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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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
In the shape of a lion
Burn the sacrifice of pride
And ride on to Mount Zion
Fire descends from on high
In the shape of a lion
Burn the sacrifice of pride
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 Brussells 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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