Alienation

MyGrain

Define my conscience what is real
Characterize the ways world disappears
I try but I can't decide from reality and fantasy
Glittering darkness room by room
Nothing satisfies as I enter bloom
Fear my world so puzzled and mystified
Stage of pleasure and pain is what I hide behind my eyes

My inability to feel real - Hyperreality feeds me
Falling into my secret window - As I walk the Earth unhallowed

Anything, everything
Tricking, Conscience what I've seen
Detached from engagement of emotions
Meaningless identical devotions
Rapidly taking any given shape
Filtered experience - Depicted in hate

Your Demons - My Angels
Capsized parallel dream world
Parting ways to breathe, to be alive
Crusade of perfect stranger
Disconnect the splendor
Alienations steers 'til the end
(Your Demons - My Angels
Crusade of Perfect Stranger)

Split apart from a faculty of mind
Non-existent world in a glimpse of an eye
Simulation of something to never exist
This authentic fake - Mind misled

Light years away from here
Hyperspace to escape my fear
Simulation of familiar place
Reproduction of empty appearance

...I'm sick of spewing my words out
so puzzled that I won't wake up...

Lyrics submitted by Erik.

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