

Illusionary Fields

Bloodflowerz

Man thinks he is the crown of god's creation
He thinks he can control everything to please his soul
When we don't know real love
And find no answer above
We're alone, build an own shelter of fantasy

We found heaven, we found hell
In illusionary fields
When we need a little spell
We need illusionary fields

Sometimes beauty's a beast
And like a whore on duty she simulates
Paradise in a land of lies
Sometimes too blind to see
That love and lust don't agree
We adore this whore and turn to fantasy

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