

Surrender Control

Comeback Kid

If you could see the audacity up front
You keep on holding over (my) head
So quick to formulate, albeit the rest is futile
Too quick, too much
I'm nearby living a nervous wreck
Shadow dwelling, oh so tempting
Ceiling's almost folding in

Control
Less of that, better me
Let go
I won't let it follow me
Control
Appear with a new disguise
Let go
I can't let it follow me for years to come

I need to be what I'm actually here for
Limitations, self-inflict
Automation on self-control
I'll sink to my lowest form
Too quick, too much
Inedible, mysterious
All telling, oh so empty
World's almost folding in

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Surrender control

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