

And Now for the Final Illusion

Alesana

Wake up... Wake up... Wake up...

My eyes open wide as I wake, panting, some say that dreams have deeper meaning.

That they are cries from our subconscious.

I never put much thought into such theories, but I felt strangely compelled to recount this one to my love,

My Annabel, shaking her gently, I wonder why her flesh has the chill of virgin snow.

My thoughts are disrupted as reality hits me like a bolt of lightning and I scream.

We are the crucified, we are the virtuous, we are the damned.

We are the crucified, this is our nightmare, let's pray we never fall asleep.

Imprisoned beneath the world where the soulless dwell.

Lies a place that the damned call home.

A place where the virtuous hide in fear.

A place we see only in our nightmares.

A place where the sun is silent.