

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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