

The Fleas

Chris Caffery

Through the fires of night
The warrior feels the
Start of the fight
Through the light in your eyes
The blackest cold
Is brighter make it right, alright

Through the mystery seam
There's cover fire
By a haze
In the purple rain
It's black and white
He only feels the pain
Pain, pain
Pain, pain
Pain, pain

The personalities
Are never as they seem
The music makes you scream
Oh, oh
The personalities
Are never as they seem
The music makes you scream
We're back to fight the fleas
Fight the fleas

[Solo]

Like the stars at night
We can't control
The ones we have in sight
But the ones we see
Not always shine
Much brighter
Brilliantly

[Solo]

Oh, opinions are insane
For months and months
You slave right down the drain
Slain by the ones who are for free
But the ones who pay
They never are as vain (pain)

Vain, Pain
Vain, Pain
Vain, Pain
Vain, Pain

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Are never as they seem
The music makes you scream
Oh oh
The personalities
Are never as they seem

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We're back to fight the fleas
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[Solo]

The personalities
Are never as they seem
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Oh oh
The personalities
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I'm back to fight the fleas
Fight the fleas

Vain, Pain
Vain, Pain
Vain, Pain
Vain, Pain
Oh pain