The Lines In My Hand

Opeth

We are dying in the wake of gods and decrees remain arcane
And everything around us is a consequence of pain
The writings on the wall depict a truth that no one sees
A government of puppets blinded by another creed
Burning voice of insanity
Nothing is the same

Barren lands for the idle man
Find all the lines in your hand
Blinding storms are surrounding us
Take control
In our caps, poisoned wine
Find all the lines in your hands

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