

Aquariums

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Surrounded by images of a perfect life
Believe in us or suffer their plight
Bred on deceit and fear
Watch out someone's near
You wouldn't want to make them mad

He thrust his hand into the water
We watched as his blood grew hotter and hotter
He did what we all wanted
Kill it now he'll never flaunt it
Nothing so beautiful can exist in another man's cage

Wicked child you'll be a wicked man
Then the cycle starts over again
Endlessly frustrating;
Never content, never elating
All you know is what you're fed;
Lies upon lies until you're dead
Just outside I see the truth,
To let it in dispels the ruse
You must find it for yourself
Across three miles of barbed wired hell
Plucked from life at the age of nine,
Made to die slowly over time
Waste away desensitized

Nothing's real
Nothing's real
"It can't be true."

Lyrics submitted by Martin.

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