

Propaan / Butaan "Idiom"

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Chasing the waves from the shore.
In a world made from destruction,
You can make it on your own.

Generation!
Where do you come from?
Generation!
Where are you heading?

For the gutter.

Makes it all seem right,
When you come over gently,
And whisper words in my ear.
I fall over through the shock and I,
Can't compete with intimidation.

It's a fear.
It's a paranoia.
You can shake it off.
You can shake it all off.
It's only in your head.
It's all in your head.
Go outside, breathe some fresh air.
And for once in your life..
Come back alive.

There's a sign inside my head marked acceptance,
And I don't know whether to flick the switch or leave it
running.

Where are you now,
With your word of disease?
Caught in the grip of release,
Oh please, I beg of you.

Everyone is running from the things they don't believe
in.
Everyone is running from the things they don't believe
in.
Everyone is running from the things they don't believe
in.

Everyone is running from the things they don't believe in.

Where are you now,
With your words of ignorance,
And your words of belligerence?
Where are you now,
With your words of ignorance,
And your words of belligerence,
Echoing through you.

Everyone is running from the things they don't believe in.
Everything is running from the things they don't believe in.
Everyone is running from the things they don't believe in.
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