

# Audioslave, Original Fire

The original fire has died and gone  
But the riot inside moves on  
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But the riot inside moves on

With a pen in one hand taking us and drugged on kerosene  
'84 and 5 would find us something to believe  
Right or wrong with dirty hands on wires  
Singing songs in dischord choirs  
Screaming in braille no temptress prize  
Could ever yield anything so real

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But the riot inside moves on  
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But the riot inside moves on

Golden soldiers born much older than they'll ever live to be  
Diving into a sea of hands in a long forgotten city  
Here the rain falls ever after  
The swinging vines hang dead in rafters  
Blood rush to your head induces laughter endlessly

The original fire has died and gone  
But the riot inside moves on  
The original fire has died and long gone  
But the riot inside moves on

Can't explain that it was somethin' to see  
Can't contain so somethin' ever real  
Ever real  
Hey!

Can't explain it was somethin' to see  
Can't contain so somethin' ever real  
Ever real

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