

Nero's Fiddle

Clutch

Sick though it may seem It has always been a dream
Of mine to watch you drop
Like one million freezing flies
Psychopathic my mathematic
Always sums to zero
Population, your equation always equal hero Burn, burn So the fruits of your labours
Have fermented into wine
And the sweat that you dripped
Is now the honey of the hive
The city is a burning sun
And I a blooming flower
The fire, the flame
The passion, the power Burn, burn And you, your kindling, innocent
The fruits of your labours
Have fermented into wine
And the sweat that you dripped
Is now the honey of the hive
The city is a burning sun
And I a blooming flower
The fire, the flame
The passion, the power Burn, burn The fire, the flame
The passion, the power The fire, the flame
The passion, the power

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