# The Flame

## Icehouse

On the edge of the city in the dust and the daylight
There's a place where the truth cannot hide
There's no hell and no heaven, no sense in believing
All you have is your hope and your pride
Rusting iron, bricks and paper, hold each other for shelter
So you sleep and you call it a home
You may just hear the sound of the "Calm Before The Storm"In my heart of the country far away from the town
Working day after day in the factories and mines
And your name is a number and your colour is black
It's the colour of midnight and coal
Well, the young men are restless and the old men are tired
Always working for nothing and being alone
You can feel the heat of the "Calm Before The Storm"Well, you can move a mountain and shut out the sky
You can put out the fire but the flame won't die, ohhhh...You must see it blue and early at morningAs the smoke settles slowly and the crowd clears away
The shouting is over, they have nothing to say
Nineteen voices of silence lying dead in the street
Nineteen voices are still now ten thousand will fight
And you might know the voice of the "Calm Before The Storm"Well, you can move a mountain and shut out the sky
You can put out the fire but the flame won't die
Well, you can move a mountain and shut out the sky
And you can put out the fire but the flame won't dieMmm hmmm hmmm...Mmm hmmm hmmm...
Mmm hmmm hmmm...Mmm hmmm hmmm...
Mmm hmmm hmmm...Mmm hmmm hmmm...
Mmm hmmm hmmm...Mmm hmmm hmmm...
Mmm hmmm hmmm...Mmm hmmm hmmm...

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