

Parkway Drive, Looks Like Yoda

In a world of devoid of emancipation
Like leaves too many question marks
On my conscience, why?
Why look up
The ground is so much more pleasing
And it's where these eyes belong
I renounce,
I renounce myself
What I have become is not
What I wish to be
Break my neck
I've become too accustomed to hopes
Hope's cruel grasp
Progression or regression
It all ends the same
In a world devoid
Emotionless
In a life such as this
Only death is certain
So why wait
Break my heart
Cut my throat
When everything has ended
What have we accomplished
Slaves by design
Break my neck