

Corrosion Of Conformity, Fuel

here we stand before the call accused of fire,
it's too cold and you're too old for me it's time to expire

serve to see of what could be
burn the freak and set him free
outta sight outta sight outta time
and you're way outta line

they cool the tongue to tame the flame
we burn the soul and still remain
they freeze the tongue to stay the same
control me...

cast the stone when in Rome thick as a brick and the lams alone
bend the knee but don't you pray for me cause I fly for free

finding flame without a name
holy sound and no sustain
outta sight outta sight outta time
and you're way outta line

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they freeze the tongue to stay the same
control me...

free to run deaf and numb lock and load unholy son
within reach bleach the leach he's a smoking gun

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