

Pendulum, Through The Loop

There's no earthly way of knowing,
Which direction we are going,
There's no knowing where we're rowing,
Or which way the river's flowing,
Is it raining? Is it snowing? Is a hurricane a-blowing?
Not a speck of light is showing so the danger must be growing,
Are the fires of hell A-glowing? Is the grisly reaper mowing?
YES! The danger must be growing, for the rowers keep on rowing,
And they're certainly not showing, any signs that they are slowing!!!
Wooooooooaaaaaa
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