

Evemaster, Plea

Why should I feel ashamed for the things I've done in the past?
Cry out your bitter tears you have hold inside too long
Lies, those white lies saved my back until I did wrong
Right, can you point out the right from wrong? Not me, I can't

How you gonna plea to your gods when time leaves you alone?
How you gonna plea to your gods when your life comes to an end?

Why should I feel ashamed for the things I've done in the past
You want to forget your whole life that you despise
What, you abstain to end your life?
Should I kill you before the life does it itself?

Your self-consciousness, can't accept your life
Your self-defense tries to hold you back, I laugh at you and your sad life

Born from the deaths of true beliefs, flatted emotions that's what everyone sees
What seem to be? The death of vanity...

The mask that covers up your self-esteem
Is the one created by your sanity
Lack of pure hatred emphasizes the size of what's on the outside
Weakened mind, weakened people can't resist, they cannot fight!

Teaching their rules, their thoughts about mankind
They will see through our dreams and sell them back to us
The mask that covers up your self-esteem
Is the one created by your sanity

How you gonna plea, to your gods, when your life, comes to an end?