Run

Project 86

Your weakness is numbing my brain
A lack of love for my life means more than the pain
So erase those weak commitments
No choice, no way I'm acquittedYou'd better build another cross to hang another life
My immeasurable gain is your loss
So now run from the sights
Disease infects the paths to birthrightsMartyrs, not popular charts
Consequence rules the sects of mine
Hindsight throws the minds to past lives
Death is all around meBut now I'd rather die than follow mediocrity
Disown my flesh, no loopholes to gain
Strain on my face sustained devotion
Not a false witnessWake up and smell the ashes
Martyrs, not popular charts
Run with the rest of the masses
I choose to stand

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