

Doxa (Instrumental)

Monuments

This is the reason why I can't sleep tonight
they're killing on my left
dying on my right Everywhere I look fills me with fear
beliefs I once had become so unclear.
I dare to rub out the lines draw from a new idea
but I'm stuck in this prison
stuck in this prison
no one can help me break free Born sick commanded to be well
stuck in a losing struggle
it's a dark existence meaningless and cold
impossible to escape from
Trapped inside this fist of rage
held down by the hand that made me
there is no escape while the shepherds block the gates Now do I qualify for survival
I don't fear death like an American idol
are we the ones that have to bleed
what luck that we don't think Silent screams who wants to testify
instinctively we try to hide
breathlessly I hope to re-design
how I think amongst all these painted smiles Nothing is set in stone
we fuel the machine that feeds of the death of our own
nothing is what it seems
we follow the trend that keeps us in time
what is real? Nothing is set in stone
We fuel the machine that's feeds of the death of our own Straight away I wont hesitate to call you out
Straight away I can see that your all afraid
its time to make up your own mind its time to make yourselves Rectify beliefs
I won't be held down by the hand that made me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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