

Machine Men, Apathy

Trapped inside his mind
Dying spirit cries shackled inside the dead man
The fallen angels try to fly - looking for
Brothers and sisters from their sanctuaries

Sinister regret, thoughts about the end of the world
Will never leave his head. The messenger is lost, too much pain it costs
If he loses control on the edge of this earth

And one of the freaks of society, pretending sane deep in the apathy
Pilgrim's heart is cold, funeral of his soul celebrated a long time ago

Cyclone in his mind, he is already blind
To see the truth and future under the shell of the man,
Rage is rising and no one knows
But the eyes can only tell what is going on

And one of the freaks of society, pretending sane deep in the apathy
Pilgrim's heart is cold, funeral of his soul celebrated a long time ago

On the way to the tomb, drowning his sorrow with his demons
Who are mocking and spitting his eye but one thing we know for sure
God had his day off when this man was lost into the world

And one of the freaks of society
Pretending sane deep in the apathy
Pilgrim's heart is cold
funeral of his soul celebrated a long time ago