Treacherous Domain

Antestor

As I whisper gently into sleeping ears
Strange images appear and fills the horizon
Focus seems to be drawn away from me
Whilst colours fade, time ceases to exist

Dreaming, doors opening
Waking, can this be real
Wake up

Fraud

To see what I have foreseen

Fraud

To be what I have become
A treacherous domain

Sing with me this last song
As I lay myself to rest
Unfulfilled promises of change
This is the end
Sing for me this swan-song
Everlasting hope disappearing

Built upon promises of gold
Makes this deceit tenfold
I have caressed this lie
Forsaken I will die

Sing with me this last song
Before I lay myself to rest
All I've ever been will be gone
Sing for me this manifest

Fraud