

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