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

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