

Gamma Ray, Master Of Confusion

You try to call me, i'm not at home
my mobile's off, can't leave a message
And now you're waiting, still I won't show
you won't believe what happened to me

And now I'm running like the wind
but I won't have much time, I'm sorry once again

No matter where I'm going or anywhere I roam
I am the Master of Confusion
Maybe you'll see me coming or maybe I just don't
I am the Master of Confusion

The label's calling: "boys are you done?
the deadline's past, time to deliver"
I am so sorry, we're running late
some unexpected ghost in the machinery

Again I'm running like the wind
now all the made up plans are running out of hand

No matter where I'm going or anywhere I roam
I am the Master of Confusion
Maybe you'll see me coming or maybe I just don't
I am the Master of Confusion

I am chaos, I'm disaster, I am pain
Sweet disorder, anarchy, go insane

Whenever I am closing in,
your peaceful life goes in the bin
Let chaos begin:

No matter where we going or anywhere we roam
We are the Masters of Confusion
We're like an open fire, a raging thunderstorm
We are the Masters of Confusion
Masters of Confusion...