

Icon

Bolt Thrower

No escape, there is no way out,
Of this constructed existence,
A created image of untrue conception,
You cannot find the real you.
Manipulated a hyped invention,
Who is this false identity?
The ideal person, perfect role model,
Beneath you can feel the cracks,
Now your nerves begin to break,
Losing grip, now its too late,
Perceive this no fallacy,
This icon faces insanity,
On the verge of mental breakdown,
Forgotten realms of madness are found,
Now you face the final curtain,
Your future life is now uncertain.

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