

Control Denied "Cut Down"

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I see right through your mind
I see your kind, I know your game
Surviving on the soul of a song

Please tell me how you escape
From the guilt that should eat at your mind
When you lay down to sleep

So many precious lives lost
Picking up the shattered dreams
Broken by you

You'll be cut down to size
When we're all done with you
When you're cut down to size
We will look down on you

Why is life a game
Where we are forced to play?
I think it's safe to assume
Don't fear of a loss or a win
The reward is to survive

As you breathe you abuse the gift of life
Inhaling hope into your black heart
No guilt no shame
Once again empty words are to blame

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