

Far-less, The Cycle

The cycle spins in motions
from the daily wear and tear
i know life seems so hard for you
i see the mask you wear
i see the car door open
i hear the other shut
i hear the people telling you...it's ok...

why...

where is my choice?
i lost my voice
it was taken away from me by those
who don't seem to care
now i'm waiting anticipating
the moment that i'll be with you, forever in a stare

they go through all the motions
to see the job is done
they look at every antidote
avoiding only one
why must you choose this?
why did they choose this?

now i know...

where is my choice?
i lost my voice
it was taken away from me by those
who don't seem to care
now i'm waiting anticipating
the moment that i'll be with you, forever in a stare

why must you...
why must you...
why must you...
choose this...

the cycle spins away