

Stick To Your Guns, Faith In The Untamed

From the soul of the unnamed
to the devastating depths of the heads and the hearts of the shamed,
with patience like the fury of a freight train,
I'll always have faith in the untamed.
I have faith in the untamed.

No room to think when digression is fought.
Progression of thought dies and goes right out the door.
It's hard to move on when tradition is the whore
that keeps your feet nailed to the frozen floor.

Now it weighs down your mind
and once again left you deaf, dumb, and blind,
but I have faith that one day
we'll have the strength to rip our every single page.
I have faith. You'll find no peace from this.

You'll still be empty.

It will never end.

This tradition is downfall.

It's hard to let go when you're still holding on.

You'll find no peace from this.

You'll still be empty.

You better believe we're breaking boundaries.

A routine for the uninspired,
for the hearts that lack any fire.

You put your thoughts in dying hands
while you wade through the quicksand.