

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 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