Control

Paradise Lost

Set your heart at a pace no one could follow
Until it's right in the face no one would swallow
We the subtle damned, refuse to follow
And we are determined to control
So many hours in the day in which you'll suffer
The saviour you delegate just basks in power
We the subtle damned, refuse to follow
And we are determined to control
We've lost it all
We breed contempt
With years to go a wealth of debt
A simple retreat

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