

# Fake Problems, Maestro Of This Rebellious Sym

We set our aim on oblivion and we gave up on everyone we said we loved.

We turned in our keys as they turned in their graves, we are the  
souls no god can save.

Yeah, I got rhythm and I got dreams that move this body across the seas,  
relinquish all doubt in the water below me, I could write my own damn symphony.