

# 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