

About A Burning Fire

Blindside

I thought about fire in the sky.
I thought about fire.
I thought about love burning in your eye.
I thought about fire.
It hurts that drops of fire would fall so precise,
and how everything else would lose its meaning.
What a beautiful, what a painful surprise.
There is no peace outside if there is nothing within.
It hurts. But like coming home, once dried up.
I guess this is what you get when a heart expands. I thought about Love is destructive for the ego.
And Your voice is the only thing
that speaks rebelliously in this world of claiming your own.
There is no peace outside if there's nothing within.
Love is addictive for the spirit.
And Your voice whispers with a roar,
that fire rises up, refills.
Place the right king on the throne I thought about

Songwriters

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