

## Too Official

Quicksand

Give someone some piece of your mind.  
Shine it, shine what you've been assigned.  
Has your identity sold out?  
Sit in the back and make no sound,

This earth will swallow you down.  
Honest it makes you sick.  
You don't act on what you think's right.  
Honestly want to kick down doors that keep you in.

Let your hair down.  
Sometimes relax your stiff posture.  
Or so they say, all work no play make you dull.  
Chance to change the patterns we're born to.

A fear of appearing too concerned,  
Try to speak, but the words just get stuck.  
Honest it makes you sick.  
You don't act on what you think's right.

Honestly want to kick down doors that keep you in.  
Each time you get to raise your hand for changes You don't know  
your luck,  
So put yourself to use like,

You were taught by, by your heroes.  
You speak your mind, that's something.  
You speak your mind, that's something.  
We don't get it too often.