Melt Me Down

Pressure 4-5

Born into fire No given shape

No sense

Of a beaten roadTrained by our voices

Given one choice

It's to break the shell and move ahead

Or eighteen dead and decidedMelt me down

Pour me out

Into the mold

But I'll break outTime is our magnet

I'm sticking to it

An iron-clad existence

Is a prison in itselfMelt me down

Pour me out

Into the mold

But I'll break outHave we all become molded

Alive to the world

But inside dead

To be nothing?I'll break out

I'll make it

Yeah I'll make it

Do it my wayI'll break out

I'll make it

Yeah I'll make it

Do it my wayBorn into fire

No given shape

Or chance to remain as we wish to be

And that is freeMelt me down

Pour me out

Into the mold

But I'll break outI will not become molded

Allowed by myself

To be nothing nowI'll be nothing now

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