

## Looks Like Yoda

Parkway Drive

In a world of devoid of emancipation  
Like leaves too many question marks  
On my conscience, why?  
Why look up  
The ground is so much more pleasing  
And it's where these eyes belong  
I renounce,  
I renounce myself  
What I have become is not  
What I wish to be  
Break my neck  
I've become too accustomed to hopes  
Hope's cruel grasp  
Progression or regression  
It all ends the same  
In a world devoid  
Emotionless  
In a life such as this  
Only death is certain  
So why wait  
Break my heart  
Cut my throat  
When everything has ended  
What have we accomplished  
Slaves by design  
Break my neck