

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.