

The Unchosen One

Dream Evil

This is a story about greed
Finding a person no one needs
She's a shell
You can call her the cousin from Hell
Started the day our grandma died
Honoured her standing side by side
Who could know
That all of the time she was playing a role of a lady
in grief
I always thought she was a saint. Things ain't the same
in daylight as IN THE NIGHT
I always thought she was a friend. Things ain't what
they appear
At funeral day she brought her clan
People that didn't care at all
They were there
Just to see if there were any threats
After the ceremony, they left
Convinced that the things they've done may rest
They were wrong
The old woman had something to show them that's shaken
their souls
I always thought she was a saint. Things ain't the same
in daylight as IN THE NIGHT
I always thought she was a friend. Things ain't what
they appear
Where have you got your greed from? Our side of the
family, no way!
Surely from someone we all know.
I think when this case is over, if you win or lose
doesn't matter
I hope you'll be conscious of one's guilt
I always thought she was a saint. Things ain't the same
in daylight as IN THE NIGHT
I always thought she was a friend. Things ain't what
they appear
I always thought she was a saint. IN THE NIGHT the
shadows will disappear
I always thought she was a friend. Things ain't what
they appear
Shame on you IN THE NIGHT, bitch!