

Beseech, Illusionate

Slowly as they reach my soul
With confinding holograms, why?
Someone pull the strings for me
I am getting weaker Now theyre in control
Illusion made of glass
Inside a screen
They transformate my soul
Completely black
My skill to love is gone
I can not feel
Hallucination comes
And makes me breathe
Someone paint my dreams in blood
Without no caompassion, why?
Things that I could touch and feel
Are now behand the curtain
Exit time, release
Illusion made of glass
Inside a screen
They transformate my soul
Completely black
My skill to love is gone
I can not feel
Hallucination comes
And makes me breathe