

# The Color Theft

Oh, Sleeper

I walk alone, head down, in a pale grey scene. Every step leads to atrophy.

This body made for conquest, instead a pawn on a stage so worthless.

I saw the future as endless reaches. The skyline's promise, has left me faced with.

Who's dreams are you killing? And who's pockets are you filling ?

Are you where you said you would be in the end?

I walk alone through the crowds of past failed kings.

Auditions were called for the hope-thirsting sheep.

What keeps this family of fighters from facing the war that they were bred for?

Who's dreams are you killing? And who's pockets are you filling ?

Are you where you said, you would be in the end?...

I once saw my deeds grow to greatness, and now I'm lost in the folds and worthless.

Following the footsteps of heroes, never led to the safe and grey roads.