

Scariot, Redesign Fear

Look behind, above your shoulder
Feel the fear (breathe) behind your back
It's in the eye of the beholder
All the colors fade to black

Make your amendment clear
Reclaim the strength you once possessed
A quest to redesign fear
Balance the fragile parts to start fresh

A grand design or an illusion?

Are we products of deception?
The owner of I might not be me
Truth might be a false conception
Are we awake and able to see?

Gather the senses in a travesty
Align what's left of it all
We all protect this tragedy
The nothing is in control

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A grand design or an illusion?

We lay to waste our memories
Oblivious to it all
Align the ways and watch how it ends
Unable to recall

We looked behind, above our shoulders
We felt the fear down our spines
Fearless emotions redefined
Confronting us all that time

Deceptive colors, twisted stain
Killing the emotions again
Inverted outro, flashback restrain
Emotionless but still filled with pain