

## 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