

# Holden Avenue, Cut The Rope

Buliding your reality  
Making decisions, living your life  
It is your responsibility  
To make it work according to the plan  
I got to see you make it on your own  
Without someone else in total control  
Last hope, last chance, last breath  
Before it gets too late  
Cut this rope  
Wrapped around your wrists  
Take this knife - your only hope  
Spread your wings  
You know this special bond  
You think it keeps you awake  
But that thin, vague line has been crossed  
Your mind has been reshaped  
Blame me, blame him - that's not the point  
It all causes unneeded strife  
It's not your story - you've lost control  
I wish you luck, have a nice life!