

Hostage Calm "Weighed Down"

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The things they celebrate,
I tried to just escape
In the wake - THE WAKE
Of old friend's assimilations
Followed by condemnation of me
I sank so deep
I nearly drowned
Weighed down

I've seen the magazines, the pretty and the clean
It's obscene
We're staring at their sun
But we still can't see the light

1, 2, 3, 4, OH!

Caught confusing acceptance for success

When we live to be like them, we just end up with less
And if this means we have to start clean
It won't weigh me down
WEIGH ME DOWN

I stood and stared
I stood and stared
I stood and stared...

At the mirror instead of the screen
And ran away to the rhythm
Of the sound that set me free.

Standing toe to toe

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