

Censorship

Wovenwar

What will we take?

What will we take?

Give a man more than his due he'll laud you all his days
But give him less than he mused oh god you're an idol waste

What will finally earn your grace?

Are you not entertained?

When your expectations ride on the back of promised lies
Knowing your worth is almost a curse that leaves you high and dry

What of ends long pursued scaled and weighed for praise

Heart regressed to follow suit the art has lost its way

What will finally earn your grace?

Are you not entertained?

When your expectations ride on the back of promised lies
Knowing your worth is almost a curse that leaves you high and dry

When your expectations ride on the back of promised lies

Knowing your worth is almost a curse that leaves you high and dry

Tell me what's the point of this?

(What's the point?

What's the point?)

I'm lost in censorship

(I'm lost in censorship)

Tell me what's the point of this?

(What's the point?

What's the point?)

I am lost

When your expectations ride on the back of promised lies
Knowing your worth is almost a curse that leaves you high and dry

When your expectations ride on the back of promised lies

Knowing your worth is almost a curse that leaves you high and dry

What will we take?

What will we take?

Are you not entertained?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>