

# 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