

# Surrender

Eloy

I surrender to your logical sense  
Where bad and good are black and white  
Where it's easy to point out who is wrong  
Who's to be damned and who is alright  
There will be a nice for me  
Somewhere in your sketch-book world  
It's down to categories  
It's down to the death of fantasy  
I surrender to your will to unite  
'we' is holy and 'I' doesn't count  
Where I follow the winds of my time  
And majorities rule out doubt  
I'll cheer along and stay in line  
Step to step your sketch book world  
It's down to categories  
It's down to the death of fantasy  
One is barely nothing: I surrender  
Only whispers: I surrender  
Can't call out loud: I surrender  
May I just be dust in this world  
This world is still made of me  
May I cry out against the wind  
It will always carry me  
I'll cheer along and stay in line  
Step to step your sketchbook world  
It's down to categories  
It's down to the death of fantasy  
We praise conformity  
Mesmerized by unity