

I don't know why blood makes people rush,
Violence is a power you' ve denied so much

We're all the same...

I do know why drugs make people rush,
The meaning of life discovered in a secondary state

We're all the same we're living down
The vicious, boiling, shouting crowd
We're coming from underground
Living down, we're the proud people apart...but
Mind, your own against, once again my own
Mind, your own against, once again my own

I do know why war makes people rush,
Destruction is a power we release so much !

We're all the same we're living down
The vicious, boiling, shouting crowd
We're coming from underground
Living down, we're the proud people apart...but
Mind, your own against, once again my own
Mind, your own against, once again my own
Rush !