

# 15 Min Flame

## Poets of the Fall

The reaper's kneeling at your field taking in what you've sown  
Can't help feeling apprehension  
No point in waiting, for a rating for what you have grown  
Look for liquid consolation  
If I act accordingly will it save my humanity  
You're either you or a loyalty disowned  
Well excuse me Who was it who wanted every sec of the fifteen minute flame of fame  
A name to last for all eternity  
Who was it who wanted ingratiating beyond definitions  
When love alone is enough to set you free No escaping though you're running, you cannot find home  
Drowning in your desperation  
Conviction seems to follow accusations alone  
No place here for an easy redemption  
If I lack your tears of joy, please forgive my heartless ploy  
Said the fool to his majesty dethroned  
Now excuse me Who was it who wanted every sec of the fifteen minute flame  
To name a love to last through all your infamy  
Who was it who wanted ingratiating in their definitions  
When name alone can jail eternally Who was it who wanted every sec of the flame Who was it who wanted every  
sec of the fifteen minute flame of fame  
A name to last for all eternity  
Who was it who wanted ingratiating beyond definitions  
When love alone is enough to set you free

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