

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