

Feeding the Fire

Genesis

You are terrified by the smallest sound
Because you live your life in such a sheltered world
As do those who surround you
Well I have seen you stung by poisonous flies
And you suffer much too much from their bites
There you sit in your comfort watching other people get caught
by the storm

Many a thing that used to be a secret
Has become so talked about
Not worth a second thought
There's different kinds of secrets now
Times change, it's not enough to say
It seemed a good idea a hundred years ago
You think it's not your problem
It really doesn't matter at all

Every stone that's thrown must fall to the ground
But you don't give a thought to where they might come down
You are feeding the fire over which you'll be roasted

Anywhere that they don't speak the same
In any place that they don't think the same
You think it's not your problem
No no

You think it's not your problem
It really doesn't matter at all
Oh...

Maybe it's not your fate to be a leader of men
But you just leave it all to someone else and complain
You could be so much stronger, but it really doesn't matter any
longer
Cos you're feeding the fire over which you'll be roasted
Cos you're feeding the fire over which you'll be roasted