

# Genesis, Feeding The Fire

You are terrified by the smallest sound  
Because you live your life in such a sheltered world  
As do those who surround you  
Well I have seen you stung by poisonous flies  
And you suffer much too much from their bites  
There you sit in your comfort watching other people get caught by the storm

Many a thing that used to be a secret  
Has become so talked about  
Not worth a second thought  
There's different kinds of secrets now  
Times change, it's not enough to say  
It seemed a good idea a hundred years ago  
You think it's not your problem  
It really doesn't matter at all

Every stone that's thrown must fall to the ground  
But you don't give a thought to where they might come down  
You are feeding the fire over which you'll be roasted

Anywhere that they don't speak the same  
In any place that they don't think the same  
You think it's not your problem  
No no

You think it's not your problem  
It really doesn't matter at all  
Oh...

Maybe it's not your fate to be a leader of men  
But you just leave it all to someone else and complain  
You could be so much stronger, but it really doesn't matter any longer  
Cos you're feeding the fire over which you'll be roasted  
Cos you're feeding the fire over which you'll be roasted