

Free the Fire

Vanden Plas

I fly with the wind
so close to the sun
I hide in the attic still searching for air
That feeds my intention to flee
All the children alone
Can you whisper my name?
Now the decision is made
before they believe what I am

Free the fire
Life is burning my name
Free the fire
Only ashes remain

See the creeping oil
An ocean for my flames
When Saros' affecting the tide turn the sea
So many reflections of me
And the king of all idiots
Try composing my name
I hear his voice from the hill
Sing about Rome: fall into flames

Free the fire
Life is burning my name
Free the fire
Ashes remain