

Burden "Stampede"

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Daze me make me numb a doctrine becomes an ideal
I hang onto every word you mouth no doubt, no doubt
I'm stampeding with the crowd it makes me dull in a
way

Relieve me from my reason I am collateral to the
collective
To your wisdom I am worthless no doubt, no doubt
I'm stampeding with the crowd it makes me dull in a
way

I will follow
Burn down what I've been before
I will follow you

Me fellows, my brothers
Through the illusion of war
Bleeding the soil that we were fighting for

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