

I look upon my life  
And then I realise  
It's but an endless strife  
And I may not ever rise  
Ascend above the petty things  
Instead of compromise  
I'm but a prisoner  
So set me free

I live my life loud  
Off ground, high wound  
Like a storm cloud, mad dog, wolfhound  
Is it rabies  
Or just foam around my mouth  
And do I claw against your throat  
Or do I shout

Crescendo  
It's the sound you make

When everything is out of shape  
Crescendo  
When your life is  
Disproportionate and you're afraid  
That your overblown existence  
Might explode  
That your identity might dissipate,  
Corrode

I look upon my life  
And I'm dissatisfied  
Though somewhat dignified  
I'm still being rectified  
Why can't you leave me be  
To my own decree  
I'm still a prisoner  
So set me free