

Matisyahu, Medley

Fire descends from on High
In the shape of a lion
Burn the sacrifice of Pride
And ride on to Mount Zion

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
Explosive!
Pull the pin in the hand grenade
Soul stain blowing up in your own domain
Fire crackers ooh and ahh
But they never maintain

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

{Chorus}
Fire descends from on High
In the shape of a lion
Burn the sacrifice of pride
And ride on to mount Zion

One pair of eyes
But see two different things
One person cries
While 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 hads are empty
But he's sitting like a king

{Bridge}

Backpack's getting heavy
Moving at a steady pace
Carrying bricks on your shoulders
And lead around your waiste
Making way, run in haste
There is no time to waste
We should be grateful
Got a plateful
Fire burns like ice morsels falling fire
Like Rain

{Chorus}

You should be more subtle
You could keep your hustle
Keep your laugh and shuffle
Flashing muscle, brass knuckle
Bust your bubble, goin pop
Take of the muzzle
Hate to ruffle feathers
Makin brothers struggle
Through the rough old concrete jungle
Briskan brussels step and shuffle
Stumble into trouble
Spirit rumble in the temple
Mumble nothing
Your should be more humble
In the continental all your bluff
You're puffin smoke, it's fundamental
In this ocean you're a pebble

{bridge}