

# Numbered By The Beast

## Fear My Thoughts

Waiting in a line of men just to be numbered by the beast  
Pale and empty faces a uniform look as far as I see

Receiving blind control over all of our thoughts as they become  
real

Routinated as we're told we follow their orders in serenity  
Fearing all those memories that once seemed to be far away  
Cowardly I look back lifeless eyes is all I see

Hunting me down as told by the lord  
Stare at the sun shining like gold but my lost life will cure t  
he pain  
Still they need more power to gain  
Killing my life for their clichés  
Shut down the lights nothing to show me  
The way back in time  
Where we could turn the wheel once again

Powerless  
The coward's voice inside my head  
Godblessed  
This world and I have to confess  
Creeping  
The moves so indulgent I just want to rest  
I'm hopeless don't know what's to last

I saw my life drown in the sea  
But for a short moment I was free

Killing my life for their clichés  
Shut down the lights nothing to show me  
The way back in time  
Where we could turn the wheel once again

I'm here facing the sounds  
But still they are chasing me down