

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 sew 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