

Pipedown, Control

Did we ever have the thought to wonder why,
that happenstance, the bliss,
the blinding eyes, are under their control.
We feel the fright, inside, we walk away,
the pockets passions price we have to pay.
Is under their control.

Don't become a victim, waste away, los your soul.
Now sing it back to me.

We are the slaves, the mass the undermined,
the rotting future and the darkended mind.
We're under their control.

We are the broke, the lost, provincial tame,
the status quo that leaves us all ashamed.

We're under their control.

Don't become a victim, waste asway, lose your soul.

Nothing matters.

Our love and our lives hang in balance,
and we don't understand where our choices lay.

And we want, but its just as fun to hate yourself, when nothing matters.

We feel inside, awake we have to try,
to steal our fate back from the dollar signs.

Not under their control.

We make a wave, a light, exploding time,
we climb together to make hearts aligned.

Not under their control.

Don't become a victim, waste away, lose your soul.

Nothing matters.

Our love and our lives hang in balance,
and we don't understand where our choices lay.

And we want, but it's just as fun to hate yourself, when nothing matters.

Didn't we go, did we go, did we go insane.

Didn't we go, didn't we move faster to sleep than to change.

I dont' wait for change. I rectify.

Don't we need a change, tear free from their control.

Don't we need a change from this shallow fucking grave?