

# Friction

## CLMD (Carl Louis & Martin Danielle)

Locked in a cell for your very last breath  
How can it be that, this is your death  
Something is stirring, way underneath  
As people ignite the last burning wreath  
Friction is turning to fire  
Friction is burning much higher  
Men in high places can't understand  
How to end trouble in this broken land  
They have no idea and no feelings for love  
Just send in the dogs and they stand well above  
Friction is turning to fire  
Friction is burning much higher  
Them say me bringing the naughty dread  
So now I fight for me life  
Can't feel me youth and  
Now can't feel me wife  
Me a feature until you leave displeased because  
Try me call me and beg me for tease  
Watch out, some of them may try out  
To wipe out my piece  
Lock down and help me get down to make peace  
Don't return to send the light out there  
That's why the friction can't seize, yeah

Red is the vision  
Flames light the street  
Danger in droves as we feel the heat  
All coming together, the time is now ripe  
Think for yourself and forget all the hype  
Friction is turning to fire  
Friction is burning much higher  
Friction is turning to fire  
Friction is burning much higher  
Fire brought to my Babylon  
Turning to fire  
Fire burning near my Babylon, know how  
Burning much higher  
I'll tell you fire burning the Babylon  
Turning to fire

Fire burning down the Babylon, know how

Burning much higher

Burn in it on

Burn in it on

Burn in it on

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