

The Art Of Subconscious Illusion

Avenged Sevenfold

A living nightmare, asleep but still aware
The endless torture, the painless pleasure
I grasp myself, trying to regain control
I experience and learn in another faction of my mind
So confused but everything makes perfect sense
Can't feel the pain, emotional pain's so much deadlier
Lost, you've just been raped
Pain, your friends can't help you
Why won't they help you
Another reality
This can't be happening
Why is this happening?
Who the fuck are you?
Who the fuck are you?
Trying hard to figure out what's done
I [Incomprehensible] but now I run
The images in my head
All the problems that I've been fed
All the problems that I've been fed
[Incomprehensible] in my head
Punching slowly my mind can't change the speed
As my victims bleed
No matter what I do or how hard I try
I can't use my abilities, use my abilities
Art of illusion
My razor sharp knife's edge
Pierces my victim's body
But I can't take their soul
Punching through jello
Stabbing, not killing
Disappointment, discomfort
My razor sharp knife's edge
Pierces my victim's body
But I can't take their soul
Punching through jello
Stabbing not killing
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