

# 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