

Obstinance

Flesh Field

They grab our throats,
Making us indulge in something
That we're trying to break free from
They call it passion
We call it poison
Either way, it's something that will never fade

I tried so many times to resist
I know I shouldn't care about anyone or anything
So many times I thought of slitting the wrist
Of the hand that feeds me
Have I lost control?

We are the causeless revolutionaries
Personified by obstinance
We were sent by the gods of self absorption
We're fools, and that's the bottom line

Erosion caused by pain fades our true identity
The time served is not enough to interrupt serenity
Founded on discordance,
Yet the strain is still the same
Dignity gone overboard
Self respect doesn't remain

You did this to me
I only wanted to be
I only wanted to see
You took this from me
You took it

This machine, it used to having meaning
But dignity was lost long ago
And I will never have faith again
In anything you say