

I'm waiting for the plane to crush and burn
I like the smell of burning kerosene
I'm feeding on the thrill of primal fear
I want my share of fluid endorphine

It seems they just sit and wait for sleep
I really need to see if there is something more
In danger I perceive my world so clear
I force myself to stretch the envelope

There's a party going on
We'll all be here dancing underground
There's a riot going on
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I'm freezing to the bone on the arctic storms
Naked in the cold I'm feeling so alive
I'm searching for the last uncharted land
I hope to find someone else like me

Don't listen to the fools that hold you back
For you will achieve what they can only dream
Now escape the grip of good old common sense
And trust yourself for reaching further on

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