

Mila Mason

"Stockholm Syndrome"

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Welcome, to the world of fake reality
Where you can never believe what you hear or believe
what you see

It's like the coliseum of the annual games
With the Roman Emperor being entertained
A flick of the wrists that will seal your fate
A flick of the wrists that will seal your fate

A flick of the wrist and you're through
And there's no telling what they might do
Now they've captured your soul
Oh you're under control
They've captured your soul
And they won't give it back 'till you plead

Setting agendas and fashions which must be obeyed
(You must obey it, you must obey it)
With their stories and lies they decide, the way you're
portrayed

You only see what they want you to see and nothing
else
You only see what they want you to see and nothing
else

A flick of the wrist and you've through
And there's no telling what they might do
Now they've captured your soul
Oh your under control
They've captured your soul
And they won't give it back 'till you plead

Nothing ever happens
So why are you watching? X3
No, nothing ever happens
So why are you watching! ?

They've captured your soul
And they won't give it back
No they won't give it back
No they won't give it back

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