

Mutilated images
It looks the same, feels the same
Pointing at you again
Can't help myself asking you how?
Where is our path?
It's not a phase
It will come back again
As soon as you forget
What is your excuse?
The mind is a lack of existence

In time we'll heal all open wounds
Still we'll remain the puppeteers
Open up the doors, lock them up behind us
Blended by the winter light as the worlds collide

We'll feed the storm again
Beauty stole my sight
We'll fall into the same
Cycling game again

It's not a phase
Bring this world to an end

As the fractures strife your eye
We enjoy our masquerade
Through the days of convicted grief
The action slowly fades
As the countdown reach the end
And shimmering light starts to burn
We still remain the puppeteers
It's too late to make a turn

we'll feed the storm again
Beauty stole my sight
We'll fall into the same
Cycling game again

It's not a phase
Bring this world to an end