

Project Pitchfork, Your Tempting Fantasy

You knee in front of thee
You little wannabe
This is a last test
You thought you were the best
It looks into your eyes
Which used to hide your lies
They are so blue cold and empty
Then it touches your hair
And with a calm voice it will ask
Your final question

Do you feel
Do you think
Do you see
Do you hear
Do you know - love?
Was the beginning destination
And the reason for an end

You try to stay calm
The fear inside grows stronger
A hand on your cheek caresses your lips -
Which never kissed - but used to lie
They'll hide or change the truth no longer
No longer, no longer
As a hand slips now between your teeth -
Which just are white -
And used to bite the ones who gave you love
It forces and pushes your tongue
Slowly down your throat
You'll feel as if you inhale all your hate at once
It feels like a painful urge
When it grabs your lungs and slowly pulls them out
The same way you used to lie about -
Your feelings which you killed inside
So you got used to hate outside
You thought like this you rule the land
But look what I hold in my hand