

# Hands of Reason

## Paradise Lost

I speak of people whose game is disguise  
The myth of flavour appears with no sign  
'Cause I see it coming just like a long lost friend  
A temple of rubble, the low and blind betray  
Inane the pleasures that leave a sorry state  
You're told of treasures, indulgence cannot wait  
But wait for tomorrow and steal some sanity  
Insane thoughts are borrowed, unable to repay them back  
As I now fall, fall into deprivation  
Fall, fallen, there's still tomorrow  
Love hides the things you'll never know  
You'll never know, you'll never know  
A lack of reason that makes a mortal man  
Untold the treason, the past when it began  
'Cause I see the horror, horror to think about  
Insane thoughts are borrowed, unable to repay them back

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