

Fire Fire

Moriarty

Fire, fire
The start of the rythm
Turn, turn
Burn all the sacrifices
All the leftovers
Burn the rest of my life
My hangover

My sadness, my redness, my darkness
My loneliness
My nakedness, my weakness, my loneliness
My emptiness

Oh fire, fire
The end of everything
Burn, burn
Oh fire, fire
The start of the rythm
Turn, turn

Fate had decided we'd be husband and wife
Till the end of the line
We were meant for each other
They killed us together
We drank the poisoned wine

Oh life is a lie
We would fly through the fire
Burn, burn
Life is a lie
He will fly through the fire
Turn, turn

Fire, fire
The start of everything
Burn, burn
Desire, desire
The start of the rythm
Burn, burn

Fire, fire
The start of everything
Burn, burn
Desire, desire
The start of the rythm
Burn, burn
Burn, burn
Burn, burn