

# Into the Fire

Erin McCarley

Come on, come on  
Put your hands into the fire  
Explain, explain  
As I turn, I meet the power

This time, this time  
Turning white and senses dying  
Pull up, pull up  
From one extreme to another

From the summer to the spring  
From the mountain to the air  
From samaritan to sin  
And it's waiting on the air

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From samaritan to sin  
And it's waiting on the air

Now I'm low, I'm looking out, I'm looking in  
Way down, the lights are dimmer  
Now I'm low, I'm looking out, I'm looking in  
Way down, the lights are dimmer

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Come on, come on