

# Alienation

MyGrain

Define my conscience what is real  
Characterize the ways world disappears  
I try but I can't decide from reality and fantasy  
Glittering darkness room by room  
Nothing satisfies as I enter bloom  
Fear my world so puzzled and mystified  
Stage of pleasure and pain is what I hide behind my eyes

My inability to feel real  
Hyperreality feeds me  
Falling into my secret window  
As I walk the Earth unhallowed

Anything, everything  
Tricking, conscience what I've seen  
Detached from engagement of emotions  
Meaningless identical devotions  
Rapidly taking any given shape  
Filtered experience - Depicted in hate

Your demons - my angels  
Capsized parallel dream world  
Parting ways to breathe, to be alive  
Crusade of perfect stranger  
Disconnect the splendor  
Alienations steers 'til the end

Split apart from a faculty of mind  
Non-existent world in a glimpse of an eye  
Simulation of something to never exist  
This authentic fake - Mind misled

Light years away from here  
Hyperspace to escape my fear  
Simulation of familiar place  
Reproduction of empty appearance

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(Your demons - my angels  
Crusade of perfect stranger)

I'm sick of spewing my words out  
So puzzled that I won't wake up  
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Tištěno z pisnický-akordy.cz