

## Milburn "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

