

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