

Mutilated images  
It looks the same, feels the same  
Pointing at you again  
Can't help myself asking you how?  
Where is our path?  
It's not a phase  
It will come back again  
As soon as you forget  
What is your excuse?  
The mind is a lack of existence

In time we'll heal all open wounds  
Still we'll remain the puppeteers  
Open up the doors, lock them up behind us  
Blended by the winter light as the worlds collide

We'll feed the storm again  
Beauty stole my sight  
We'll fall into the same  
Cycling game again

It's not a phase  
Bring this world to an end

As the fractures strife your eye  
We enjoy our masquerade  
Through the days of convicted grief  
The action slowly fades  
As the countdown reach the end  
And shimmering light starts to burn  
We still remain the puppeteers  
It's too late to make a turn

we'll feed the storm again  
Beauty stole my sight  
We'll fall into the same  
Cycling game again

It's not a phase  
Bring this world to an end