

The Unchosen One

Dream Evil

This is a story about greed
Finding a person no one needs
She's a shell
You can call her the cousin from Hell
Started the day our grandma died
Honoured her standing side by side
Who could know
That all time she was playing a role of a lady in grief
I always thought she was a saint
Things ain't the same in daylight as in the night
I always thought she was a friend
Things ain't what they appear
At funeral day she brought her clan
People that didn't care at all
They were there
Just to see if there were any threats
After the ceremony, they left
Convinced that the things they've done may rest
They were wrong
The old woman had something to show them that's shaken their souls
I always thought she was a saint
Things ain't the same in daylight as in the night
I always thought she was a friend
Things ain't what they appear
Where have you got your greed from? Our side of the family, no way!
Surely from someone we all know. I think when this case is over
If you win or lose doesn't matter. I hope you'll be conscious of one's guilt
I always thought she was a saint
Things ain't the same in daylight as in the night
I always thought she was a friend
Things ain't what they appear
Shame on you in the night, bitch!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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