

## Slow Down

Symphorce

Look into a face of ademon  
That changes from day to day  
Nothing's as pure as good  
Except your will to stay  
Hear your voice, standing before you  
Just a child inside a man,  
With a better view

Can't remmeber but my name  
Brave new world a prison cell  
So confused, doin' alle the same  
Promised land has turned hell

Some war their bruises on their skin  
Others hide their scars deep within

Through all these years when you slow down  
Sometimes you need to walk alone  
Looking for something you call home!