

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