

Mob Rules, House On Fire

In a world of innocence
You gave me shelter from the tempest
In a time of hope and joy
You always dedicated love to me

Burning bridges everywhere
And nobody to declare

House on fire burnt my soul
My desire is getting cold

House on fire in my head
Sick and tired

Twenty one is much too young
For a child without a warning
Poorest dream has come alive
When you died on a cloudy morning

Burning bridges everywhere
And nobody to declare

House on fire burnt my soul
My desire is getting cold

House on fire in my head
Sick and tired

In a world of innocence
When you died on a cloudy morning

Burning bridges everywhere
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