

Mhysteric

Ashent

The journey will be long and with no return
Your faith's final moan, the seas will cry and claim its victims
Betrayed your feeling, in this slackness of meaning
I know you have to leave, there's a look in your eyes
The cities lights burn ever bright
And you will learn the practice of pleasure
You love machines that dream of perfection
Shaped as me in my paradise
Don't weep for horror
don't weep for this mhysterical loss
Of human thought
Your future once burned bright for the world to see
The pressure now builds and
breaks the man they thought you would be
Voices they haunt you, as you drift alone on this empty sea
There's no time for remorse, your valor was not in vain
Behold now the lands long fore told
And you will learn the practice of pleasure
You love machines that dream of perfection
Shaped as me in my paradise
Don't weep for horror
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