

Fragile Minds (Radio Edit)

Silent Theory

Cut me open and you'll find,
A brain, heart, liver, lungs,
And a knife in the spine.

It's chilling to know,
That the last place you go,
Might be where the fat lady sings.

Does it hurt? I don't know,
And where do we go?

We don't tease fragile minds with such things. Chorus

So sell me down the river,
First help me sell my soul,

It's something I know I can deliver,

I think we finally broke the mold. It's getting harder to know if I'm sane,

My issues are leaking outside of my veins,

Somebody save me, or end me,
I haven't yet made up my mind.

If it lead to paranoia,

Boy, you might want to hit the floor,

Before exposure leads to a metamorphosis,

We can't ignore.

Lost in a whisper and hung on a prayer,

If you don't know where you're going,

Any road will take you there. Chorus Will I be an end to someone's destiny?

Who's to know?

And will I give right in to my aggression?

Who's to know?

Will I fall apart all alone?

Who's to know?

Or will I shine right through,

and lay this hate to rest with all of you? Chorus

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