

# Synapse

## Cannae

Tomorrow is here  
Damned by the speed of time  
Imagine when becomes where did it go  
Mindless people  
They shake hands and smile  
I should introduce myself with a slap A nation of a million fools  
Programmed by the media's mainline Logic and reason  
How does it escape your thoughts?  
Half the truth enveloped in lies  
Face life with a vengeance  
Shattered by an instant death  
A bloody end to a hopeless life A nation of a million fools  
Programmed by the media's mainline And then a chilling thought  
The point of madness  
Left in a grip of terror  
Left to try recapture myself  
With a gun to my head In a grip of paranoia  
With a gun to my head  
My spirit stands alone in a room  
A bloody end to a hopeless life And then a chilling thought  
The point of madness  
Left in a grip of terror  
Left to try recapture myself  
With a gun to my head

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