## **Too Official**

## Quicksand

Give someone some piece of your mind Shine it, shine what you've been assigned Has your identity sold out? Sit in the back and make no sound This earth will swallow you downHonesty makes you sick You don't act on, on what you think's right Honestly want to kick down Doors that keep you inLet your hair down, sometimes relax your stiff posture Or so they say, all work no play makes you dull Chance to change the patterns we're born to A fear of appearing too concerned Try to speak, but the words just get stuckHonesty makes you sick You don act on what you think's right Honestly want to kick down Doors that keep you in Each time you get to raise your hand For changes you don't know your luck So put yourself to use like You were taught by, by your heroesYou speak your mind, that something You speak your mind, that something We don't get it too often

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