

Locked away in a cage my rage has got the best of me time finds
a way
each day of leaving less of me behind I find this fight
must be won inside the mind so uptight and confined often
blinded by the light taking it's toll on my system like some pl
ayed out
existence time ticks away these last few moments is there anyth
ing
we've left unsaid? I'm on a quest for atonement I've got to fin
d a piece
of mind and a place to rest biding my time until I'm strong eno
ugh to fight back hope,
I hope against hope for some resistance been taking it out
on my system rest-
there's a calm before the storm and the western front
is quiet I've got Rembrandt as my right hand and solo as my pil
ot
condemned man condemned convicted man convicted
could not save my life cutting strand by strand passing it off
like some kind of king you don't know peace 'til you've had suf
fering
I've suffered all of your so called resolve but you haven't tas
ted pain
have you ever been inside of the new masterpiece?
Rembrandt as my right hand and solo as my pilot have you ever b
een inside
the new masterpiece condemned man condemned convicted man
convicted could not save my life cutting
strand by strand strand by strand by strand by strand by strand condemned