

# 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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