

Diary Of Dreams, Leb-Los

Servants

Leb-los

The dynasty of our disease
Kingdom come, has reached me
The liberty ?
Can't find enough
Life on Earth

Leb-los
Servants

So sick of love
So full of hate
The kind of fear
And feel you hate

Leb-los
Run, run

You love your lies and the sweetest disguise
But you hate your feel when you're locked up in here
Say it

I love my lies
Run, run
I love my lies
Run, run