

The Price of Freedom

Epica

Hiding in a weakness something we can never retain
Years of crawl -- decay and despair
Are we a wrong perception something we can never regainrepair

No one to blame, facing me random
Nothing will ever explain, so it reclines

Where was I meant to be
I feel I'm lost in a dream
Long for the day I can be myself

When will I be unleashed
It's not the way it should be
Again and again only to be myself