

# Dancing in the Flames Of Insanity

Warfare

Six, twenty three when the time just lingers to a place unknown  
.  
It's all quiet on a night like this, at last a place to call my  
own,  
Police car breaks the silence as the echo treads beneath my feet,  
The park where once a hero stood, is covered lamp light in the  
street .

Change this now,  
Now some how,  
Change this now,

You've got to have the fire and prepare to let it burn,

The flames and phantom screams within the text  
You've gotta learn

A loners life is mine but it's the way I've gotta be,

The dark side of a mind, with no epitaph to see .

Insane blood shot gleaming  
Insane the fire burning  
Insane a devious screaming

Insane Dancing Insane .

First edition has arrived the snow falls gently on this town,  
A church stands dark in a twilight haze, the graves they seem to  
where a frown .  
A gate it creaks an epitaph in memory of our wartime dead .  
But if you think you know, it's chapter one of a story left to  
be read .

Wastelands or the pleasure dome just hides behind the nights we  
roam  
A thousand victims of circumstance, lie safely in their sheltered  
home,  
So when you see me turn away cause I just want to be alone,  
The worry is the hell we've made a non existing monotone,  
The isolation is the key determination to set us free .