

# Smoke and Mirrors

## Symphony X

It's all perpetual dreams, this hidden life ain't what it seems  
Walking dead we are  
Victims of misfortune and lies, and tortured bringers of demise  
Circling above like vultures  
They reap the harvest that we sow and take, like trusting fools  
Promising charade  
All days now disappear from weeks to months, from months to years  
Forever bound, shackled to the wall

The night falls,  
I've seen 1000 moons rising in the sky  
The night calls,  
I feel the midnight as it slowly cloaks my eyes  
Touched by the kiss of the sunrise

Live with shadows and fears  
Behind smoke and mirrors  
Try to turn back the years  
Living inside smoke and mirrors

Sacred and serpentine, a hypnotizing twisted theme  
Weaves our souls to roar  
Like candles in the wind, our echoed cries above the din  
Fade into this faceless sculpture  
In the wheel of chance and fate, spinning as we watch and wait  
A mystery to us all  
On the edge of sanity, we tread the seas of destiny  
Forever bound, silent voices call

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Ohh... the night calls