

## Format C: For Cortex

### Dark Tranquillity

Mental Blindfolds on  
Early on the fascination intense  
How to discern just where right belongs

Something has got to give  
These things I just don't want you to see

There is no need for you to start revolutions  
I don't want you to talk to the minions  
Just show me a brand new face  
an open mind against a dying race

Something has got to give  
These things I just don't want you to hear/feel

Cannot fail in this the era of losers  
burnt the shell of those that once held the torches  
Cannot give you the senses anew  
nor will you know innocence again

Something has got to give  
These things I just don't want you to know

in time all your questions will be answered  
not what you hoped for, not what you dreamed  
all preconceptions crumble

Something has got to give  
These things I just don't want you to learn

Won't hold up to the standards you keep  
never came from the formative years  
Just show me a brand new mind  
Keep in what you left behind

Something has got to give  
These things I just don't want you to be