i'm a grain of sand in the desert land
that i call life
so i furl my flag and i never look back
i go straight to what the future holds

as i flirt with security there's nothing left for me call your world an asylum walk straight to insanity

in the darkest days
it's like a sensation to me
a stream of light
while the machines are turning
it feels like i'm burning
in a fire that came so suddenly

eclipsed by nothing else away from true or false there's a riot in my brain so nothing will stay the same

you may build you may find the key to your refuge i don't search because i can't see any refuge

live with your program
it's like an empty slogan
what will the children say?
i never gave up rebellion
too much went wrong
my father was the state for me

but i guess it was freedom
to find myself in the "white room"
as i see you in the distance
i'm left with pure existence

you may build you may find the key to your refuge i don't search because i can't see any refuge