

# Mela Koteluk & Misia Furtak, Grace

There's the moon asking to stay  
Long enough for the clouds to fly me away  
Well it's my time coming, i'm not afraid to die

My fading voice sings of love,  
But she cries to the clicking of time  
Of time

Wait in the fire  
Wait in the fire...

Wait in the fire  
Wait in the fire...

Fire...

And she weeps on my arm  
Walking to the bright lights in sorrow  
Oh drink a bit of wine we both might go tomorrow  
Oh my love  
And the rain is falling and i believe  
My time has come  
It reminds me of the pain  
I might leave  
Leave behind

Wait in the fire  
Wait in the fire...

And I feel them drown my name  
So easy to know and forget with this kiss  
I'm not afraid to go but it goes so slow