I'm a little overdrawn
Picking pages out of books
A run around
Am I doing something wrong?
Are you caught up in the hooks
I throw around
Let's just see the color of the constantly
Psychosomatic ecstasy
The reason we can fly away
From here to get free

All my life I've been settling
Letting them keep me down
All my life I've been battling
A menacing deafening
Sound in my head
Dumbing it down
With the trend
I don't mind
I'm still making it
Making it out alive

I've been running in a race
Kicking dirt up just to find the finish line
I've been dying not to waste
All the energy I've got stuck in my mind
Let's just see the color of the constantly
Psychosomatic ecstasy
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Out alive...

Waiting for your turn is never gonna work out No one's gonna hear you unless you're gonna scream loud Waiting for your turn is never gonna work out No one's gonna hear you unless you're gonna scream loud

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Making it out alive Out alive...