

Control Is Dead

As I Lay Dying

Control is dead in this blind world
For we do what we hate
Split from inside
Betrayed by emotion, emotion We must look past what is in front of us Shadows are security
They have become the solace of
My looking glass heart
In search for certainty
I no longer need control Take me through the fire
Refine what is yours
Take me through the fire
Refine what is yours

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