

# No Voice Of Mine

## Strung Out

The wind is shifting, somethings different in the air.  
I see it in the form of choices every where  
and I've been asleep a lifetime just to wake in time to find  
the voice that has been speaking for me is no voice of mine

Now you've just been spoken for  
Now you've just been sold

My eyes fixated on the life I left behind,  
a puppet dreams of being human  
every time that a string gets pulled before you know, your danc  
in' to the lie  
of someone elses vision of the perfect wasted life

Its in the way we never seem to get it right  
a systematic form of bowin down and under,  
and all we know is what we are, without the faith in who we are  
So desperate

Somethin' here has gotta give and my instincts fill me with thi  
s dread,  
that I've become what I'm tryin' to kill, that my appetite is m  
y free will

There is no right, there is no wrong, There is only that is for  
ever gone

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a systematic form of bowin down and under,  
and all we know is what we are, without the faith in who we are  
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