

# 1984

## "Complain"

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I'm not used to complain  
And you complain again  
Might I try to understand  
Oh my dear I don't

I always fight to clear away  
All your anger in a maze  
Of endless walls and hidden fringes  
Where you feel caught, where I can't heal  
You

Your will in my hands  
Modelling your soul  
They build a fence  
Around your throat  
Devil in my hands  
Or something that approaches  
Reach your veins  
Dwell in your blood

In the streets, in their homes  
Don't you hear your people moan?  
They all think, young as old,  
The world is not theirs anymore

So catch it now, make it sense  
Stop whining when you can't  
You fear the fires but you keep them going  
You pay the ransom to keep your throne

Their will in their hands  
Unable to control  
All the hate  
Tire the soul  
Devil in their hands  
Or something that approaches  
Reach their veins  
And howl Â...

When your lies when your lies  
When your lies wave on mine

Fires won't you take your dollars?

When your lies when your lies

When your lies wave on mine

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