

Adrenaline

Rosetta Stone

Another gift from God
Breath in deep religiously
Dust
Splintering inside of me
Light speed
Intensity
Driven by its purity
Cloud nine, white line, this time I'm on adrenaline

I'm told that eyes are the windows of the soul
Godspeed be with you
Scorched inside by razor lines
And cut, and I'm up upon the ledge
Induced beyond the edge
Indications start to shine
Cloud nine, white line, this time I'm on adrenaline

I'm on adrenaline

And when I think of all the times
I tried to make you understand
The truth possessed between these lines
Within the soul I left behind
No fear for consequence remain
The razor cuts me deep again
The shining hour and redefine
Cloud nine, white line, this time I'm on adrenaline