

It's on forever  
Hit it

You've heard about that Blake  
Went down the hill  
In Chepstow in London  
He was broke  
But it was okay

Rome didn't matter or come up  
But Heaven and hell did  
And look up  
The fire, the fire is falling  
And look up, look up

The flaming hair shot through the streaking sun over him  
Oh, merchant leave thy oil and Nebuchadnezzar  
Never knew times like this

Rome didn't matter or come up  
But Heaven and hell did  
And look up  
The fire, the fire is falling  
And look up, look up

Oh, citizens of London  
Enlarge thy countenance  
From the flaming winged hairs of thought  
In his forehead

Rome didn't matter or come off  
But Heaven and hell did  
And look up  
The fire, the fire is falling  
And look up, look up