

This Fire

Ben Rosenbush And The Brighton

Our city isn't perfect

Our city is a blaze of neon flare
Does anybody care
Fractured lines in the pavement
Embers colour the air
These streets we named
Will never be the same

This fire, this fire we let it all burn

People fall into silence
The wind she whistles a song
Of hopelessness
That carries like a hymn
Our city is a burden

The waste land under our feet
We've come to know
Will never be enough

This fire, this fire we let it all burn

If all we do is blame
And noone cares to listen
There's nothing left to say
But if we stake our claim
Let action speak the loudest
We'll dance beyond the flames

This fire, this fire we let it all burn

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