

Matt Corby

"Souls A'fire"

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Oh he got poison in his lungs
And it will become undone
Some sort of freak that feels no pain
Walk through the fire like it feels like rain

So come on and hold on to that firm belief
That your soul is a'fire and forget your
Your petty crimes now
Hold firm as the raging sea beats at your door
Stay there 'til you can't you can't take no more now

The cold sea flowing through your vein
You killed the bitter land to roll her way
Oh is this real or did you fabricate
Oh you cut the vine like it's the under dead

So make sure you hold on to that firm belief
That your soul is a'fire and forget your petty crimes
(yeah)
Why don't you hold on as the sea beats down
And you're on the floor and you have nowhere to run to
It's on, it's gon' crashing down

Someday/somebody (?) there will be a revolution, yea,
oh
[repeat]

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