

# Fireball

## The Flatliners

Crowded streets and shopping malls  
Sleeping bag and chairs made out of walls  
In an endless stream of a trickle down  
This is poverty A light to help her sleep at night  
A burned out building, a castle will divide  
But that's how it goes  
And you'll never know  
What it's like outside  
The bells are ringing now  
The voice is getting louder but it's deafening the truth  
The sun is coming out  
But only on one side of this one sided town  
And only for a few Sickening they try to speak  
No words of wisdom for the worthless and the weak  
And he calls her name  
In the cold night air  
How can you dream  
There is no sleep  
The bells are ringing now  
The voice is getting louder but it's deafening the truth  
The sun is coming out  
But only on one side of this one sided town  
And only for a few  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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