

Fire

People In Planes

The flower grew the wall
Displaying of his color
The motive wasn't clear
But you wouldn't understand Now we're getting on like fire
With matchsticks in our eyes
And the money men are here
With yes men to their sides The audience approves
With a movement of clothing
But they never even see
The nature of this illusion Now we're getting on like fire
Lets burn it to the ground
And the warning it came so clear
But I couldn't see the signs

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