15 Min Flame

Poets Of The Fall

The reaper's kneeling at your field taking in what you've sown
Can't help feeling apprehension
No point in waiting, for a rating for what you have grown
Look for liquid consolation
If I act accordingly will it save my humanity
You're either you or a loyalty disowned
Well excuse me
Who was it who wanted every sec of the fifteen minute flame of fame
A name to last for all eternity
Who was it who wanted ingratiation beyond definitions
When love alone is enough to set you free
No escaping though you're running, you cannot find home
Drowning in your desperation
Conviction seems to follow accusations alone

No place here for an easy redemption
If I lack your tears of joy, please forgive my heartless ploy
Said the fool to his majesty dethroned
Now excuse me
Who was it who wanted every sec of the fifteen minute flame
To name a love to last through all your infamy
Who was it who wanted ingratiation in their definitions
When name alone can jail eternally
Who was it who wanted every sec of the flame
Who was it who wanted every sec of the fifteen minute flame of fame
A name to last for all eternity
Who was it who wanted ingratiation beyond definitions
When love alone is enough to set you free

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