

Industry of Infamy

Stick to Your Guns

This is an industry of infamy I refuse to believe
That you do for the passion you let your mind and heart be rationed
Music is my life its something that cant be priced
You lead with your greed and you want me to believe
You take this seriously but
I think that you take back all that's been given out of creativity
I put everything I have into this and to me brilliance still exists
You focus on a dollar sign rather than a creative mind
You want a mind that can be sold mine wont be controlled
I wont take let you what this has given to me
What its given to me
A purpose and a drive something,
I cant hide something worth doing in a positive light
I wont fit your stereotype
You work in a business of deceiving
But my words my heart my life have a meaning and music
For a constructive youth is something worth achieving
But this time I wont let your lack of sincerity get a hold of me
This is where you end
You end where we begin