

# Feeding The Fire

## No Use For A Name

It used to be easy to listen to people  
And take everything with a grain of salt  
But now that I'm older I still hear voices  
I do not wish to be involved I don't want to be involved  
With the incinerator anymore  
that lifestyle is such a bore  
Find the door I want to leave this place  
Can't take it anymore  
Locked in a room and  
The flames are burning down around me  
And now I see the door  
But I won't find a key  
It's kinda sad but i'll never find  
A better place to be  
I'm not feeding the fire anymore It makes me want to keep it locked inside  
You got the gasoline but I don't have a light  
I wanna hang out it's not a good time  
I'd rather be somewhere that I could find  
People that don't live off the words  
That are said by someone else  
Cause talking shit is so bad for your health

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