

Somewhere in those wicked woods  
You build your fire  
And somehow in those foolish floods  
You keep it dry  
Idiots blow their wasted wind  
But it burns so bright  
Some time in that lonely life  
You've become the night

Now somewhere there's a little star  
In the big black sky  
And somehow in that endless void  
You see its light  
And spinning around its burning core  
There could be some life  
Looking up at you  
For answers in the night

Hot potato armageddon  
Good and evil, now wait a minute  
What a stinkin' time  
Just to be alive  
All the people keep forgetting

A piece of bread, yeah, tuck it in your cheek  
For a rainy day  
Yeah, but you get rainy weeks  
You're a busted wheel, babe  
But you never squeak  
So they pass you over every time they sweep  
But your signal fire is buried deep  
In those wicked woods that you like to keep  
So you throw your body upon the heap  
And the flames surround you from head to feet  
And it's boiling over as the fire leaps  
You embrace a grove of surrounding trees  
And you feel it spreading like warm disease  
And we all turn toward you to face the heat

Become the fire, fire  
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Become the fire, fire  
Become the fire, fire  
Fire  
Fire  
Fire  
Fire