

World On Fire

[Tanya Donelly](#)

How am I still in the dark when the world is on fire
Lit by the passing of sparks I crouch low in my shadow
When the world is on fire
How am I still in the dark
A puppet, a toy
I am safe in my shadow
Backlit by the passing of sparks I wake up from a media blackout
Feed my child and we head outside
Here be monsters --
How do I tell her about them
You know for now I'll just let that one slide
I want in on Lucinda's sweet old world
If it's there
I swear to god there are days that
Song's what gets me out of bed
The world is on fire
So how am I still in the dark
I see you there too
You're low in your shadow
But lit by the passing of sparks I wake up from a deep winter blackout
And I see all the summer creeps crawling out
I swear to god there are days
That thought's what sends me back to bed
The world is on fire
So how am I still in the dark
Out of this madness is something unravelling
How am I so in the dark
Why am I so in the dark
How am I so in the dark
When the world is on fire
This is not the last time
That I'm coming round again
I'm still so pissed at you all
This is not the last time
That I'm coming round again

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