

# Stockholm Syndrome

## Milburn

Welcome to the world of fake reality  
Where you can never believe what you hear  
Or believe what you see  
It's like the coliseum at the annual games  
With the Roman Emperor being entertained  
A flick of the wrists that will seal your fate  
A flick of the wrists that will seal your fate  
A flick of the wrist and you're through  
And there's no telling what they might do  
Now they've captured your soul  
Oh, you're under control  
They've captured your soul  
And they won't give it back 'til you plead  
Setting agendas and fashions which must be obeyed  
With their stories and lies they decide the way you're portrayed  
You only see what they want you to see and nothing else  
You only see what they want you to see and nothing else  
A flick of the wrist and you're through  
And there's no telling what they might do  
Now they've captured your soul  
Oh, you're under control  
They've captured your soul  
And they won't give it back 'til you plead  
Nothing ever happens, so why are you watching  
Nothing ever happens, so why are you watching  
Nothing ever happens, so why are you watching  
Nothing ever happens, so why are you watching  
They've captured your soul and they won't give it back  
No they won't give it back, no they won't give it back

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