

Fire up Ahead

The Trews

The storm on the street is an eye sore
That's leading the estranged to an old war
I'm scared of what the future has in store
I'm giving all I got and they want more
It's got me lying and cheating
It's got into deceiving
I'm so far gone I better believe in
All this dread

Fire up ahead
Air raid
Skies red
Fire up ahead

They hate you for the reason they love you
They wanna keep their voices above you
Doing all they can just to hurt you
Treating every vice as a virtue
Chairman coming in through the back door
Looking like the one who came before
The storm on the street is an eye sore
All this dread

Fire up ahead
Air raid
Skies red
Fire up ahead
Air raid
Skies red
Fire up ahead
No
It's not sane

Fire up ahead
Air raid
Skies red
Fire up ahead