

Disillusion

Vesania

Oh the silence, the awakening in the middle of a scornful sky
Examination of conscience
A true believer crescendo of clarity and soul misery
Disintegrating common sense, the human hybris reckoning

For yours is the kingdom and the power and the glory of the possession
The conquering, the knowing, the fire in the heart
And vows to yourself to the world to the lovers to the enemies to deceivers and friends
Oh how far can you go in trusting to be your own god?..

How good does that sound?
How sweet is it to your ears?

They understand, they seize
They teach you to withstand the defeat, the confusion
The will to survive with nothing in the end
To maintain a delusion state of mind of control and of the power
Blissful sedative
You're free to believe what you're made of makes some sense

Somewhat powerless, roughly hedonist
You follow the pattern
Libertine free of morals
Stronger than all you're in control

Damn you oh what a tragedy
The striking iron
Relentless soul in a cage of mortal ghoul..

Let others see what you don't see
There is no light in the tunnel..
There is no light whatsoever..

There is one thing about the mankind
A bitter lesson to learn, a reason to live
The man is just what others comprehend
They have their ways to see

So if you seem to have faith in yourself
And you're strong enough to reconcile
Acknowledge the fact, that every other conviction you may have
Is one miserable pile of secrets..

And no one will ever know
How deep is your sorrow, how joyful is your happiness
May then your fear of tomorrow reassure you of your forthcoming..

You'll be dying alone..
Tištěno z www.txp.cz