

# Souls a'Fire

[Matt Corby](#)

Oh he got poison in his lungs  
And it will become undone  
Some sort of freak that feels no pain  
Walk through fire like it feels like rain So come on and hold on to that firm belief  
That your soul is a'fire  
And forget your, your petty crimes now  
Hold firm as the raging sea beats at your door  
Stay there 'till you can't, you can't take no more now And the cold sea running through your veins  
You killed the bitter land to roll her away  
Oh, is this real or did you fabricate  
Oh, you cut the vine like it's the under dead So make sure you hold on to that firm belief  
That your soul is a'fire and forget your petty crimes (yeah)  
Why don't you hold on as the sea beats down  
And you're on the floor and you  
Find it's so it's gon' crashing down

Songwriters

MATT CORBY Published by

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