

Full Strike, Created Fantasy

Lost in confusion we stand on the edge,
visions and pictures created for you to believe.
It all looks the same like loops in unreal, illusions they are to gain.

We're facing the abyss of hearts, lonely dreams.
We're chasing our shadows and make it for real.

This will be the final truth, and we will face reality.
This will be the last control in this created fantasy.

Lost in confusion we stand on the edge, falling from bridges or winning it all makes the same.
Chasing our souls from heaven to hell, our imagination will never die.

You think you are for real, you're just a pix in a frame.
The system is your life and the system owns your soul.