

# Fire Walker

## Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

Your love was always yours to give  
We'll start another war  
But you're always wondered perfectly  
What you're living for Your eyes have wept a thousand tears  
You never needed mine  
The crime is never what you steal  
But what you leave behind And maybe I'm too blind to see  
The line was always crossing me  
And maybe I'm too far to reach  
But what's inside of you still same as me, oh When the soul dies it burns like the page  
We pass through the gates  
We pass through the gates  
We pass through the gates  
We pass through the gates  
We pass through the gates  
We pass through the gates Your soul was only yours to keep  
It's barely in you now.  
The bullet from the shell it leaves  
Strips it to the ground. And maybe I'm too blind to see  
the fire is all that walks with me  
And maybe I'm too starved and weak  
But what's inside of you still same as me, oh It's a place where we all belong, gives rise to our very own  
It's a call in the air we breathe, a sign to the everything  
It's a call from where we've gone, to a place we've always known  
It's a sign everywhere you go, it's a call when all have gone To the place where all are from, it's a call to our  
very own  
Gives rise with everyone, it's a path we've always known  
Gives way to everything, gives rise to the night  
Gives way to the everything, takes hold to the all we know  
Gives way to the night, gives rise to the everything

Songwriters

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