

# Sceptic, Only Lies

Concerning the senses as major fault  
Of existing in almost unreal world  
Cannot find your place in a queue  
Never know what's false or what is true  
Queue created by your own catastrophic ideas  
That tell you - There are only lies

(chorus)

Nothing's as it may seem  
In reality filled with deja vu

(chorus 2)

Searching for the meaning of truth  
Makes you unable to do anything more  
Than speculating what's real and what is not  
What does your common sense suggest you  
If there's something optimistic in your pessimistic eyes

(Solo: Jacek)

(Solo: Czesiek)

Trying to find the realm you cannot see  
Thoughts that are not what they should be  
Fighting with fear that drills your mind  
Creating disease - cure can't be find  
Forlorn form of sub consciousness itself  
Reminds you - There is no truth

(repeat chorus)

There are only lies!