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 slapA nation of a million fools
Programmed by the media's mainlineLogic 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 lifeA nation of a million fools
Programmed by the media's mainlineAnd then a chilling thought
The point of madness
Left in a grip of terror
Left to try recapture myself
With a gun to my headIn a grip of paranoia
With a gun to my head
My spirit stands alone in a room
A bloody end to a hopeless lifeAnd 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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