Original Fire

Audioslave

The original fire has died and gone but the riot inside moves on
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With a pen in one hand, taking a stand, drugged on kerosene
'84 and 5 would find us something to believe
Right or wrong with dirty hands on wires, singing songs in discord choirs
Screaming in Braille, no temptress prize could ever yield anything so real
The original fire has died and gone but the riot inside moves on
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Golden soldiers born much older than they'll ever live to be
Diving into a sea of hands in a long forgotten city
Here the rain falls forever after and the swinging vines hang dead in rafters
Blood rush to your head induces laughter endlessly
The original fire has died and gone but the riot inside moves on
The original fire has died and long gone but the riot inside moves on
Can't explain it, it was something to see
Can't contain something ever real, ever real
Can't explain it, it was something to see
Can't contain something so ever real, ever real
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