

Fan The Flames

Axxis

Fear of war
Fear of death
Fear of strangers in our path
There's so much fear

Fear of what
The preachers says
Fear the holy cross
Burnin' in our heads

In a world so cold
Our hearts were sold

Yeah, they fan the flames of fear
Dealing with our dread, my dear
Yes I know
All that makes the world go round

They fan the flames of fear
Dealing with our dread, my dear
Yes I know
That all makes the world go round

Spend our money on defence
Paid to all the governments
So much fear

We built the walls so high
All the razor wire
Cutting through the sky

In a world so cold
Our hearts were sold

Yeah, they fan the flames of fear
Dealing with our dread, my dear
Yes I know
All that makes the world go round

Oh, they fan the flames of fear
Dealing with our dread, my dear
Yes I know
All that makes the world go round
All that makes the world go round

They have the biggest banks,
The biggest walls,
Bullets and bombs for the biggest guns
Oh, they fan the flames of fear
Dealing with our dread, my dear