

Dance While The Devil Sleeps

Brandon Boyd

After fire comes the rain
The rain washes away
The blackened soil in the distance
Process starts over again
Near the pyres the women weep
The tear sits in the flames.
And in the smoke there's a signal
For their sons and daughters too.

Take cover, unless you are
On the right side of the fire
But who is right? And where is wrong?
This climb is easier said than done.

A lonely mariner
Dreamt a little dream
Where in he was the subject
Of the boats and haunted sea
He buys the winds and tides
Neither good, bad or right or wrong
There's a storm ahead in the distance,
Tell the stow away he's to

Take cover, unless you are
On the right side of the fire
But who is right? And where is wrong?
This climb is easier said than done
Said than done,
Said than done,
Said than done.

Dance while the devil sleeps
After fire comes the rain
Look in the smoke for a signal