

Fire It Up

Escape the Fate

Coursing through my veins like gasoline,
So I hit the ground running.
Fingers 'round your throat to calm my disease.
Fuck are we having fun yet? Pull me down now!
Take the poison before it destroys us!
Pull me down now!
Fates are rising, here come the hellions! Fire it, fire it up.
This our last chance.
Stuck in the middle of the sinister sinister sin.
Fire it, fire it up.
This is our last dance.
With middle fingers up we'll dance on your, dance on your fucking grave. Breathe it in your lungs like nicotine.
Soaking into your blood as the,
Hands of death rip you like a fucking disease.
Said are we having fun yet? Pull me down now!
Take the poison before it destroys us!
Pull me down now!
Fates are rising, here come the hellions! Fire it, fire it up.
This our last chance.
Stuck in the middle of the sinister sinister sin.
Fire it, fire it up.
This is our last dance.
With middle fingers up we'll dance on your, dance on your fucking grave. Dance!
C'mon!
Coursing through my veins like gasoline! Fire it, fire it up.
This our last chance.
Stuck in the middle of the sinister sinister sin.
Fire it, fire it up.
This is our last dance.
With middle fingers up we'll dance on your, dance on your . . . Fire it, fire it up.
This our last chance.
Stuck in the middle of the sinister sinister sin.
Fire it, fire it up.
This is our last dance.
With middle fingers up we'll dance on your, dance on your fucking grave. C'mon!
Coursing through my veins like gasoline!

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