

Locked in a cell for your very last breath  
How can it be that,  
This is your death  
Something is stirring, way underneath  
As people ignite the last burning wreath

Friction is turning to fire  
Friction is burning much higher

Men in high places  
Can't understand  
How to end trouble in this broken land  
They have no idea and no feelings for love  
Just send in the dogs and they stand well above

Friction is turning to fire  
Friction is burning much higher

Them say me bringing the naughty dread  
So now I fight for me life  
Can't feel me youth and  
Now can't feel me wife  
Me a feature until you leave unpleased because  
Try me call me and beg me for tease  
???  
??? make peace  
Don't return to send the light out there  
That's why the friction can't seize, yeah.

Red is the vision,  
Flames light the street  
Danger in droves as we feel the heat  
All coming together, the time is now ripe  
Think for yourself and forget all the hype !

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Fire brought to my babylon  
Turning to fire  
Fire burning near my babylon, know how  
Burning much higher  
I'll tell you fire burning the babylon  
Turning to fire  
Fire burning down the babylon, know how  
Burning much higher