Life can grind ya down,
Stressed, depressed,
Whatever it takes we got to rise above it...
Reach out, take hold, it's yours... it's your dream.
Numbers, wage slaves,
That's all we are to the modern gods

Reach out, take hold, it's yours... it's your dream.

Just free your mind and shout defiance at the stars...

I don't wanna make anyone else feel small All I want to be is that which I'm supposed to be.