

# Cannae, Synapse

Tomorrow is here  
Damned by the speed of time  
Imagine when becomes where did it go  
Mindless people, they shake hands and smile  
I should introduce myself with a slap  
A nation of a million fools,  
Programmed by the media's mainline  
Logic and reason - How does it escape your thoughts?  
Half the truth enveloped in lies  
Face life with a vengeance  
Shattered by an instant death  
A bloody end to a hopeless life  
And then a chilling thought to the point of madness  
Left in a grip of terror  
Left to try  
Recapture myself with a gun to my head  
In a grip of paranoia  
With a gun to my head  
My spirit stands alone in a room  
A bloody end to a hopeless life