

Pressure 4-5 "Melt Me Down"

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Born into fire
No given shape
No sense
Of a beaten road

Trained by our voices
Given one choice
It's to break the shell and move ahead
Or eighteen dead and decided

Melt me down
Pour me out
Into the mold
But I'll break out

Time is our magnet
I'm sticking to it
An iron-clad existence
Is a prison in itself

Melt me down
Pour me out
Into the mold
But I'll break out

Have we all become molded
Alive to the world
But inside dead
To be nothing?

I'll break out
I'll make it
Yeah I'll make it
Do it my way

I'll break out
I'll make it
Yeah I'll make it
Do it my way

Born into fire
No given shape

Or chance to remain as we wish to be
And that is free

Melt me down
Pour me out
Into the mold
But I'll break out

I will not become molded
Allowed by myself
To be nothing now

I'll be nothing now

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