

Clutch "Nero's Fiddle"

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Sick though it may seemâ€”It has always been a
dreamâ€”
Of mine to watch you dropâ€”
Like one million freezing flies
Psychopathic my mathematicâ€”
Always sums to zero
Population, your equation always equal hero

Burn, burn

So the fruits of your laboursâ€”
Have fermented into wineâ€”
And the sweat that you dripped
Is now the honey of the hive
The city is a burning sunâ€”
And I a blooming flower
The fire, the flame
The passion, the power

Burn, burn

And you, your kindling, innocent
The fruits of your labours
Have fermented into wineâ€”
And the sweat that you dripped
Is now the honey of the hiveâ€”
The city is a burning sunâ€”
And I a blooming flower
The fire, the flameâ€”
The passion, the power

Burn, burn

The fire, the flameâ€”
The passion, the power

The fire, the flameâ€”
The passion, the power

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