

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 HellStarted 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 griefI 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 threatsAfter 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 soulsI 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 appearWhere 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 appearShame on you in the night, bitch!

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

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