

Into The Fire

Thirteen Senses

Come on, come on
Put your hands into the fire
Explain, explain
As I turn and meet the power
This time, this time
Turning white and senses dire
Pull up, pull up
From one extreme to another

From the summer to the spring
From the mountain to the air
From Samaritan to sin
And it's waiting on the end

Come on, come on
Put your hands into the fire
Explain, explain
As I turn and meet the power
This time, this time
Turning white and sense dire
Pull up, pull up
From one extreme to another

From the summer to the spring
From the mountain to the air
From Samaritan to sin
And it's waiting on the end

And now I'm alone I'm looking out, I'm looking in
Way down, the lights are dimmer
Now I'm alone I'm looking out , I'm looking in
Way down, the lights are dimmer

Ooooh

Come on, come on
Put your hands into the fire
Come on, come on