

Anathema, Pulled Under

just freedom is only a hallucination
that waits at the edge of the distant horizon
and we are all strangers in global illusion
wanting and needing impossible heaven

chasing the dream as they swim out to sea
the mirage ahead says that they can be free
become lost in delusion drowning their reason
swept on by the current of selfish ambition

frightened ashamed and afraid of the blame
the questions are screaming the answers are hiding
the sickness is growing distracted condition
you can feel the disgust and smell the confusion

lying insane getting soaked in the rain
draining the sky of the guilt and the shame
the nightmare is coming the clouds are descending
pulled under two thousand metres a second

clawing at walls that just slip through my fingers
darkness consuming collapsing and breaking
distilled paranoia seeped into the walls
and filled in the cracks with the whispering calls

shadows are forming take heed of the warnings
creeping around at four in the morning
lie to myself start a brand new beginning
but i'm losing myself in this fear of living

freedom is only a hallucination
that waits at the edge of the places you go when you dream
deep in the reason betrayal of feeling
the mistakes I made tore my conscience apart as it seems

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