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 waitbut 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 knowA lack of reason that makes a mortal man
Untold the treason, the past where it began

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