

The Chosen One

Dreamshade

And my mind now creates a new sensation
I'm trying to breath but I'm under suffocation
I left my world, I'm pulled in this inferno
These flames, this hate that makes me eternal.

And all I've ever tried to find, and all I've lived, all useles
s
My exertion, my pains, all useless.

Have I an aim in my life too? "Find the roots of your source, o
f your race!"
Parallel connections give me the memory of a vision divine.

And also if I'll die, the only thing I'll know is that I tried.

Dead but satisfied.

I hear those whispering voices, coming from within.
This sensation, this madness, I am the chosen one!

This amnesia takes me to the daily nature of a time of freedom.

My strength is waning, these aura of war.

And also if I'll die, the only thing that I'll know
Is that I tried.
A bidimensional world, and I'm in between..
Simultaneously confused, and I can't understand
'Cause I'm dead but alive.

Celestial bodies show me the gods of the past (the gods of the
past)
that opened the bowels of the Earth to disown them.
So why am I the victim?