

Callenish Circle, Forsaken

Prisoner of my own thoughts
Of what I think to see
Stinging eyes but I
don't know
where
Desperation is complete
Invisible voices whispering feeding
the
chameleon
in me
Colliding, forsaking myself wandering
Between these identities

Days and
nights passing painfully slow
Insomnia reality
This ceaseless crying of
the hunted

It is now fucking chilling me
Desolation taking it's toll
Constantly
looking left,
right and behind
Spinning round and round and round
My mind is fully
redefined

Invisible voices whispering feeding
The chameleon in me
Colliding,
forsaking myself
wandering
Between these identities
I'm captured in a dismal world with
my own lies

Without an end to reach
Crawling for shelter intoxicated
Nothing I can
trust
And
nothing is what it seems to be
I'm captured in a dismal world
Within my
own fucking
lies
I'm captured in a dismal world within my own lies
And without an
end to reach

Crawling for shelter intoxicated
Nothing I can trust
And nothing is what
it seems to
be
Prisoner of my own thoughts
Of what I think to see
Stinging eyes
but don't know
where
Desperation is complete
Invisible voices whispering feeding
The

chameleon in
me
Colliding, forsaking myself wandering
Between these identities
Days
and nights
passing painfully slow
Insomnia reality
This ceaseless crying of the
hunted
It is
now fucking chilling me
Desolation taking it's toll
Constantly looking
left, right
and behind
Spinning round and round and round
My mind if fully redefined