

Our appetite for passion could,  
Raise the dead alone.  
Nothing can stop our hearts from where they flow,  
And one day your life will flash before your own eyes,  
And you don't want to be left wondering why,

Can you be proud of the paths you led?  
Will you regret the time you spend?  
Can you answer me this in the end?  
Or are you already dead?

Did you live your life or are you already dead?  
When you stop dreaming you start dying and there won't be anything left.  
We all have these masks that we hide behind.

We all have these masks that we're hiding behind,  
when we know that it's not our true selves.

I am the fire the wind and the sea.

I am the fire the wind and the sea,  
I will surround you like a spreading disease.