

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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