

# Avenged Sevenfold, The Art Of Subconscious Illu

A living nightmare, asleep but still aware.  
The endless torture.  
The painless pleasure.  
I grasp myself.  
Trying to regain control.  
I experience and learn.  
In another faction of my mind.  
So confused.  
But everything makes perfect sense.  
Can't feel the pain.  
Emotional pain's so much deadlier.  
Lost, you've just been raped.  
Pain. Your friends can't help you.  
Why won't they help you? Another reality.  
This can't be happening.  
Why is this happening?  
Who the fuck are you?  
Who the fuck. Are you?  
Trying hard to figure out what's done.  
I scramble but now I run.  
The images in my head.  
All the problems that I've been fed.  
All the problems that I've been fed.  
Punching slowly my mind can't change the speed.  
As my victims bleed.  
No matter what I do or how hard I try.  
I can't use my abilities.  
Use my abilities.  
Art of Illusion.  
My razor sharp knife's edge, pierces my victim's body.  
But I can not take their soul.  
Punching through jello, stabbing not killing.  
Disappointment. Discomfort.  
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