

# 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?