

Masochist

Pendulum

Once we jumped off the boat and into the jungle
We cranked up the volume and marched to our own drummer.

Many nasty things could await me.
Noise, discipline, had to be maintained.
Sounds carried incredibly far in the jungle.
Had it been heard by any bad boys?

Suddenly my brain screamed, STOP
And my right leg froze in mid-air,
and my heart slammed in my throat.

The next few seconds took forever...

My hands were shaking,
and my nervous system was in some kind of shock

Then, silence got blown apart...

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Noise, discipline, had to be maintained.

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In the jungle...

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In the jungle...