

Action Action, Analogue Logic

We are the locust;
Annihilate your redemption.
We are clever, clever lines,
But the science is in the time,
Of the delivery,
Spaced in sporadic time.
If you jump in,
I will jump in too.
Who will save your soul?
If you strike the match,
Then I'll let it shower over you,
Drink down the chemicals.

I am the future,
Am the scene,
I am the logic,
I am the dream.
Flying on borrowed wings.
Build it up,
Just sit back and relax,
Burn away.
Flying on borrowed wings.

(We are just shadows,
Take advantage of this ego trip.
Let's dream to make our movies,
Let's make our movies of our dreams.
Starring in our own little scripts,
Just take advantage of this ego trip.
Who would play your role,
An intelligent unknown?
Or an up and comer?
Or a blockbust hero?)

I am the fever,
Just expired on the inside,
And I am itching for the trigger,
Or I am waiting to detonate all over you,
Please, please, you decide.
Time is the dark spot on all of our lungs,
Salvation, or defecation?
I am your church, your science, your imaginary savior.
All hail the game of chance!

I am the future,
Am the scene,
I am the logic,
I am the dream.
Flying on borrowed wings.
Build it up,
Just sit back and relax,
Burn away.
Flying on borrowed wings.

This is the worst trip,
This is the worst trip,
This is emergency,
So go, go, go, go,
Back and get it. [x6]