

# Burning Heads, Autopilot Off

hello, we're a,  
bunch of freaks in action ready to roll,  
automatic pilot's off,  
no way back we passed the toll.  
once i felt good,  
escaping from my cage,  
haven't lost my edge.  
it's a long road,  
to nowhere i've been told,  
please come with us,  
don't be late.  
maybe wrong - maybe right,  
no time to see the sights,  
will you join our game,  
no rules to restrain.  
it's a long road,  
to nowhere i've been told,  
just come with us,  
don't be late.  
once i felt good,  
escaping from my cage,  
no i'm not afraid.  
it ain't a wide lane,  
no lights no direction,  
it's not a wide lane,  
no light no direction.  
no more tales,  
no stories,  
feeling better now anyhow