

Fuel (Jam-Box Tape)

Corrosion of Conformity

Here we stand before the call
Accused of fire
It's too cold and you're too old for me
It's time for me to expire
Serve to see of what could be
Burn the freak and set him free
Out of sight, out of sight, out of time
And you're way out of line
They cool the tongue to tame the flame
We burn the soul and it still remain
They freeze the tongue to stay the same
Control me
Cast the stone when in Rome
Thick as a brick, the lamb's alone
Bend the knee but don't you pray for me
'Cause I fly for free
Finding fame without a name
Holy sound and no sustain
Out of sight, out of sight, out of time
And you're way out of line
They cool the tongue to tame the flame
We burn the soul and it still remain
They freeze the tongue to stay the same
Control me
Free to run, deaf and numb
Lock and load, unholy son
Within reach, bleach the leach
He's a smoking gun
Serve to see of what could be
Burn the freak and set him free
Out of sight, out of sight, out of time
And you're way out of line
They cool the tongue to tame the flame
We burn the soul and it still remain
They freeze the tongue to stay the same
Control me

Songwriters

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