

Start The Fire

The Old Dead Tree

Let's start the fire now,
It's time to burn the souls
To forget ourselves and lose control.

Our minds are now unleashed!
We feel like being Lords,
Ruling the skies, ruining the Gods.

Brought back down to earth,
Suddenly back home,
Walking on our knees
We pray to the trees:
"Protect us from the sun
Keep us alive".