

Synthetic Paradise

Fear Of Domination

I'm speaking with my silent friends
they are only shadows of which they once were
looking answers for my life
is this end of my might?

Tell me darling, are you truly happy now?
You made machine from our love?

'cause I, I'm only your doll!
and I, I'm only your stripper
play with me and throw away
and pick up next in line

Again I'm talking with my silent friends
they stay quiet as always before
I'm talking but hearing nothing
my own dialogue with broken mirror

How could our synthetic paradise be like this?
How could we end like this?
How could we play our cards like this?
How could I fall to hell like this?