

# Fan The Flames

Axxis

Fear of war  
Fear of death  
Fear of strangers in our path  
There's so much fear

Fear of what  
The preachers says  
Fear the holy cross  
Burnin' in our heads

In a world so cold  
Our hearts were sold

Yeah, they fan the flames of fear  
Dealing with our dread, my dear  
Yes I know  
All that makes the world go round

They fan the flames of fear  
Dealing with our dread, my dear  
Yes I know  
That all makes the world go round

Spend our money on defence  
Paid to all the governments  
So much fear

We built the walls so high  
All the razor wire  
Cutting through the sky

In a world so cold  
Our hearts were sold

Yeah, they fan the flames of fear  
Dealing with our dread, my dear  
Yes I know  
All that makes the world go round

Oh, they fan the flames of fear  
Dealing with our dread, my dear  
Yes I know  
All that makes the world go round  
All that makes the world go round

They have the biggest banks,  
The biggest walls,  
Bullets and bombs for the biggest guns  
Oh, they fan the flames of fear  
Dealing with our dread, my dear