

In the coloured corridors of circles and strange shapes  
Existing just to juggle balls and dropping spinning plates  
Passion burns up empathy and lets your ego rule  
But somewhere deep inside a seed of doubt is pushing through  
At night when all the world's asleep a voice inside me calls and I...

Drop my balls

I got a raging doubt that something here is wrong  
Maybe I should say something stand out and be strong  
And if you try to justify they'll throw you in the cellar with the others  
Common sense and heroes are so laughably absent

Passion? Give me some empathy  
Passion? Give me some empathy

I cannot recollect a single word you said  
When people drown in ponds and drains  
A bag over the head

And if you try to justify they'll throw you in the cellar with the others  
Common sense and heroes just a quaint reminder

Passion? Give me some empathy  
Passion? Give me some empathy

No no not here not now  
No no not here not now

I said who do you think you are?  
I said who do you think you are?

I watched your crawl across the floor  
Towards this ancient temple door  
A tragedy most can't resist  
Your strange intoxication