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 entertainedA flick of the wrists that will seal your fate
A flick of the wrists that will seal your fateA 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 controlThey've captured your soul
And they won't give it back 'til you pleadSetting 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 elseA 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 controlThey've captured your soul
And they won't give it back 'til you pleadNothing 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 watchingThey'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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