

Wilful Dream

"Join The Line!"

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Hi boy, haven't you heard?
New noises bang out from the music store.
Come on you got to line up
'Cause storm won't wait for you more.
Yes, you know how it twirls,
How it drowns tears into the ice,
It can let you smile or scream,
Will you lose this new cool device?

Here comes the storm,
It makes me unique
As long it makes me see.
Mind it looks divine,
Trash useless flags!

Do you think you can live without?
That's crazy, boy, you got to feel fine!
Nobody's so fool to join the doubt,
What it doesn't say is nothing but a crime.
Take one of that glasses and get satisfied,
That's the wonderful manger it stuffs all them with.
Come on, my friend,
Change yourself for this golden shit!

Here comes the storm,
It makes me unique
As long it makes me see.
Mind it looks divine,
Trash useless flags!
Come on get in line!

Here comes the storm,
It makes me unique
As long it makes me see
Mind it looks divine,
Trash useless flags!

"I don't think it'll make any difference.
I don't think my fans are going to take drugs just
because I did, you know.
And from then on, the whole bit about how far it's

gonna go
I mean, you're spreading this now, at this moment."

Shining lights of the disco will make your young eyes
feel the ecstasy of
Your gray fun,
Give another careless kiss and reach the top,
You're just one of them,
But now STOP!

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