

Illusions

This Romantic Tragedy

Let us fuel the fire in a world blind from fear.
A movement, an illusion that the end is near.
There is an illusion of your fucking choice.
Let them hear your voice, raise your hands, fight back.
You witness everything before your eyes.
As they break it, we'll build it back up.
Seeing it through your own eyes.
As they break it we'll build it back up.

Even though we witness everything,
They don't want you to know the truth.
Never giving up on anything,
They don't want you to know the truth.

This army starts with you.
Don't stand around, make moves.
Your soul's misled from the beginning,
But you'll find the meaning of within it is being.
So silence your misled mouth and fuck your legion of the elite.
You've been programmed. Who do you think you are?
You've worn a mask from the start.
Let's build it back up.

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