

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