

Outernational!

"Eyes On Fire"

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My eyes on fire!

On the highest hill in this old dutch town
Locked away in the bosom of the Brooklyn ground
They shout, can you hear them?
The stories and screams
Way beyond your wildest dreams
The faces and names
Can you hear them?

Have you heard what the whispers said
"Let the dead bury the dead"
Steam rising from these city streets
Can you hear them?
Through neighborhoods of the deep north
As night falls on the lights of New York
Can you hear them?

Not another way of life, under this system
There's a whole other way, we could be living
Not another way of life, under this system
There's a whole other way, we could be living

The punk Poet of St. Mark's he told me "life's a shame"
Meanwhile The Poet of the Park was selling them for
change yeah
To keep the dead alive is a hard job
The ghosts of the past can never hold us back
And you! The ones, who can
Can you hear them?

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