

Nomads Of The Dawn

Morgion

Confiscating memories I grasp
Beyond the frozen years of denial
Seeing through the foretelling eye
To sanctify what is not real
Blinded by false illusions
Subjects my self to fear
Enduring the painful thoughts
Lasting throughout the years

Immolates-of a dying mind
Lobotomized-throughout time

Scorned and outcast by
A false society with no compassion
Unable to see the truth
Deceit malicious persecution
No willingness to think around
Barriers of thought preservation
Twisted and bent to satisfy
A no-winning situation

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Through the cold and the lies
Lost in my darkened paradise