

Metality

Altaria

Shadows are twisted and turning,
On the walls of my empty room.
Possess creations mourning,
In the haze.

The chaos we bring, the disorder,
It's a part of symmetry.
Behind the backroom, works of envy,
From the mirrors evil face.

Still the lost find no shelter from the rain.

Strangers are joining the forces,
Of the creatures behind the wall.
The hatred ruling, colouring,
Their schemes.

Inside the machine, in a circle,
We will feel so warm and safe.
See the burning bridges of rejection,
Come and shattering their dreams.

'Cos the system ain't always what it seems.

Shadows of the
Fallen Empire will rise.
Soldiers of the glory,
Marching side-by-side.

The clash of the titans is coming,
Yeah, the countdown has begun.
Through the gates of metal,
Renegades will run.

While [?] of darkness of shyness are waiting,
By the high, barbed-wire fence.
The mirage of freedom sinking slowly, dipping into oblivion.
Blinded they stare into the sun.

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