

Catching Fire

Tremonti

Take what's yours, It's your turn
Leave the rest to burn
Keep your sights down below
Hold on tight or let it go
With your back to the wall, you refuse to crawl
Bury the weak in your soul, grasp for light and let it go You just let it go
Let it go
You just let it go The whole world's catching fire again
The hardest thing is knowing, that we could've just died instead
The Preacher, he is dying alone
The only thing he's crying: "He'll make this world his own!" Make this world his own It once was clear and now
your blind
The fear found shelter in your mind
Just one word and I will go, the sands of time are running low
When you wake for the war, when the shadows fall
Set your sight down below, and you will know Yeah, you will know The whole world's catching fire again
The hardest thing is knowing, that we could've just died instead
The Preacher, he is dying alone
The only thing he's crying: "He'll make this world his own!"

[Instrumental Break] The whole world's catching fire again
The hardest thing is knowing, that we could've just died instead
The Preacher, he is dying alone
The only thing he's crying: "He'll make this world his own!"

Make this world his own
Make this world
Make this world his own Yeah! Yeah!
Yeah! Yeah!

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