

# Control Denied, Cut Down

I see right through your mind  
I see your kind, I know your game  
Surviving on the soul of a song

Please tell me how you escape  
From the guilt that should eat at your mind  
When you lay down to sleep  
So many precious lives lost  
Picking up the shattered dreams broken by you

You'll be cut down to size when we're done with you  
When you're cut down to size we will look down on you

Why is life a game where we are forced to play  
I think it's safe to assume  
Don't feed off a loss or a win  
The reward is to survive

As you breathe you abuse the gift of life  
Inhaling hope into your black heart  
No guilt no shame once again empty words are to blame