

Starting over with no hope for turning back.  
Still it's calling me ... it's calling me.  
Saturated with a vigorous routine.  
I hear it calling me ... still calling me again.

Under this stress, it's a mess I cannot avoid entirely.  
Trapped in distraction, again I fall the victim to fighting the  
battles with focus.  
This paradox will be the end of me!

Wired head to toe the rest must go.  
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No need for an alibi.  
I can't recall what's next, unless I learn of a past demise.  
This scattered recollection fails.  
My mind is pacing back and forth, through walls of a restless d  
aze.  
And consciousness is fading.

What breaks inside is not the world to me.  
But will I ever make my way back safe inside this remedy.  
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But will I ever make my way back safe inside this remedy.

If I had an ounce of strength left, I could assure myself that  
I'm alright.

The fall of a battling man is unstoppable!  
The fall of a battling man is unstoppable!  
Watch your step!

What breaks inside is not the world to me.  
But will I ever make my way back safe inside this remedy.  
What breaks inside is not the world to me.  
But will I ever make my way back safe inside this remedy.