

# No Use For A Name, Feeding The Fire

It used to be easy to listen to people  
And take everything with a grain of salt  
And now that I'm older I still hear voices  
I do not wish to be involved

I don't want to be involved with the incinerator anymore  
That lifestyle is such a bore - Find the door

I want to leave this place can't take it anymore  
Locked in a room and the flames are burning down around me  
And now I see the door but I won't find a key  
It's kinda sad but I'll never find a better place to be

I'm not feeding the fire anymore

It only makes me want to keep it locked inside  
You got the gasolene but I don't have a light  
I wanna hang out, it's not a good time  
I'd rather be somewhere that I can find  
People that don't live off the words that are said by someone else  
Cos talking shit is so bad for your health

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