

Illusionate

Beseech

Slowly as they reach my soul
with confiding holgrams, why?
Someone pull the strings for me
I am getting weaker
now they're in control[Chorus]
illusion made of glass
inside a screen
they transformate my soul
completely black
my skill to love is gone
I can not feel
hallucination comes
and makes me breatheSomeone paint my dreams in blood
with no compassion, why?
things that I touch and feel
are now behind the curtain
exit time, please[Chorus]

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