

Puissance, Dreams Of Desolation

Who spawns the dreams of desolation?

We do...

Who writes the epitaph of light?

We do...

Who lies and preaches condemnation?

We do...

Who clips the wings of angels bright?

We do...

We are all the only one

We are all the weak and tepid

We all strive to rule our own world

We all tie ourselves down

We all rot in the perfect harmony

We all love to pity yet do nothing

We all care enough to ignore

We are all people

We are all just a disease

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We are the victims in conspiracy of nothing

We are all liars in the end

We all hold our own ideas as truths

We all fool ourselves to believe that we really exist

We all cheat and lie to keep our noses above the water

We all cry at the end of the day

We all smear our own guilt onto others

We all just pawns in a game played by pawns

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