

Mimic

For the Fallen Dreams

What the fuck happened to the youth of today?
They'd rather praise the face of a boy on a stage.
There's so many things to say about the way we raise our kids to
believe of what a hero can be and how much weight you can hold
to his name.
I refuse to believe that we've lost a sense of humanity like a
locust to the plague.
I am not the man, you should follow to your knees.
False profits pave the way for the mindless fools that make up
everyday society.
I sit patiently and wait for the world to crumble beneath my feet.

I am the voice of single man, but I can see how pathetic this life
can be.
Sit back and wait for this game to be played, and watch them
expire in the heat that they've made.
There's little they can say about the way they've lead so many
kids astray.
By the bullshit they feed them and the things that preach, there's
no telling how far their voices will reach.
Does anybody else see what we're doing?
I swear I'm losing my mind.

Wake the fuck up.
I want to watch your story burn.
I want to see the look on your face when your gimmick is exposed
and you're lost inside your head.
The real heroes of today are the men and woman who fight for what
is right and what some of us still believe.
That there's more to life than just money and the need for greed.
Where will you go when your 15 minutes of fame are up and you're
outside the circle?
And you're left with nothing but your ego.
Would you sell your soul?
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