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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