

A state of grace, untouched, untraced
A ritual of passage..
And from the Earth,
Unbound at birth, you came a noble savage.

Rousseau is following me, following me,
Following me down to the ladders.
Oh, are we really born free?
Are we born free?
Or just born again?

And you think you feel,
Yeah you think you'll be
your own kind philosophy..

But he's followin' me.

Fresh rain, like blood, like blood
upon a stark and asperjungle

You sense these things,
Remembering,
The safety of the dark.

Such fantastic beasts,
Roamin' city streets
'Til it takes your hand and sets you free

Rousseau is following me, following me,
Following me down to the ladders.
Oh, are we really born free?
Are we born free?
Or just born again?

And you think you feel,
Yeah you think you'll be
your own kind philosophy..

But he's followin' me.

Such fantastic beasts..
Roamin' city streets..
Glorious machines..
Sigh release..

Rousseau is following me, following me,
Following me down to the ladders.
Oh, are we really born free?
Are we born free?
Or just born again?

And you think you feel,
Yeah you think you'll be
Your own kind philosophy..

But he's followin' me...
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