

It's a pleasure to burn  
The flame warms my skin  
Four hundred fifty one degrees  
When book paper burns  
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 it pounds in my head  
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  
We've always burnt books  
Everyone knows  
burn books to ash then burn the ash