

Start a Fire – Dilara Kazimova

Someone's selling garden roses down the square
People gathering by to breathe the morning air
But no one sees the bitter cold and shivering empty hands
A school girl running by and trying to beat the bell
People dropping, tossing coins in wishing wells
But no one cares for dreams that don't fit into our world
Maybe nightfall darkens skies
And maybe teardrops stain our eyes
But may the slightest light
Start a fire
A soldier in the hands of a forgotten mess
Digging out the burning bullets in his chest
So eager, bold and noble – printing footsteps on this earth
And maybe nightfall darkens skies
Maybe teardrops stain our eyes
But may the slightest light
Start a fire, start a fire
But may the slightest light
Start a fire



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych