

The Poor Souls Of Pompeii

"Burn Burn Burn"

Visit "[Burn Burn Burn](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I sat up all night despite the creeping
Lures of sleep, I've waited patiently
For word of you to come
It didn't come, it didn't come, it never comes
So I listen to the voices on the inside
Of my skull, last night I heard them give their game
away
And a fishhook did catch me right in my eye, and
We are surrounded, and their claims are unfounded
Your Honour, I swear my mind was clouded
I meant no harm
Meant no harm

And when they touch their torches to the floor,
The witches burn, the witches burn
So gather 'round, you mighty men of straw,
And watch them burn, burn, burn

Let's take off the handbrake and plummet downhill
Your erratic behaviour gets me still
My pulse increases every time
I'd rather you lied, rather you lied, rather you lied and
We are surrounded, and their claims are unfounded,
Your Honour, I swear my mind was clouded,
Et cetera, la-dee-da

And when they touch their torches to the floor,
The witches burn, the witches burn
So gather 'round, you mighty men of straw,
And watch them burn, burn, burn

So gather 'round, you mighty men of straw,
And watch them burn, watch them burn
Come on and touch your torches to the floor
And watch them burn, burn, burn

When they touch their torches to the floor,
The witches burn, the witches burn
Come on and touch your torches to the floor,
And watch them burn, burn, burn

So gather 'round, you mighty men of straw,
And watch them burn, watch them burn
Come on and touch your torches to the floor,
And watch them burn, burn, burn

So gather 'round you mighty men of straw...

Visit [The Poor Souls Of Pompeii](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.