Stick To Your Guns, Industry Of Infamy

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