# Slowdown

## Symphorce

Look into a face of ademon
That changes from day to day
Nothing's as pure as good
Except your will to stay
Hear your voice, standing before you
Just a child inside a man,
With a better viewCan't remmeber but my name
Brave new world a prison cell
So confused, doin' alle the same
Promised land has turned hellSome war their bruises on their skin
Others hide their scars deep withinThrough all these years when you slow down
Sometimes you need to walk alone
Looking for something you call home!

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