

Carrying The Fire

The Walls

They were wandering the roads with nowhere to hide
carrying the fire, carrying the fire
skin and bones and barely alive,
carrying the fire

Crushed down driven to hell
carrying the fire, carrying the fire
By the brute force of Oliver Cromwell
carrying the fire, carrying the fire
There were lost half a million lives
Those that lived made sure the tale survived

On hundreds of ships crossing the seven seas
To Botany Bay, New York and Mississippi,
through the cracks in godless concrete streets
life bloomed like some rebel weed

Escape from the city to the country

On a freight ship he came from the east
carrying the fire, carrying the fire
In a hotel she cooks and cleans
carrying the fire, carrying the fire
He said I don't know a soul in this strange place
She said come on upstairs, come on inside
We're gonna keep warm
We're gonna survive

Carrying the fire.