

# 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  
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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