

Common Ground (No Fuego)

No Fuego

As we close our bloodshot eyes, we hold our fists to the sky.
We stand our ground, praise the sound and let our minds float freely
into the clouds, singing out loud. And i can see a common ground. Now it seems we've won the battle, won the
war.

Music not as competition but an artform we adore.
As we stand our solid ground with our 2 feet on the floor, we have won. Victim of the daily grind.
Won't let it shape our lives.

As we grow inside it's time we let go, escaping our minds.
Far away we hide from our problems.
Dying on the inside but still smiling.
We chose our path this time. Now it seems we've won the battle, won the war.

Music not as competition but an artform we adore.
As we stand our solid ground with our 2 feet on the floor, we have won.

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