Montag

Steel Prophet

It's a pleasure to burn
The flame warms my skin
Four hundred fifty one degrees
When book paper burns
And it burns, and we burn
We're firemen
long ago I heard they put fires out
Now we blaze ideas for youI grin a fierce grin
As flames turn me back
Kerosene is spit from this hose
The blood it pounds in my head
In my head, your books are dead
Thoughts in your head,
Books can't be read or you'll be dead
big brother said thoughts are deadIt's fine work that we do
being a fireman has it's rewards
Monday burn Melville
Wednesday-Wordsworth
Friday-FaulknerBurn books to ash then burn the ashDon't question what I do
Questions are just for fools
Houses have always been flame proof
Firemen don't put out flames
we've always burnt books
everyone knowsburn books to ash then burn the ash

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