

Amatris, Lies

I hear many tortured souls cry
I see the honesty die
I feel oppression
In the bog of lie

Gloomy thoughts and delusion
Sinister words and distress
The curse of damnation
I fall into emptiness

I look into lifeless eyes
In the faces of lies
The sign of betrayal is on their forehead
I loose the trust and the shelter is dead
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I loose the trust and the shelter is dead

The battlefield of intrigue
I drown in the lake of deceit
But still sincerity
Is all that I seek

Crushed dreams, no respect
The ties of disgrace
Cold embraces, whispering voices
The slave of resentment

Ruthless decadence is the reason for my descent
Into their trap I fall by what they pretend