Adrenaline

Rosetta Stone

Another gift from God.
Breathing 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 on Adrenaline
I'm on Adrenaline
I'm on Adrenaline
I'm on Adrenaline

I'm told that eyes
Are the windows of the soul.
God speed be with you.
Drawn inside by razor lines,
Cut.
And not muffled from the ledge.
Inches beyond the edge.
Indications start to shine.
Cloud nine, white line, this time--
I'm on Adrenaline.

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No fears for consequence remain
The razor cuts
We're free again

The shining hour redefined.
Cloud nine, white line,
This Adrenaline.

This Adrenaline
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 within these lines,
Within the soul I left behind.

No fears for consequence remain
The razor cuts,
We're free again
The shining hour redefined
Cloud nine, white line,
This Adrenaline.

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