

Erik Buell & The Thunderbolts "Firestorm"

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Look out in this crowd for some beauty and hope
But you're dulled from the smoke, I'm afraid it's
just dope.

You say sing something pretty; I don't feel it today
Cause I got a feeling this may all go away.

A man's life effort leaves him tired and worn,
Reason and truth just don't work anymore.
Ignorance rages, the great firestorm
If I can't make a difference, why the hell was I born?

It's a firestorm It's a firestorm

They burn all the books that don't say it "right"
And kill without mercy if you put up a fight.
The darkness that comes in the wake of the fire
Is bitter and choking as we sink in the mire.

Woman's so precious, so cuddled and warm,
Torn from her to die in the war now reborn.
Light of her beauty now tattered and worn,
Black that's been mended, submit to be shorn.

It's a firestorm

The laws of the lawyers, the schemers, the pious
They're carving out freedoms that they plan to deny
us.

They tell us to bow to their mythical shit,
While they pocket our dreams, and squander love's
profit.

The devil incarnate, these leaders of fools,
They walk as if men, but the beast inside drools.
Hunger for dominance, power, control,
Cheer for the deaths as they call out for more

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