

# Flesh Field, Utopia

I question this reality,  
And I criticize its rules.  
Apathetic misery.  
This world is overrun by fools.  
Born from isolation;  
A pretty place, a utopia.  
Suicidal revelation;  
This life is no better than the last.  
I travel through hypocrisy  
And I find that I am lost.  
Take away my innocence,  
And nail me to the cross.

Switch to the back of my holy war.  
I never thought I'd beg for more.  
Cut through these chains and set me free  
Or I will rot for eternity.

I stand alone again,  
Burdened by your lies.  
I remember when I could look into your eyes.

Sell my soul tonight.  
Take me to your dream.  
Who's to say you're right?  
You are not what you seem.

Find a way to make me free again.  
Find a way to make me bleed again.