

Surrender

Eloy

I surrender to your logical sense
Where bad and good are black and white
Where it's easy to point out who is wrong
Who's to be damned and who is alright
There will be a nice for me
Somewhere in your sketch-book world
It's down to categories
It's down to the death of fantasy
I surrender to your will to unite
'we' is holy and 'I' doesn't count
Where I follow the winds of my time
And majorities rule out doubt
I'll cheer along and stay in line
Step to step your sketch book world
It's down to categories
It's down to the death of fantasy
One is barely nothing: I surrender
Only whispers: I surrender
Can't call out loud: I surrender
May I just be dust in this world
This world is still made of me
May I cry out against the wind
It will always carry me
I'll cheer along and stay in line
Step to step your sketchbook world
It's down to categories
It's down to the death of fantasy
We praise conformity
Mesmerized by unity