

Rage

"Firestorm"

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This place, home for all generations, never been to
small
When all life worked hand in hand
The centuries passed one by one
Without changing the circumstances that we needed to
be there

Like a firestorm when all home dies and fear is born
To feed the firestorm
Like a firestorm that burns the ground you're standing
on
We'll feed the firestorm

And then slowly but sure
Explorers and inventors stepped into the system they
didn't understand
That's when the trouble began
And when the time marched on, they had learned how
to destroy

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To feed the firestorm
Like a firestorm that burns the ground you're standing
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The end of the story is, nothing's impossible
And that's what we're afraid of
Apocalyptic signs, our homestead stands in flames
Guess we missed the lesson modesty

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