

Wrapped In Deceitful Dreams

Nightrage

Show them how it's meant to be a machine
When you wake up you'll be a slave for all to see
When you dream
You'll dream in sequence
Tools for the fools who keep this unrealistic

Lead us all to the war
(the war of all lost souls)
With our sons and daughters
(may they rest in peace)
Bleed them out, left and right
I can't oblige this way of life
That's what it's like to be wrapped in deceitful dreams

A maze of dead promises
Every day is a new fight
Nursed sentiments and revenge on my mind
Seas of eternal silence with your empty memory

Tactless remarks aggravate my soul
Enter the sorrow
The impending menace of our crisis