15 Min Flame

Poets of the Fall

The reaper's kneeling at your field taking in what you've sown Can't help feeling apprehension No point in waiting, for a rating for what you have grown Look for liquid consolation If I act accordingly will it save my humanity You're either you or a loyalty disowned Well excuse me

Who was it who wanted every sec of the fifteen minute flame of fame A name to last for all eternity Who was it who wanted ingratiation beyond definitions When love alone is enough to set you free

No escaping though you're running, you cannot find home Drowning in your desperation Conviction seems to follow accusations alone No place here for an easy redemption If I lack your tears of joy, please forgive my heartless ploy Said the fool to his majesty dethroned Now excuse me

Who was it who wanted every sec of the fifteen minute flame To name a love to last through all your infamy Who was it who wanted ingratiation in their definitions When name alone can jail eternally

Who was it who wanted every sec of the flame

Who was it who wanted every sec of the fifteen minute flame of fame A name to last for all eternity Who was it who wanted ingratiation beyond definitions When love alone is enough to set you free