

# The Unchosen One

Dream Evil

This is a story about greed  
Finding a person no one needs  
She's a shell  
You can call her the cousin from Hell  
Started the day our grandma died  
Honoured her standing side by side  
Who could know  
That all of the time she was playing a role of a lady  
in grief  
I always thought she was a saint. Things ain't the same  
in daylight as IN THE NIGHT  
I always thought she was a friend. Things ain't what  
they appear  
At funeral day she brought her clan  
People that didn't care at all  
They were there  
Just to see if there were any threats  
After the ceremony, they left  
Convinced that the things they've done may rest  
They were wrong  
The old woman had something to show them that's shaken  
their souls  
I always thought she was a saint. Things ain't the same  
in daylight as IN THE NIGHT  
I always thought she was a friend. Things ain't what  
they appear  
Where have you got your greed from? Our side of the  
family, no way!  
Surely from someone we all know.  
I think when this case is over, if you win or lose  
doesn't matter  
I hope you'll be conscious of one's guilt  
I always thought she was a saint. Things ain't the same  
in daylight as IN THE NIGHT  
I always thought she was a friend. Things ain't what  
they appear  
I always thought she was a saint. IN THE NIGHT the  
shadows will disappear  
I always thought she was a friend. Things ain't what  
they appear  
Shame on you IN THE NIGHT, bitch!