

Won't you get in the car
Drive a thousand miles or blow my way
Take it with you where the fun thing will never go away
Like too much cocaine

Some things are better left behind
They drag the others down
She'll always be to tell stories
Stories
And this holy war

We suffered the world to live
I need a second gear
Halon

To drag all of humanity down
Killing the pride of a jester who wears the kings crown
With blood on his brow

Won't you get in the car
Drive a thousand miles or blow my way
Take it with you where the fun thing will never go away
Like too much cocaine

We suffered the world to live
I need a second gear
Halon

We suffocate
As we radiate
We suffocate
Just to liberate the world from ourselves
Save us from ourselves
So we might come to find
We're all just fine
As we fell we must twist it and shape
Till it's all that you wanted to be