

# morphine, Rope On Fire

Hand over hand up the lifeline, luckily the knots stay tight.  
Silhouettes of the two of us climbing, climbing up a rope on fire.  
Climbing up a rope on fire.

Trapped in a room in a fortress, running outta air to breathe.  
Only seconds to go and we'll break free, I didn't think that we would reach.

Only the two of us can disconnect the bomb.  
And save ourselves before the oxygen is gone.  
I'll call for backup, you start to scream.  
It's not the first time we've been in this dream.

She ripped the wings right off my back.  
She whispered deep, keep it on the track.  
She said you're no angel, no angel anymore.

All the wheels are coming loose. Close-up shot of a burning fuse.  
The sky is filled with question marks. Will the chains come apart?  
These few seconds that I've left to go. Flames and chaos down below.  
And the earth opens wide. Got to climb a rope on fire.

Look at the clock. Look at the clock.  
Make it to the car but the car won't start.  
Me try to move the car but there's no more time.  
We'll have to climb a rope on fire.

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Climbing up a rope on fire. Climbing up a rope on fire.

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Then save ourselves before the oxygen is gone.  
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