

Aztek Trip, Tradition

I bet you never will fall far below yourself
I bet you always were the first one in line
Someone pinch me, I'm alive
Dont ever wake me until I feel something
I gotta feel something very soon
Im about to lose the edge Im breaking through
Im about to overcome my greatest fear
Im about to give it up for what its worth

Who knew that we'd see ourselves in different places
Like we confuse ourselves until we're black and blue
Carry on the Tradition as if it never wastes stuff
Who knew that the rest of us was black and white

I bet your weaker side, overcomes you
I bet you always were the first one to cry
why? they say, we had it so well
they didnt even think that we would second guess ourselves
we should've figured it by now
Im about to lose the edge Im about to give it up for whats its worth

Who knew that we'd see ourselves in different places
Like we confuse ourselves until we're black and blue
Carry on the Tradition as if it never wastes stuff
Who knew that the rest of us was black and white

Now we know nothing lasts forever
Somethings may change for the better

Who knew that we'd see ourselves in different places
Like we confuse ourselves until we're black and blue
Carry on the Tradition as if it never wastes stuff
Who knew that the rest of us was black and white