

Pressure 4-5, Melt Me Down

Born into fire
No given shape no
Sense of a beaten road
Trained by our voices
Given one choice it's
Break the shell and move ahead
Or eighteen dead and decided

CHORUS:
Melt me down
Pour me out
Into the mold
But I'll break out

Time is our magnet
I'm sticking to it
An iron-clad existence
Is a prison in itself

CHORUS

Have we all become molded
Alive to the world
But inside dead
To be nothing'

I'll break out
I'll make it
Yeah I'll make it
Do it my way

Born into fire
No given shape or
Chance to remain as we wish to be
And that is free'

CHORUS

I will not become molded
Allowed by myself to be nothing now
I'll be nothing now