

Lie Captive

"The Vast Dreams Of Simple Minds"

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Born to walk this beaten path,
That has run us into the ground.
Thick skin and strong liquids,
Won't kill the awkward tension.

Concerning reality versus your facade.
This meaningless acquaintance,
Has been drawn out far too long.

To see the world in shades of grey,
Seems to be another burden to carry.

You run from honesty like a fucking disease.
Twist and mangle words to suit your selfish needs.
I put a hand out in hopes to get along,
But you're more concerned with,
The politics of your three chord punk rock song.

All these half-hearted ideals,
Can't be my burden.
Won't be my burden.

And when all is said and done,
You're on you're own,
You're on your own...

Close-mindedness and apathy,
The killers of creativity,
Won't be the death of me.

This town won't suck us in,
It's time to sink or swim.
Nothing which we strive for,
Is out of our grasp.

You alone control your fate,
To stare in the mirror of yesterday.
We won't be the ones,
To stand and wait.
We won't stand and wait.
No more.

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