

Heavy Weight Champ "Filters"

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It washes me, my shelter slides away.
No subtlety.
Do you feel like your another?

It filters me, and the colour drains.
Erasing me.
Do you realise your another?

Here I am just like before, it's all the same to me.
I feel so weighed down.
Even if I could rise above, it's all the same.

Do you feel like everybody else?
Nothing special, nothing sacred.
Do you see how your just another?

Here I am like all before, your all the same to me.
I feel so weighed down.
Even if I could fly above, it's all the same.

Descend to the fire,
Descend to the choir,
Descend to the mire.

Dead seeds are sewn.

Here I am just like before, it's all the same to me.
I feel so weighed down.
Even if I could rise above, it's all the same.

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