

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