

# 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