

Thirteen Senses, Into The Fire

Come on, come on
Put your hands into the fire
Explain, explain
As I turn and meet the power
This time, This time
Turning white and senses dire
Pull up, pull up
From one extreme to another
From the summer to the spring
From the mountain to the air
From Samaritan to sin
And it's waiting on the end
Come on, come on
Put your hands into the fire
Explain, explain
As I turn and meet the power
This time, This time
Turning white and sense dire
Pull up, pull up
From one extreme to another
From the summer to the spring
From the mountain to the air
From Samaritan to sin
And it's waiting on the end
and now I'm alone I'm looking out
I'm looking in, way down
The lights are dim
and now I'm alone I'm looking out
I'm looking in, way down
The lights are dim
Ooooh
Come on, come on
Put your hands into the fire
Come on, come on