

# Fragile Minds

## Silent Theory

Cut me open and you'll find,  
A brain, heart, liver, lungs,  
And a knife in the spine.  
It's chilling to know,  
That the last place you go,  
Might be where the fat lady sings.  
Does it hurt? I don't know,  
And where do we go?  
We don't tease fragile minds with such things.Chorus  
So sell me down the river,  
First help me sell my soul,  
It's something I know I can deliver,  
I think we finally broke the mold.It's getting harder to know if I'm sane,  
My issues are leaking outside of my veins,  
Somebody save me, or end me,  
I haven't yet made up my mind.  
If it lead to paranoia,  
Boy, you might want to hit the floor,  
Before exposure leads to a metamorphosis,  
We can't ignore.  
Lost in a whisper and hung on a prayer,  
If you don't know where you're going,  
Any road will take you there.ChorusWill I be an end to someone's destiny?  
Who's to know?  
And will I give right in to my aggression?  
Who's to know?  
Will I fall apart all alone?  
Who's to know?  
Or will I shine right through,  
and lay this hate to rest with all of you?Chorus

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>