

Hypocrisy, Paled Empty Sphere

I can feel the sorrow build inside my mind.
The purpose exists at the price I had to pay.
Freedom!
Freedom!

Is this the life I had to live?
I pretend there's nothing to complain about.
Am I lost in the circle that can't be broken?
Or is this just a pale empty dream?
The vault is closing in and I can't breathe.
It feels like I'm under water, and I can't swim.

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