

## Tom Morello

### "Fire From My Hands"

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Fire! So Slow and lonely  
It's weak now  
But Time and my will,  
My unholy passion and hate  
Shall brim food  
For total death of alien believe  
This old walls full of lie  
This of lie full of dirt  
Lie must became dust  
Fire from my hands  
Will clean this place  
Overtake walls and crosses  
Into Grey Ash  
Smell of dead religion  
Whisper of Fire  
Are full of hate  
I see death, I see triumph  
Triumph of new age  
I see death of ancient lie  
I see triumph of new age  
Triumph of new mind

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