

# Thirteen Senses, Into The Fire

Come on, come on  
Put your hands into the fire  
Explain, explain  
As I turn and meet the power  
This time, This time  
Turning white and senses dire  
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 end  
Come on, come on  
Put your hands into the fire  
Explain, explain  
As I turn and meet the power  
This time, This time  
Turning white and sense dire  
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 end  
and now I'm alone I'm looking out  
I'm looking in, way down  
The lights are dim  
and now I'm alone I'm looking out  
I'm looking in, way down  
The lights are dim  
Ooooh  
Come on, come on  
Put your hands into the fire  
Come on, come on