

Perfect, in the full bloom of youth  
Intoxicated with new life  
We don't play by the rules  
We adjusted to an ideal world  
We bear our scars with pride  
The king is dead  
Hail to the master race

We're superhuman  
Candy for the eye  
Less than human  
And withered inside

The world seems trivial from this cloud  
Up here we stand the test of time  
Every dark and lonely hour  
We compensate with self-denial

We don't accept the facts of life  
We demand the impossible  
We make you believe our lies  
There isn't anything you wouldn't do  
To bask in our light  
Don't worry though,  
We'll get you all fixed up

We're superhuman  
Candy for the eye  
Less than human  
And withered inside

Looking down on the world from this height  
Watching the mortals passing by  
So eager in their vain endeavor  
To detain the flow of time