

# Corrosion Of Conformity, Fuel

here we stand before the call accused of fire,  
it's too cold and you're too old for me it's time to expire

serve to see of what could be  
burn the freak and set him free  
outta sight outta sight outta time  
and you're way outta line

they cool the tongue to tame the flame  
we burn the soul and still remain  
they freeze the tongue to stay the same  
control me...

cast the stone when in Rome thick as a brick and the lams alone  
bend the knee but don't you pray for me cause I fly for free

finding flame without a name  
holy sound and no sustain  
outta sight outta sight outta time  
and you're way outta line

they cool the tongue to tame the flame  
we burn the soul and still remain  
they freeze the tongue to stay the same  
control me...

free to run deaf and numb lock and load unholy son  
within reach bleach the leach he's a smoking gun

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