me the wrong way, taking the highway
Rubbing sticks together but your fire's man-made
Capitalize on hot air, soar like an airplane
Yearn to rise in the sky quick high like cocaine
False pride is suicide but you've got nothing to gain
Babylon's buildings raise like flames
Drowning in their champagne
Explosion pulled the pin in the hand grenade
Soul stain blowing up
In your own domain
Fire crackers ooh and aah
But they never maintain

Fires burning
Flames are dancing
Don't burn the house down
Heavenly fire only resides on an altar made from the ground

(chorus)

One pair of eyes
But see two different things
One person cries but the other one sings
You walk around like everybody owes you something
Take what you got, thank G-d for all that life brings
The poor man has it all but not content with anything
While the rich man's hands are empty but he's sitting like a king

Fires burning
Flames are dancing
Don't burn the house down
Heavenly fire only resides on an altar made from the ground

Backpacks's getting heavy, moving at a steady pace
Carry bricks on your shoulders and lead around your waist
Making way, run in haste
There is no time to taste what you ate
We should be grateful Got a plateful
Fire burns like ice morsels falling fire like rain

(Chorus)