You are not my enemy You live like a drunk You're fat, bad and still agree All this TV Junk I'm hot like a rhythm - beating the drums Now I'm a rebel - stick to my guns Maybe I'm sick - going out of this hell Hear my rebel yell My revolutions shock you through the core Join me, I open the door My revolutions for a modern dream Come let us go to extremes I'm not your enemy I fan the flames of truth Your fate and my destiny Will change our views But I'm hot like a rhythm beating the drums Now I'm a rebel - stick to my guns Maybe I'm sick - going out of this hell Hear my rebel yell My revolutions shock you through the core Join me - I open the door My revolutions for a better life Against all odds I will survive Maybe I'm a loser baby, maybe I'll be wrong But I know I will always carry on ...to fight Go out of this hell - hell - hell Hear my rebel yell - hear my rebel yell My revolutions shock you through the core Join me, I open the door My revolutions for a modern dream Come let us go to extremes -To extremes - to extremes