

Puissance, Conspiracy

Hiding in the shades of grey,
sheltered by the white noise I see you.
Finding just a single strand,
reel you in and make you see the truth.

Blending in so perfectly,
underneath the layers of disbelief.
Sharpening the claws again,
Cutting out the patterns on demand.

Im gathering momentum...

Stalking in the shadowlands,
always looking out for number one.
Deep inside the neverland,
factories are cooking lies for you.