

Perfect, in the full bloom of youth
Intoxicated with new life
We don't play by the rules
We adjusted to an ideal world
We bear our scars with pride
The king is dead
Hail to the master race

We're superhuman
Candy for the eye
Less than human
And withered inside

The world seems trivial from this cloud
Up here we stand the test of time
Every dark and lonely hour
We compensate with self-denial

We don't accept the facts of life
We demand the impossible
We make you believe our lies
There isn't anything you wouldn't do
To bask in our light
Don't worry though,
We'll get you all fixed up

We're superhuman
Candy for the eye
Less than human
And withered inside

Looking down on the world from this height
Watching the mortals passing by
So eager in their vain endeavor
To detain the flow of time