

# Firestorm

Rage

This place, home for all generations, never's been too small  
When all life worked hand in hand  
The centuries passed one by one  
Without changing the circumstances  
That we needed to be there

Like a firestorm  
When all home dies and fear is born  
To feed the firestorm  
Like a firestorm  
That burns the ground you're standing on  
We'll feed the firestorm

And then - slowly but surely  
Explorers and inventors stepped into  
The system they didn't understand  
That's when the trouble began  
And when the time marched on  
They had learned how to destroy

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The end of the story is: nothing's impossible  
And that's what we're afraid of  
Apocalyptic signs, our homestead stands in flames  
Guess we missed the lesson modesty

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