

Slow dancing in high speed lanes, a radiant rampage made to sustain.

In these troubled times we are dancing like train wrecks, only to wake up with a broken neck.

Spin, spin, spin, until we're out of orbit.

We are repeating our story.

So spin and spin again, until we are out of orbit.

I'm here to watch it burn, embrace the flames with open arms.

Breathe in -- Night out and be sent off swaying away into the blur.

Into the blur.

Slow dancing in high speed lanes.

Blindfolded, head down the drain.

We are all dangling with broken necks.

I'm here to watch it burn, embrace the flames with open arms.

Breathe in -- Night out and be sent off swaying away into the blur.

Into the blur we sway away...