

Flesh Field, Utopia

I question this reality,
And I criticize its rules.
Apathetic misery.
This world is overrun by fools.
Born from isolation;
A pretty place, a utopia.
Suicidal revelation;
This life is no better than the last.
I travel through hypocrisy
And I find that I am lost.
Take away my innocence,
And nail me to the cross.

Switch to the back of my holy war.
I never thought I'd beg for more.
Cut through these chains and set me free
Or I will rot for eternity.

I stand alone again,
Burdened by your lies.
I remember when I could look into your eyes.

Sell my soul tonight.
Take me to your dream.
Who's to say you're right?
You are not what you seem.

Find a way to make me free again.
Find a way to make me bleed again.