Into The Fire

Thirteen Senses

Come on, come on
Put your hands into the fire
Explain, explain
As I turn, I meet the powerThis time, this time
Turning white and senses dying
Pull up, pull up
From one extreme to anotherFrom the summer to the spring
From the mountain to the air
From samaritan to sin
And it's waiting on the airCome on, come on
Put your hands into the fire
Explain, explain
As I turn, I meet the powerThis time, this time
Turning white and senses dying
Pull up, pull up
From one extreme to anotherFrom the summer to the spring
From the mountain to the air
From samaritan to sin
And it's waiting on the airNow 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 dimmerCome on, come on
Put your hands into the fire
Come on, come on

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