

Cirque Du Soleil

"Cold Flame"

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Cold flame,
holding the night at bay,
so close,
but always a step away.

A silent echo from a distant star,
Venus and Mars, an eternal embrace,
we watch the stars dancing over our heads,
aligned by forces we can never escape.

This world keeps spinning 'round
and around,
I wanna burn your temples down
to the ground.

Are we all
made of stars?
Why deny
who we are?

Earth,
Moon and planets ruled by laws of gravitation,
we're all just puppets dancing on a string,
but we can't let go.

Cold flame, burning through the night
on the edge of a lost horizon.
True love standing next to me,
is it real or all an illusion,
all an illusion?

Fortune smiles with her diamond eyes
at lovers slipping through the hands of fate,
so close together, but so far apart,
bound by the rhythm of our beating hearts.

Cold flame, burning through the night
on the edge of a lost horizon.
True love standing next to me,
is it real or all an illusion,
all illusion?

Venus cries
to Mars,
so close,
yet so far.

Are we all
made of stars?
Why deny
who we are?

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