

# Common Rider, Cool This Madness Down

man without a rudder is ruled by the sea  
lost all anchors somewhere in the deep  
lover of machines -- adrift in schemes  
cast his lot among rootless thieves  
nightlife swings in the gateway towns  
but out here in the inches there's a ship going down  
the sailor keeps swallowing siren smoke  
dreaming of a kiss, just beyond the choke

these strange nights and days --  
these numbers taking our names

[Chorus:]  
cool this madness down  
stop it right on time  
got one last chance better cool it down  
before it takes our life

man without bearings straggles in the wood  
counting on the wolf to forget about blood  
staking up blocks for the god of numbers  
playing slow pitch with the angels of slumber  
now he is alone with the things he made  
shaking in the afterburn arcade  
games distract but they don't appease  
what they attract they will not release

[Chorus:]  
cool this madness down  
dance in a redemption town  
chant down desolation  
conscious movement come