

"The Core"

Every morning when I wake, a feeling soon begins to overtake me.
Ringing in my ears resounds through my brain; it finally surrounds me.
There is fire, there is life, there is passion, fever and fury.
There is love and there is hate, there is longing, anger and worry.

Oh, I have a flame; feel it touch my heart.
And down at my core is the hottest part.
I can burn without fuel.

If it should become too cold, I know I can endure the frostbite.
Oh, a blanket then I'll wrap around me; I keep myself so close to my side.
No one then can cause me harm, just as the river runs into the sea.
'Cause every day, your fire alarm is deafening the silence all around me.

Oh, I have a flame; feel it touch my heart.
And down at my core is the hottest part.
I can burn without fuel.

It is burning.
It is burning.

You can trust me; we can laugh. Together we can share our sorrow.
I will give you secrets too, an attitude that you may borrow.
Gypsy woman said to me, "One thing you must bear in your mind:
You are young and you are free, but damned if you're deceased in your own lifetime."

Oh, you have a flame; feel it in your heart.
And down at the core is the hottest part.
We can burn without fuel.

It is burning.
It is burning.