

# Cut Down

## Control Denied

I see right through your mind  
I see your kind, I know your game  
Surviving on the soul of a song Please tell me how you escape  
From the guilt that should eat at your mind  
When you lay down to sleep So many precious lives lost  
Picking up the shattered dreams  
Broken by you You'll be cut down to size  
When we're all done with you  
When you're cut down to size  
We will look down on you Why is life a game  
Where we are forced to play?  
I think it's safe to assume  
Don't fear of a loss or a win  
The reward is to survive As you breathe you abuse the gift of life  
Inhaling hope into your black heart  
No guilt no shame  
Once again empty words are to blame Please tell me how you escape  
From the guilt that should eat at your mind  
When you lay down to sleep So many precious lives lost  
Picking up the shattered dreams  
Broken by you You'll be cut down to size  
When we're all done with you  
When you're cut down to size  
We will look down on you

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