

# Into the Fire

## Thirteen Senses

Come on, come on  
Put your hands into the fire  
Explain, explain  
As I turn, I meet the power This time, this time  
Turning white and senses dying  
Pull up, pull up  
From one extreme to another From the summer to the spring  
From the mountain to the air  
From samaritan to sin  
And it's waiting on the air Come on, come on  
Put your hands into the fire  
Explain, explain  
As I turn, I meet the power This time, this time  
Turning white and senses dying  
Pull up, pull up  
From one extreme to another From the summer to the spring  
From the mountain to the air  
From samaritan to sin  
And it's waiting on the air Now I'm low, I'm looking out, I'm looking in  
Way down, the lights are dimmer  
Now I'm low, I'm looking out, I'm looking in  
Way down, the lights are dimmer Come on, come on  
Put your hands into the fire  
Come on, come on

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