

Shalom - Saalam

Matisyahu

Fire descends from on high in the shape of a lion
Burn the sacrifice of pride and ride on Mount Zion
Rub me the wrong way, taking the highway
Rubbing sticks together but your fire's man made
Capitalize on hot air, soar like an airplane
Yearn to rise in the sky quick high like cocaine
False pride is suicide but you've got nothing to gain
Babylon's buildings raise like flames
Drowning in their champagne
Explosion pulled the pin in the hand grenade
Soul stain blowing up in your own domain
Fire crackers oh and ah but they never maintain
Fires burning, flames are dancing
Don't burn the house down Lord
Heavenly fire only resides
On an alter made from the ground
Fire descends on high
In the shape of a lion
Burn the sacrifice of pride
And ride on to Mount Zion
Fire descends on high
In the shape of a lion
Burn the sacrifice of pride
And ride on to Mount Zion
One pair of eyes
But see two different things
One person cries
But the other one sings
You walk around
Like everybody owes ya something
Take what you got
Thank G-d for all that life brings
The poor man has it all
But not content with anything
While the rich man's hands are empty
But he's sitting like a kind
Fires burning, flames are dancing
Don't burn the house down Lord
Heavenly fire only resides
On an alter made from the ground
Backpack's getting heavy
Moving at a steady pace
Carrying bricks on your shoulders
And lead around your waist
Making way, run in haste
There is no time to taste what you ate
We should be grateful got a plateful
Fire burns like ice morsels falling
fire like rain
Fire descends on high
In the shape of a lion
Burn the sacrifice of pride

And ride on to Mount Zion
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Songwriters

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