

The Shrouded Divine

In Mourning

In the crowd the insane rules
A creation of a falling kind
Preaching lies in suits of truth
But their pride remains unstained
In convoys crawling with cemetery smiles
The creatures in this freakshow are standing in line

No one have to be scared, when no one have to know
Put on your bulletproof mask and step into the light

Nothing can harm you
Nothing ever happens here
Inside this barricade the truth
Is not what it seems to be
In this corrupted pyramid
All for the one, the one for no one
The missing pieces in these fractured lives
Black and white pictures of colorfull cries
Running from the real thing
This is the easy path, the way for the weak

I have been painting pain in your tearstained eyes
You are the weakness defined, I, the truth behind
Setting the controls for your obscenity
You are the weakness defined

When awake, when asleep you see only me
The shrouded divine
When awake, when asleep you see only me
The shrouded divine

I am the marionettemaster
Creator of your conscience
Do not grasp on to the phantom of delight
Drink my wine, I will make you believe
I will give a thread to lead you through

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