

Head Machine

"White Knuckle Blackout"

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Veins are a racetrack for fuel that I need
Life on the edge is the bread which I feed
Standing alone open for all to see
My tunnel vision for life, it drives me
Focus in closer
Releasing the fear
White-Knuckle Blackout, adrenaline rush
Wide-eyed and red faced, my skin hot and flushed
The hair stands up down the backside of my neck
Blood's beginning to boil the beads of sweat
Fear has its place in the scars that I bear
Deep in the mindn behind everything shared
Fixate my sickness as long as there's air
Headstrong I'll forcibly change what was there
By focusing closer
Releasing my fear
White-Knuckle Blackout, adrenaline rush
Wide-eyed and red faced, my skin hot and flushed
The hair stands up down the backside of my neck
The blood's beginning to boil
These beads of sweat I'll dry, out of my eyes

And blacken everything except the goal out

Adrenaline is my fuel when I've an obstacle to climb

Adrenaline is the lubrication, focusing my mind

Adrenaline is telling me when someone's thinking
they're too cool

To raise my middle finger up and say "FUCK YOU"

Adrenaline is fueling my mind to focus my climb

Reaction evoked at the challenge provoked out of you

Adrenaline is fire to fuel

You wanna fire my fuel?

I'll fire back a fuck you

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