

Cire "Autonomy"

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This choke hold is driving me away from your world.
Far from complying, I'm so drenched in spite,
I'd chew off my own feet before stepping in line.
Crawl back out to be pushed down.
Come lay down to be dissolved...

(chorus)

Once again you waste what little time we have,
setting limits on a bright and open future,
fueling me with a wealth of cold dissent
and dreams of our extinction.

Keep both eyes away from the damage,
and it is so easy to hide from your mistakes.
He crawls back out to be pushed down.
He won't lay down to be dissolved.

(chorus)

Afraid of being replaced,
the old turn into barricades shouting praises of control.

(break)

Cutting all connection to your reasoning.
Clutching to this failed methodology.
Rebellion is the bastard of conformity.
Choose to step in line or choose your misery.

Choose your misery...

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