

# Fire Of Heaven / Altar Of Earth

## Matisyahu

Fire descends from on high  
In the shape of a lion  
Burn the sacrifice of pride  
And ride on to Mount Zion  
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In the shape of a lion  
Burn the sacrifice of pride  
And ride on to Mount Zion  
Rub me the wrong way, taking the highway  
Rubbing sticks together but your fire's man-made  
Capitalize on hot air, soar like an airplane  
Yearn to rise in the sky quick high like cocaine  
False pride is suicide but you've got nothing to gain  
Babylon's buildings raise like flames  
Drowning in their champagne, explosive  
Pull the pin in the hand grenade  
Soul stain blowing up in your own domain  
Fire crackers ooh and ah but they never maintain  
Fires burning, flames are dancing  
Don't burn the house down  
Heavenly fire only resides  
On an altar made from the ground  
Fire descends from on high  
In the shape of a lion  
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And ride on to Mount Zion  
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One pair of eyes but see two different things  
One person cries while the other one sings  
You walk around like everybody owes you something  
Take what you got thank God for all that life brings  
The poor man has it all  
But not content with anything  
While the rich man's heads are empty  
But he's sitting like a king  
Fires burning, flames are dancing

Don't burn the house down  
Heavenly fire only resides  
On an altar made from the ground  
Backpack's getting heavy  
Moving at a steady pace  
Carrying bricks on your shoulders  
And lead around your waist  
Making way, run in haste  
There is no time to waste  
We should be grateful, got a plateful  
Fire burns like ice morsels falling fire like rain  
Fire descends from on high  
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And ride on to Mount Zion  
You should be more subtle  
You could keep your hustle  
Keep your laugh and shuffle  
Flashing muscle, brass knuckle  
Bust your bubble, going pop  
Take of the muzzle  
Hate to ruffle feathers, making brothers struggle  
Through the rough old concrete jungle  
Briskan Brussels step and shuffle  
Stumble into trouble, spirit rumble in the temple  
Mumble nothing, you should be more humble  
In the continental all your bluff  
You're puffin smoke, it's fundamental  
In this ocean you're a pebble  
Fires burning, flames are dancing  
Don't burn the house down  
Heavenly fire only resides  
On an altar made from the ground

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