

On Fire

"Hell, The Devil And How To Sell Your Soul"

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We pray, say grace, we hope and lay awake.
We pray like slaves to men who only care for their own
sake.
We burn, ourselves, with every candle lit.
We turn our water not into wine but into shit.
The light shines only from above, to feed the world,
enrich the poor, isn't that it what it once started for.
The streets of life are paved with gold, if we are giving
them control of hell, the devil and how to sell our souls.
We tell, ourselves, our lives were overthrown.
We sell our souls to anyone who cares to hear us moan.
We raise, our hands, from salvage from the sky.
We quench our thirst until the well runs dry.
Yeah, we know where we belong.
We smile and sing along, the sounds are saturated
with an overdose of wrong.
We might never make it home, if we go out alone, the
world is blessed with crooks who try to steal our souls.
Yeah, we know where we belong.
We smile and sing along, of hell, the devil and how to
sell our souls.

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