

# Obliveon, Factory of Delusions

Hear the sad doctrine of lost ones again  
Ride on the furrow of despair  
Obey the factory until you meet the end  
To runaway you should not dare

Supremacy is the factory  
Bow and obey to the factory

A psychodisleptical place  
Where i have to dwell  
Secluded here with the insane  
Sharing their hell

Supremacy they keep telling me  
But i don't believe in the factory

The fragrance of blinded consciences  
lunacy stinks  
A machine until obsolescence  
No need to think  
But secretly i do

Feeling the conspiracy  
The moving spirit in the plot  
The want me to be conditioned to lunacy

They keep me from reality  
Somehow i have to stop the rot  
Their master program hasn't worked for me

Factory of delusions  
Producing only scars from broken dreams  
Factory of delusions  
My anger is now bursting at the seams

Now i'm the factory  
I see just what i want to see  
I'm the factory  
I won't be long before i am free