Fire

People In Planes

The flower grew the wall
Displaying of his color
The motive wasn't clear
But you wouldn't understandNow we're getting on like fire
With matchsticks in our eyes
And the money men are here
With yes men to their sidesThe audience approves
With a movement of clothing
But they never even see
The nature of this illusionNow we're getting on like fire
Lets burn it to the ground
And the warning it came so clear
But I couldn't see the signsThere's a plate in my head
There's a chip in my head

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