

Conceiving nothing  
A precious life with bad intentions  
At first it had to breathe  
Evolved to gasoline  
A strictly diesel-minded soul proves to  
Grow and steal  
When you try to make us fall, you're starting the machine  
Grow and steal  
Starting the machine with my scars  
You try to direct my sight  
Involving something  
A greedy world with biased minds  
A past repeats itself  
We vent until it swells  
A strictly diesel-minded soul proves to  
Grow and steal  
When you try to make us fall, you're starting the machine  
Grow and steal  
Starting the machine with my scars  
You try to direct my sight  
Grow and steal  
When you try to make us fall, you're starting the machine  
Grow and steal  
Starting the machine with my scars  
You try to direct my sight