

Issachar

The Armed

The weight of what's to be done
Making you feel ill
Your plans unfulfilled
Dreams interrupted
This cannot be real

We fortify our cities
Minds bound
Despair is what we cling to now
Fear-filled
Eyes shroud
Consulting our records
No grounds
Hopeful that a precedent is found
Anxious
Angst-less
Cowards

I can't see it but I think it's here
It's here now
I can't feel it but I think it's real
Make it real
It's real now

Are you happy?
Are you fulfilled?
Are you craving a change?
The hours
The days
Making you ill

But you put it off
You keep punching the clock
Leaving it as a thought
Complacent
Complicit
In all that they've done
To keep tearing you down

They keep tearing you down
Tear you down