

Sylvan, Questions

They move in the rhythm of their time and keep it inside
They rush through the alleys of their lives and think that's alright

They see through their visions what they want to see
Act in their courtyard like they want to be
They think they can hear it, but they're deaf indeed
Spread out their ideas egoistically

When I'm locked-in, will I break down?
When I grow up, will I freak out?
Will I crack up when they change all?
Will I dry out, will my mask fall?

Will they change me? Will it ease me?
Will they shape me? Will it pull me under?

Will it tear me? Will it ruin me?
Will it reach me? Or just pull me under?

They move in the rhythm of my time and rub off my signs
They rush through the alleys of my life and repaint them with lies

Will they catch up, will they get me? Disappoint and then they blind me
Will they brand me, yet they're hurting me, will they wound me?
They're deserting me