

Nightrage, Encircle

Let me go, Let me break this wall,
Let me build me up again,
My inner generation strikes me
With mechanical signals.

Broken sound encircle
This inhuman behavior.
An imaginary world you say?
Still my fate is lead by this deviate game.

Circulating the scene
For the very last time,
Finding nothing.
Am I forever?
Creating my ways.

You are creating my ways.
Gathering the lies
And applying the form.
I let it dwell, this is the past,
And now let me lead the future.