Close (We Stroke The Flames)

Camouflage

They're creeping on,
Through your mind,
Won't you think it over.
We know the scenes,

They're marching on with torches,
Peeping from inside,
With evil's eyes.

The ferris wheel is turning,
The tale is told again.
And if we don't care,
We end up all the same.

We stroke the flames,
We never quenched all those years,
We should have learned
From things which may come close.

We need to talk,
Time has come,
Don't play it down,
It's over.

We know their themes,
It's creeping on with caution,
Peeping from inside,
With evil's eyes.

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