

Queensryche, Breakdown

When the whirlwind of noise surrounds and get intense,
and when words can't hide their anger or intent.

I feel it in my bones and in my head, can't make sense of
what is said.

Ready for the take down, headed for a breakdown.

Fear has me backed against these walls that I follow and
pace.

Time moves in and out of phase of everything that I face.

I feel it in my bones they rattle and shake, can't find a
trace of what it takes to stop this take down.

Can't stop this breakdown!

Welcome to my scene. A place that's in-between where
squares fit the round.
Some affectionately call it ... my breakdown....

When I feel the pressure mounting and my hands begin to
clutch,
I reach my limit of pain and I've had enough.

It feels good to pound on tables and chairs and feel the
frenzy start to wear.

Breakdown this take down, gotta stop this breakdown.

Welcome to my scene. A place that's in-between where
squares fit the round.

It'll never be, never be more than this. Never.