

Quuensryche "Hostage"

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Culture hostage.
I'm writhing in the cold grasp of justice,
as she turns away.
Blind is she supposed to be but,
someone took a razor to her mask.

Rusted now the scales you hold,
the balance tipped by the weight of gold.
When will it end?
When will it ever end?

The judgment man holds my fate,
as I beg forgiveness with the
plastic smile of a candidate.

They take for granted that I'm out of my mind and
they're wasting their time to care.
So all my reasons are damned before they're heard.
I'm held hostage by their words.
What will lead us to tolerance
if we don't question our prejudice?

Courage is such a lonely word,
patience, in time these truths will be known.
Please, don't keep looking away.
You see fortunes are on line, reputations at risk, and
there's fear in the hearts of all of you that believe that
you're right,
and that's your right.
But are you . . . right?

The judgment man holds my fate,
as I gaze around the room,
their eyes are like knives, could decapitate.
They take for granted that I'm out of my mind and I'm
wasting their time, don't show, don't show me my fate.

Reasons are damned, can't understand.
If I fall to pieces they'll know . . .
he's out of his mind and he's wasting our time, we
know. As I sense my fate . . .
His reasons be damned, can't understand him.

. . . and now all my reasons are damned before they're
heard. I'm held hostage by their words.
I'm a hostage.

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