

Have a Blast

Periphery

Caught in the mundane. The day to day, it traps us so
Tightly. Escape the cubicle cell enslaving time of the
Resident slave. Just another clone stamped in the
System who cannot think for yourself. It's raining pens and staples on the prisoner
Questioning our real purpose. Bury your sense of worth
Beneath the desk you call your home. Consistent overflowing with no way out. Now you're
Always entertaining thoughts meandering. Ambition
Slowly rolling, steady, downhill. A puppet never
Disobeying the strings attached from hands to toes.
From head to fucking toes. And it's the thrill of life that enables us to flow. Locked
In the spirit's line, souls entwine, to journey on as one.
I guess it's the fear of all that keeps us on the road.
Locked in the spirit's line, souls entwine, to journey on as one. Behold our creation a walking dead. Step back and
Realize what you are fed. Escape the mortal mentality.
It's a lesson that can't be ignored for long. My
Destination lies within the song. Blistering reality. Imagining a world in limelight. Never
Will it be out of my reach. I've heard the lies a million
Times, but did it ever steal from my soul? Bleeding from
The lungs, I see, a life complete above the darkest hole. And it's the thrill of life that enables us to flow. Locked
In the spirit's line, souls entwine, to journey on as one. A world so masochistic. Envious, broken system. The
Infant braving infested waters, collecting prominent
Rage. Torment in reality, for I leave it.

Songwriters

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