

Thought Riot "Breaking Old Tablets"

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Break down all their values.
Create for yourself.

Can you overcome?
Can you break the tie that has you bound?
Habituation anchors your thoughts right to the ground.
Old ways of thinking - they decay as I watch time
progress,
But you refuse to lay what's dead to rest.

Shackled to the past, your mind denies that
conventions never last.
They rise and fall like the tides that crash the shore.
Closed mind; ignore that which you don't wish to see
cease to endure.
Reflection fails - kept on a leash,
So restrained it doesn't even have the room to
breathe.
It suffocates.

The power that flows from within is yours.
The power that grows from within is yours.
The power is yours.

Harvested culture values set up high for us all to see.
Taught not to question all their old and dying
"you should-be" •.
Your ways of thinking - they fill my heart with such
distress
Because you refuse to put beliefs to the test.

Break down what's devalued.

Rise above and break those ties.
Drop the anchor and fly up high.
Your life is art so paint it bright,
And always remember the power is yours.

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