

Hooked

Fit for a King

Hooked to the things that make us fall,
and the words that burn like gasoline
We can't erase these endless thoughts,
Can't kill what fuels our apathy

We want satisfaction,
We want our peace

Apathy, your satisfaction
I feel so little change, it always stays the same
And you admit to me cause you're the one to blame.

We'd rather submit to a substance that hates us
than have to earn all the things we love
How twisted have we become,
We're running out of excuses, they won't last for long

We are what's wrong
Numb to the damage
we're dealing to the ones who stand in our way
When will we see the price we'll pay?

Apathy, your satisfaction
I feel so little change, it always stays the same
And you admit to me cause you're the one to blame.

I'd prefer to be trapped inside addiction
Chained to floor with no hope survive
Give it up you'll never escape
Give it up you'll never escape
Give it up you'll never escape

Put aside thoughts of love and empathy
Who cares when the problem's not ours
As long as light shines upon me,
desperate words will never be heard
We are addicted to our own happiness.