

# Witch Hunt "Twenty-Five"

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You're twenty-five and you're barely alive  
Blood's still running through your body  
but your spirit's long since died  
You've trained yourself to keep your distance  
In the sand you've drawn your line  
So afraid of people's expectations  
In constant battle with your mind  
You have become what you hate the most  
An apathetic old man with a grudge  
Succumbing to life's pressures without fight  
Why do you stay here?  
Because your fucking pride has buried you alive  
in this debris of shit blown out of proportion  
in your maladjusted mind  
You think that you're so fucking different  
But you just tow the same old lines  
Leading to this sicking ship  
Living in constant fear of time  
Opportunity arises and you don't care  
You project an image of no hope  
But I've looked into your  
eyes and seen it there  
You'd love to smash this  
world that's put  
you in the state you're in  
twenty-five  
It's your life  
But still you try to deny  
Everything you feel inside  
It's time to cut their fucking line

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