

A mass illusion
Blind men in a line
They smother their fires with gasoline

A strangers contribution
Everybody's on the run
No clue where they are heading

A spineless attempt
Have we lost it completely?
It always ends up in a mess

A liar's ambition, praised like a king
Every day in every way we are getting weaker
You won't go far with the life that you're living
Every day in every way we are getting weaker

Slow and calculated
Afraid of the sleeping well
Never ever reach the goal

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