

# Grand Alchemist, Under My Shallow Skin

Times are changing, confusion to define  
Haunting scars and tokens through my line  
We did never actually meet  
and now it's too late  
I am cold and can no longer entertain  
those who don't care

Dreams to conserve the virtual reality  
I reach for the level above the (puny) naivety  
I saw them like a bunch of slaves  
In the depth they are all fakes

In chains my body is bound  
I am and you can't change the fact that,  
She I love is not she I care for...

I am waiting and waiting and dreaming  
But I can't imagine what the dwell is for  
Consecrate to the outstanding misery  
I fuck the black flaunting leather whore

The touch of this knife makes me wonder....  
The say life is so cruel  
I guess they're just afraid  
to open their minds  
and see what's inside?