

Flesh Field, Obstinace

They grab our throats,
Making us indulge in something
That we're trying to break free from.
They call it passion.
We call it poison.
Either way, it's something that will never fade.

I tried so many times to resist.
I know I shouldn't care about anyone or anything.
So many times I thought of slitting the wrist
Of the hand that feeds me.
Have I lost control?

We are the causeless revolutionaries,
Personified by obstinance.
We were sent by the gods of self absorption.
We're fools, and that's the bottom line.

Erosion caused by pain fades our true identity.
The time served is not enough to interrupt serenity.
Founded on discordance,
Yet the strain is still the same.
Dignity gone overboard.
Self respect doesn't remain.

You did this to me.
I only wanted to be.
I only wanted to see.
You took this from me.
You took it.

This machine, it used to having meaning.
But dignity was lost long ago.
And I will never have faith again
In anything you say.