

Illusionate

Besech

Slowly as they reach my soul
With confounding holograms, why?
Someone pulls the strings for me
I am getting weaker Now they're in control

Illusion made of glass
Inside of a screen
They transformate my soul
Completely black
My skill to love is gone
I can not feel
Hallucination comes
And makes me breathe

Someone paint my dreams in blood
Without no compassion, why?
Things that I could touch and feel
Are now behind the curtain
Exit time, release

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