

# Hands Of Reason

## Paradise Lost

I speak of people whose game is disguise  
The myth of flavor appears with no sign 'Cause I see it coming, 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 A lack of reason that makes a mortal man  
Untold the treason, the past where it began

Songwriters

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