

# Diary Of Dreams, Day-X-Relic

Sacred therapy  
Secrecy on hand  
Divine Luxury  
A liberty demand

A means to an end  
You do not understand  
Does it matter much?  
A hand for a hand

Sick of you  
Sick of thee  
No excuses left for me

Step forward my friend  
My enemy  
Was really all this for nothing?  
I can still feel her shine

Depending on others  
We choose who you are  
5 faces for one  
Who have I become?

Traitors. Liars. Thieves