

Stockholm Syndrome

Milburn

Welcome to the world of fake reality
Where you can never believe what you hear or believe what you see

It's like the coliseum at the annual games
With the Roman Emperor being entertained
A flick of the wrists that will seal your fate
A flick of the wrists that will seal your fate

A flick of the wrist and you're through
And there's no telling what they might do
Now they've captured your soul
Oh you're under control
They've captured your soul and they won't give it back 'till you plead

Setting agendas and fashions which must be obeyed
With their stories and lies they decide the way you're portrayed
You only see what they want you to see and nothing else
You only see what they want you to see and nothing else

A flick of the wrist and you're through
And there's no telling what they might do
Now they've captured your soul
Oh you're under control
They've captured your soul and they won't give it back 'till you plead

Nothing ever happens so why are you watching
Nothing ever happens so why are you watching
Nothing ever happens so why are you watching
Nothing ever happens so why are you watching

They've captured your soul and they won't give it back
No they won't give it back, no they won't give it back