

Storm

Leoniden

Dizzy wine-heads running in circles and no shape
No face is clear, I think I'm in the middle of a storm
My eyes filled with fear
(Like a rebel)
I think I'm in the middle of a storm

And the dance goes on until my face suddenly melts
Lights are flashing and it's raining bullet shells
Must be a dream with taste of truth
I hit the ground

And the dance goes on until my face suddenly melts
Lights are flashing and it's raining bullet shells
Must be a dream with taste of truth
I hit the ground

Those guys are frantic
Blow the finalist out of the way!
Got to say something
But the words rise to a higher gain level
Thinking like a rebel

Frantic
Blow the finalist out of the way!
Got to say something
But the words rise and the words rise!

And the dance goes on until my face suddenly melts
Lights are flashing and it's raining bullet shells
Must be a dream with taste of truth
I hit the ground

And the dance goes on until my face suddenly melts
Lights are flashing and it's raining bullet shells
Must be a dream with taste of truth
I hit the ground

(Dizzy wine-heads running in circles.)
My eyes filled with fear
I think I'm in the middle of a storm
(Dizzy wine-heads running in circles.)
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And the dance goes on until my face suddenly melts
Lights are flashing and it's raining bullet shells
Must be a dream with taste of truth
I hit the ground

And the dance goes on until my face suddenly melts
Lights are flashing and it's raining bullet shells
Must be a dream oh must be a dream