

Burn and Turn

The Higher

Sometimes we feel like we've lost our identities
Another stranger keeps looking at us suspiciously
Our body stricken with bruises and our arms are weak
From all the problems, keeping solutions out of reach
We crumble nervously, in need of surgery
A new identity, desperately seeking change
And now this fantasy, becomes reality
Another gallery of people they think are strange

And we try and we try to deny it
To keep from the burn and turn
And we need some inspiration
To keep from going crazy

Sometimes we feel like we're in prison with no release
Locked in a taxi on (?) and 103
Our beds are made at home where we won't get any sleep
We feel like zombies feeding our excessive need
Sometimes they're chemical
Mostly they're sexual
But never logical, these patterns are hard to change
And all this flattery
Distorts our sanity
We act neurotically, old habits are hard to break

And we try and we try to deny it
To keep from the burn and turn
And we need some inspiration
To keep from going crazy
And we're lost in translation
Without a place to be
And we try and we try to deny it
To keep from the burn and turn
(oh yeah, to keep from the burn and turn)

We're lost in translation
Without a place to be

And we try and we try to deny it
To keep from the burn and turn
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