

# Superior, Breeze Of Insanity

Right now, right here  
I feel it clear  
Rubicon is near and tempting

Scanning the crowd  
You're standing out  
Imagine we are kindred souls

Welcome my friend  
Come, take my hand  
Join me on my trip to heaven

Just you and I  
Give it a try  
And play the game of games

Maybe you know, people sleep away  
Cant see the foe, the sin to rule their day  
So, if you know how to wash their brain  
Then you should go and cleanse it of its pain - do it just for gain.

Just look around  
Arent they all bound  
By the curse of mindless urges

Sex, love and hate  
Determine their fate  
And jealousy, the self-made grief

Emotional mess  
Poor mawkishness  
Feelings are the scourge of mankind

Kerry, my dear  
Lets scream out of here  
Time to heal the world.

Maybe you know, we are born that way  
Cant see the foe, the sin to rule our day  
So, if you know how to wash their brain  
Then you should go and cleanse it of its pain - do it just for gain

Feelings make you helpless  
Feelings cause you pain - Be free!

For the love of gain