

Through The Fire

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Sometimes we have to choose
We may not like the choice we have
Sometimes we're bound to loose
In this game that some call life

You feel the heat again
You try to run but you have to stay and jump

Through the fire we go
You feel the flames, but nothing brings you down
Through the fire we go
You feel the heat, but this time we let it burn

The world is full of crime
The world is full of hate and pain
Sickness and decease
How long can this go on before it ends?