The Awakening

Militia

Through eyes of melted vision
One sees only twisted images
Distorted endlessly an interpretation
Of reality on a cold Decembers eve
Black four walls surround
Cold sweat beads on my brow
Deranged I'll wait and wait I will
For the time I know you'll feel my steel
Remembering a cold Decembers eve
I'm no criminal I am the man you fear
The one who lives within your mirror
And when you turn I won't be there
Just a shadow to your cold empty stare
On the edge of it all I've lived a lie
And the many times I've wandered
Into your world I've died and so I hide
Inside my own four walls
Now time to walk along the path
And follow without a sound
As I awaken inside of my cell
A dream again taken a new twisted tale
They kill as I feel and feel as I kill
Watching I see I know them too well
My state of confusion drifts into illusion
As I fade into the truth
Remembering a cold Decembers eve

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