

Damaged III

Refused

We never speak of what we really are
Project it outwards, our insides filled with scars
We gladly bow to everything we hate
To fit the mold presented as our fate

And my future is my enemy
Become the thing I know is killing me

Go - I'm damaged and I've always known
Go - I'm damaged and I'm not alone
Go - I'm damaged and I've always known
I'm not alone this prison will not be my home

All stoic heroes with medals on our chests
Stiff upper lip but turncoats nonetheless
Every concession leads closer to our death
I taste the toxins, haven't cried them out yet

I have violence coursing through my veins
I have war coursing through my veins
I have abuse coursing through my veins
I have deception coursing through my veins