

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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