

Confessor, Uncontrolled

born to live
in your state of confusion
life's only illusion
visionary dreams of logic
penetrates the unconscioness
unproductivness, worthlessness

encumbered by your massive guilt
trapped inside the cell you've built
trails of torment inscribe your soul
darkness calls upon the weary soul

visionary dreams of logic
penetrates the unconscioness
uncontrolled contemplation
too senseless to see the logic
uncontrolled, uncontrolled
uncontrolled

I've found a life thats real
a hole in my heart to fill
freed from all useless dreams
a doctrine with no beliefs