

The Illusionist

Across the Sun

The gloves have been removed
 Lets see it to the end
 May the better man prevail
 With hopes that we can bring
 Some closure to this nightmare
Never speak of this againThey say kill your idols
 Yet idols are the source of inspiration
 With one exception
 When the chosen prove to be
Everything but what they areSlipping through the cracks
 Creating peace of mind
 Quaintly slithers down your back
 Undetected, creeps behind
 Siphoning the very structure
Built upon false pretensesCrumbled reality
 Welcomes livity
 It's becoming real
 Let's put a stop to this
 The past reveals
What you have becomeA boundless black oasis
 Consuming swelling scorn
 A helpless apparition
 Refusing to make right
What's been destroyed by your handWhen all has been forsaken
 I will be the one
 To hold you to this promise
This war has come to youThere will no longer be carnage
 In the house of brothers
 This game of smoke and mirrors
 Has been revoked

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