

# Dreams

Gideon

I am weak from the weight I carry  
I am sick from the poison I've been fed

Go ahead judge my ways  
You don't know right from wrong  
I will over power this doubt  
That you've lodged into my soul

I will be myself  
When everyone  
Tells me to be someone else

Save your words  
They fall on deaf ears  
Save your words  
For the weak

Go ahead and keep pouring this doubt  
Into my mind Into my soul

Your words are nothing more  
Than the dreams you've left unfollowed

Judge my ways

I am sick  
I am weak

Save your words  
They fall on deaf ears  
Save your words  
For the weak