

# Pulled Under at 2000 Metres a Second

## Anathema

Freedom is only a hallucination  
That waits at the edge of the distant horizon  
And we are all strangers in global illusion  
Wanting and needing impossible heaven Chasing the dream, as they swim out to sea  
The mirage ahead says that they can be free  
Become lost in delusion drowning their reason  
Swept on by the current of selfish ambition Frightened ashamed and afraid of the blame  
The questions are screaming, the answers are hiding  
The sickness is growing, distracted condition  
You can feel the disgust, and smell the confusion Lying, insane, getting soaked in the rain  
Draining the sky of the guilt and the shame  
The nightmare is coming the clouds are descending Pulled under at two thousand metres a second Clawing at  
walls that just slip through my fingers  
Darkness consuming, collapsing, and breaking  
Distilled paranoia seeped into the walls  
And filled in the cracks with the whispering calls Shadows are forming take heed of the warnings  
Creeping around at four in the morning  
Lie to myself start a brand new beginning  
But I'm losing my time in this fear of living  
{of living, of living} Freedom is only a hallucination  
That waits at the edge of the places you go when you dream  
Deep in the reason betrayal of feeling  
The mistakes that I made tore my conscience apart at the seems Freedom is only a hallucination  
That waits at the edge of the places you go when you dream.. Freedom is only a hallucination  
That waits at the edge of the places you go when you dream  
Deep in the reason betrayal of feeling  
The mistakes that I made tore my conscience apart at the seems Freedom is only a hallucination  
That waits at the edge of the places you go when you dream..

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