

# Masquerade

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I can't stand that hypnotizing masquerade that is draining me  
Synchronizing brains and feelings  
Paralyzing fantasy

Where is the sense behind this illusion?  
Slaves to machines can't stop the confusion

My eyes are blent  
They won't repent usurping the dominion of my mind  
Truth mixed with lies, fools' paradise  
Drifting through their maze of hollow worlds

This is the final tragedy  
The revelation in front of me  
Now I can see the link to where worlds are born  
There is no truth after all  
It is on you...  
Master or slave...

Masquerade is no disguise  
There are no gods in empty skies  
Man creates what man's world is  
No one is there for my release