

Poets of the Fall "15 Min Flame"

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The reaper's kneeling at your field taking in what
you've sown
Can't help feeling apprehension
No point in waiting, for a rating for what you have
grown
Look for liquid consolation
If I act accordingly will it save my humanity
You're either you or a loyalty disowned
Well excuse me

Who was it who wanted every sec of the fifteen minute
flame of fame
A name to last for all eternity
Who was it who wanted ingratiation beyond definitions
When love alone is enough to set you free

No escaping though you're running, you cannot find
home
Drowning in your desperation
Conviction seems to follow accusations alone
No place here for an easy redemption
If I lack your tears of joy, please forgive my heartless
ploy
Said the fool to his majesty dethroned
Now excuse me

Who was it who wanted every sec of the fifteen minute
flame
To name a love to last through all your infamy
Who was it who wanted ingratiation in their definitions
When name alone can jail eternally

Who was it who wanted every sec of the flame

Who was it who wanted every sec of the fifteen minute
flame of fame
A name to last for all eternity
Who was it who wanted ingratiation beyond definitions
When love alone is enough to set you free

