

# Poets Of The Fall, Fire

It's a bit like a trip, but you hit it with a slip of a tongue, like a whip, and we're sinking, it ain't cool to be cool, though you may think it a laudable tool of self evaluation, of ego cultivation, n' I'm rolling my eyes like the stones for the lies, is it really all about the size or just a simple vice...

Oh, and it makes the news  
Oh, cos it sings the blues

I feel the fire flare alight inside me  
Higher so I can see  
N' aspire to survive this fight in spite of  
Liars and travesty  
Oh fire

Did you think that I'd blink, that I'd go and take the ink to your control, that I'd sell my soul, and does it ring any bells that it sells that we're living out of shells in a shotgun, if we couldn't shoot, we'd have to run, and finally the cerebral fantasy, better genes and machines, so we can die looking like we're teens, like snapshot scenes in smithereens...

Oh, and the ones we choose  
Oh, witch hunting fools

I feel the fire...

Look there it is in the news again, yeah  
There it goes singing the blues again

Fire flare alight inside me...

Fire, return my joy cos I'm so  
Tired, tired of me  
Inspire the weary eyed to see the  
Ire and Irony  
Oh fire