# Strange

## Darkwell

I hear a voice in my mind
There is a gate concealed
My emotions are so blind,
Nothing revealed

Tumultuous thoughts on the face
A dementia in deep
My emotions are so blind,
It's an infected creep

Strange layers of our pride, forever lost
Vividness of the tale, disguised
Our beliefs are the hopes weird host
Unimportance will be realized

Consciousness begins to fade
Yet the state of mind debased
The decisions are made,
Madness is faced

Grabbed by the inner demon
Dis-rooted of mankind's grace
The societies crippled son,
It's an infected creep

Strange layers of our pride, forever lost
Vividness of the tale, disguised
Our beliefs are the hopes weird host
Unimportance will be realized

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