

Five Iron Frenzy, Mind For Treason

I want to see
all minds set free.
Like slaves to their deaths,
they pledge their liberty.
Like awls through their ears,
nailed to a post,
they sold their souls to the things they loved most.
Now they accuse,
my mind is closed,
I've stood in their shoes,
that's why I chose... Freedom.

You've got words and clever jargon,
self-support, what a bargain.
You tell me my God is dead,
you hate a book you've never read.
Telling me that I'm pushing you
Whose world is this, who pushes who?
We've had to watch your television,
subject to your decisions.
We've read your books
and filled your schools,
You burned the truth,
with hate for fuel.
You calculate your lack of reason.
I hate this place, call it treason.

Mind for Treason,
force-feeding lies,
but calling it freedom.
Masking the truth, to hide your dismay
turn a blind eye to the death and decay.
But I will rebel,
it's treason I choose,
you can die by yourself,
but I will refuse.

A word of truth to worlds of fiction.
I'd like to challenge your depiction
of your soul and your salvation.
I'd like to shake you from stagnation.
You take the nail and drive it through
your ear to show allegiance to
your god, the thing that you love most,
yourself.
Am I coming close?
Blind to see your own extinction,
truth and lies have no distinction.
Shackled slaves must drop their chains,
or slaves will serve themselves in vain.