

White-Knuckle Blackout!

Machine Head

Veins are a racetrack for fuel that I need
Life on the edge is the bread which I feed
Standing alone, open for all to see
My tunnel vision for life, it drives me

Focus in closer
Releasing the fear

White - knuckle blackout, adrenaline rush
Wide-eyed and red-faces, my skin hot and flushed
The hair stands up down the backside of my neck
Blood's beginning to boil the beads of sweat

Fear has its place in the scars that I bear
Deep in the mine, behind everything shared
Fixate my sickness as long as there's air
Headstrong I'll forcibly change what was there

By focusing closer
Releasing the fear

White - knuckle blackout, adrenaline rush
Wide-eyed and red-faces, my skin hot and flushed
The hair stands up down the backside of my neck
Blood's beginning to boil
These beads of sweat I'll dry, out of my eyes
And blacken everything except the goal out

Adrenaline is my fuel when I've obstacle to climb
Adrenaline is the lubrication , focusing my mind
Adrenaline is telling me when someone's thinking they're too cool
To raise my middle fingers up and say "fuck you"

Adrenaline is fueling my mind to focus my climb
Reaction evoked at the challenge provoked out of you
Adrenaline is fire to fuel
You wanna fire my fuel?
I'll fire back a fuck you!