

Audioslave, Original Fire

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