

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!