

# 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!

Lyrics provided by

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