

Waking Up The Damned

MyGrain

Wake up, hear occult whispers, revolving signs
Your prayers imbibe the tears from my eyes

Ghost of wilting dreams
A slave to your prophecies
Chained upon the guzzling grace
Crumbling mirror, the puzzled self

I, grown on soil... rest in turmoil

Dancers to discordant realm
The blind mass masquerade
Cancers swarm as danger leaks
Strain of cosmic intelligence

Wake up, alarm is on, trembling in smothered sigh
Dreams summoned by your fears, spellbound

Hell released to die for
The fools of ignorance
Waking up the damned, delusionists in trance
Of summoned demons in my head
The system, collective dysfunction

Crawl in disguise, hide within words
Mind-jacked desires, these myriads lies
Thirst illuminates, this vacuous world
Nothing satisfies, nothing revives
Futile prayers, volition eradicated
Whispering stringent tone, sickness radiated
Hollow faces, repressed to retaliate
Mesmerized, hypnotized by the serpent in ourselves

Blindfolded mind will follow
Spreading reverberation of greed
Blood-painted world that controls
Freak on a leash with fed beliefs

Possessed by the demons self created
Playground we used to know was faded

I, grown on soil... rest in turmoil
In the snake's coil... rotting turmoil
Engendered in its wake