

I think my day back up in my flat
I don't want a second to reveal
Full of regret, full of average
I stunned my mind so I don't feel

A plane jet, hijacked, forcing it to fly back
Oil check, damage, widescreen breaking news
Engine roaring, passenger unboarding
A million feet high pilots without use

And now I am□

Free
Whatever happens
Whatever may be
I'm free
Under the statue
For you to see

Phone attack, leave a message
You wouldn't hear me anyway
I feel homeless and all my luggage
Is already on the way

Plane crash, test track
No matter if we come back
Mistake, breattake, relatives in hope
Oxygen gas masks
Don't forget your seatbelts
Prayers, players, all their souls are sold