

# Revolutions

Axxis

You are not my enemy  
You live like a drunk  
You're fat, bad and still agree  
All this TV Junk  
I'm hot like a rhythm - beating the drums  
Now I'm a rebel - stick to my guns  
Maybe I'm sick - going out of this hell  
Hear my rebel yell  
My revolutions shock you through the core  
Join me, I open the door  
My revolutions for a modern dream  
Come let us go to extremes  
I'm not your enemy  
I fan the flames of truth  
Your fate and my destiny  
Will change our views  
But I'm hot like a rhythm beating the drums  
Now I'm a rebel - stick to my guns  
Maybe I'm sick - going out of this hell  
Hear my rebel yell  
My revolutions shock you through the core  
Join me - I open the door  
My revolutions for a better life  
Against all odds I will survive  
Maybe I'm a loser baby, maybe I'll be wrong  
But I know I will always carry on ...to fight  
Go out of this hell - hell - hell  
Hear my rebel yell - hear my rebel yell  
My revolutions shock you through the core  
Join me, I open the door  
My revolutions for a modern dream  
Come let us go to extremes -  
To extremes - to extremes