

Eloy, Racing Shadows

There's nowhere left to hide
from the fatman and all his lies
a TV puppet-politician
He thinks his words so fine
great, important, and divine
a 20th century magician
in reality he's nothing but a shark
He appears to be a shadow in the dark
He's making rules and laws
to satisfy his greed paws
He's got this art down to perfection
Ideals improvised
what's good for him is legalised
for he's the leader of the nation
but a dog that bites
will seldom ever bark
all his slogans fade to nothingness
for he is but a shadow in the darkness
every step they take
every move they make
everything is fake
just an illusion
madmen rise and fall
many heads may roll
but they don't care at all
and sow confusion
Their perverted schemes
are reaching their peak
insanity reigns
Simple parasites
they feed off the weak
possessing their brains
undercover of the titles they hold
that makes them so bold
another blindman trips and falls
and deaf men cannot hear at all
they smile towards
their self destruction
yes-men nod and bow their heads
could own their own minds but instead
they're just like puppets of corruption
and they play their game while corpses
pave their way
and they'll force a smile
until the day the racing shadows
finally fade away
there's a fire burning in our hearts
it throws a light upon their dubious talk
let the fire burn
to disclise all their lies
let them play their games
but be true to yourself
and the flames will rage
until the day
the racing shadows finally fade away