Fire

Atheist

Feeling the heat that captures
The warmth that see the chance
Imagine the stone lit contortion
Sprawling itself at a glance
[Incomprehensible]Shadows shaded yellow
Both shredded and tapered flames
Reaching at a constant level
Rising, rising, combustionThe blue light at the bottom
Surely sets the stage
For the radiant dancing
If the flares of the sun
Feel them burnThe heat that you feel is friction
Creating a scar that sees
An everlasting reflection
An everlasting appeal
Pain, real painShadows shaded yellow
Both shredded and tapered flames
Reaching at a constant level
Rising, rising, combustionThe blue light at the bottom
Surely sets the stage
For the radiant dancing
If the flares of the sun

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