Projector

Cannae

We have gambled with the cards
The cards that have been dealt to us
But who knows how long the chips will last
When I look back to see through
Can see right to the inside
What an ugly picture it is
The flames of remorse still blacken families
It's been told in so many talesMy smiles and my sorrows
Have gotten me this far
But not without the wounds
My smiles and my sorrows
Have gotten me this far
But not without the wounds that have scarred
Starting to think that I have lost
What is real
What is real in this worldCan you decipher this madness it's the lottery
Play the lottery of lifeMy smiles and my sorrows
Have gotten me this far
But not without the wounds
My smiles and my sorrows
Have gotten me this far
But not without the wounds that have scarred
Starting to think that I have lost
What is real
What is real in this worldThe prophecy of superstitions
Ridden with the plague of the soul
The prophecy of superstitions
Ridden with the plague of the mind and the soulMurder of an ordinary story
Children fighting eye for eye
It's our anger that keeps us alive
The hate makes us survive

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