

Seventh Star "The Torch"

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One thousand "knives in backs"
One thousand "true til deaths"
Saying the same thing over and over
Lives contradicting the label they give themselves
When in passing the torch did we kill the flame?
Different place and a different time
It's the same face and the same rhyme
Regurgitate jargon the backwash of the kids before
No substance, empty words, and content with nothing
more
Fading convictions replaced with the status quo
Beliefs traded for comfortable acceptance
Different place and a different time
It's the same face and the same rhyme
Who can go against the crowd
When the crowd is forced into the same mold
When will we start to think for ourselves
This scene can't save your soul

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