

"We are surrounded by the same old rules
All in a row in a production line
Just waiting for the stamp that says 'approved'
An army of silent replicants

The wheels of life are turning
Running rings around
A preset deadline
Impossible to evade

No matter if it's near or far away
Our goal is like a dream
Still alive 'till our heart dances its magic dance
No matter if they want us deaf and blind
We are free to fall or reach the highest sky

This falling rain has washed away the stains
The slate is clean but only for a while
A picture really clear comes in our minds

But someone wants to draw a different line

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