

## Futile Dream

Area 54

The same old theme  
Hold a futile dream  
Marching in my head  
When the truth is what I dread  
Look through my eyes  
As you fill me up with lies  
Like a hurricane  
You just throw me away

I catch the nigh train in my head (in my head)  
They're out to get me want me dead (they want me dead)  
And I'm still right next door to hell (I just can't tell)  
These 14 years cast the spell (and wrote my hell)

I can't pretend  
For I know this is the end  
This war in my head  
This hurtful life that I wish I left  
A long time ago  
And put to sleep this infinite dream  
When enemy means the same as friend  
And there is no trust

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These 14 years cast the spell (and wrote my hell)