

Beheading Of A King "Handcrafted"

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You are nothing of what you think you are
Manipulated to fit in the mold
To confine into an idea of existence

The strings are being pulled with precision
Let me create, let me embrace
I compelled you to give up all hope

No matter how hard you try to be yourself
This is the path you have chosen, full of ambush and
misguiding leads

To suit man's greed, to oppose nature against dreams
No thoughts have been safe in this world
You've got nothing to hold on to

Handcrafted to become, someone that you are not
Build to ignore, your own beliefs
Handcrafted to become, the reflection of society
We will never retreat

Under the influence, we admit to resign to the hatred
that ignites in us
Reinforce your desire to break free, reveal your true
nature

To the world that once created you
Sometimes to create, one must first destroy
Unleash the impulse in your heart

What have you become?

You are nothing of what you think you are
Manipulated to fit in the mold
You are now realizing that you are handcrafted

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