

# Steel Prophet

## "Montag-chapter 1"

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It's a pleasure to burn  
The flame warms my skin  
Four hundred fifty one degrees  
When book paper burns

Chorus

And it burns, and we burn  
We're firemen  
long ago I heard they put fires out  
Now we blaze ideas for you

I grin a fierce grin  
As flames turn me back  
Kerosene is spit from this hose  
The blood pounds in my head

Chorus

In my head, your books are dead  
Thoughts in your head,  
Books can't be read or you'll be dead

big brother said

Thoughts are dead

It's fine work that we do  
being a fireman has it's rewards  
Monday burn Melville  
Wednesday-Wordsworth  
Friday-Faulkner

Burn books to ash then burn the ash

Don't question what I do  
Questions are just for fools  
Houses have always been flame proof  
Firemen don't put out flames everyone  
knows  
we've always burnt books

burn books to ash then burn the ash

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