

A New Order

Maroon

Forced into my own observations
Alone, bruised, with thoughts of revelation
Four walls becoming my new hemisphere
Encircled, caught, by visions yet unclear

No one will ever see
What I see
No one will ever reach
What I reach

Golden stars magnetized by contemplation
Refined, stable, in the age of my evasion
Follow me for I am driven by powers surreal
My sins are long forgiven

No one will ever see
What I see
No one will ever reach
What I reach

They've hunted me for fear of verity
Psychopath is how they call me

No one will ever see
What I see
No one will ever reach
What I reach
No one will ever know
What I know
No one will ever feel
What I feel

A NEW ORDER! (4x)