

# Wall Of Sleep, The Very Same

We're forced to be the riders of stained glass skies  
Anyhow, anyway  
We're forced to be the bridlers of flight of minds  
Every time, every way  
We're forced to be bolts in a mechanism to run its own way  
Cogwheel brains, petrified phrases  
Functional powerslaves  
Different times, different ways  
Flaws are the very same  
We are breathing warheads of mind terror tactics  
Anyhow, anyway  
Deep space metamorphs drive us frantic  
Hyperlies come into play  
We're forced to be bolts in a mechanism to run its own way  
Cogwheel brains petrified phrases  
Functional powerslaves  
Different times, different ways  
Flaws are the very same