

Fire

Poets of the Fall

It's a bit like a trip
But you hit it With a slip
Of a tongue like a whip
And we're sinkingIt ain't cool to be cool
Though you may think
It a laudable tool of self evaluation
Of ego cultivationAnd I'm rolling my eyes
Like the stones for the lies
Is it really all about the size
Or just a simple viceOh, and it makes the news
Oh, 'cos it sings the bluesI feel the fire flare alight inside me
Higher, so I can see
And aspire to survive this fight in spite
Of liars and travesty, oh, fireDid you think that I'd blink?
That I'd go and take the ink
To your control
That I'd sell my soulAnd does it ring any bells?
That it sells, that we're living
Out of shells in a shotgun
If we couldn't shoot, we'd have to runAnd finally the cerebral fantasy
Better genes and machines
So we can die looking like we're teens
Like snapshot scenes in smithereensOh, and the ones we choose
Oh, witch hunting foolsI feel the fireLook there, it is in the news again, yeah
There it goes singing the blues againFire flare alight inside meFire, return my joy 'cos I'm so
Tired, tired of me
Inspire the weary eyed to see
The ire and Irony, oh fire

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