

## Illusionate

Besech

Slowly as they reach my soul  
With confounding holograms, why?  
Someone pulls the strings for me  
I am getting weaker Now they're in control

Illusion made of glass  
Inside of a screen  
They transformate my soul  
Completely black  
My skill to love is gone  
I can not feel  
Hallucination comes  
And makes me breathe

Someone paint my dreams in blood  
Without no compassion, why?  
Things that I could touch and feel  
Are now behind the curtain  
Exit time, release

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