

# People In Planes, Fire

The flower grew the wall  
Displaying all of his colour  
The motive wasn't clear  
But you wouldn't understand

Now we're getting on like fire  
With matchsticks in our eyes  
And the money men are here  
With yes men to their sides

The audience approves  
With a movement of clothing  
But they never even see  
The nature of this illusion

Now we're getting on like fire  
Let's burn it to the ground  
And the warning, it came so clear  
But I couldn't see the signs

There's a plate in my head  
There's a chip in my head