

Rush, Ceiling Unlimited

It's not the heat
It's the inhumanity
Plugged into the sweat of a summer street
Machine gun images pass
Like malice through a looking glass

The slackjaw gaze
Of true profanity
Feels more like surrender than defeat
If culture is the curse of the thinking class
If culture is the curse of the thinking class

Ceiling unlimited
World so wide
Turn and turn again

Feeling unlimited
Still unsatisfied
Changes never end

The vacant laugh
Of true insanity
Dressed up in the mask of Tragedy
Programmed for the guts and glands
Of idle minds and idle hands

I rest my case...
Or at least my vanity
Dressed up in the mask of Comedy
If laughter is a straw for a drowning man
If laughter is a straw for a drowning man

Ceiling unlimited
Windows open wide
Look and look again

Feeling unlimited
Eyes on the prize
Changes never end

Winding like an ancient river
The time is now again

Hope is like an ancient river
The time is now again