

Rez Band, The House Is On Fire

I smell smoke on the holy ground,
I feel heat; something's coming down,
I'm barely awake in this midnight hour,
Under the spell of a numbing power,
I can taste flames in the scorching light,
How I wish I was dreaming, wrong and not right,
I wish I was wrong, and not right, right, right.

How can I hesitate?
It's getting harder to breathe in the grey smoke hanging, suffocating me.

The house is on fire, the house is on fire,
The house is on fire, the house is on fire,
The house is on fire, the house is on fire,
The house is on fire, the house is on fire.

The walls are alive in this red-hot blaze,
Shout to the sleepers through the terminal haze,
As the sparks fly up and the flames reach higher,
Call me what you will, but I ain't no liar.

The house is on fire, the house is on fire,
The house is on fire, the house is on fire,
The house is on fire, the house is on fire,
The house is on fire, the house is on fire,
The house is on fire, the house is on fire,
The house is on fire, your house is on fire,
The house is on fire.