

# Delusion

Novelists

I always wonder if there's something above our heads?  
Drowning my eyes in the depths overlooking us  
But I can't wipe off the doubt it's bringing in  
Who needs a reason to escape from the gallows?  
Cause all the light I'm bathing in is fake  
I shall just keep it, shall keep it away from me  
I forged myself on what I've been living not on what I was supposed to feel

Because my life has been made for me to live it alone (alone)  
I just can't give another part of myself  
All I can get.. yes all I can get is a fucking missing piece instead / OH  
Now my conscious can't reach the surface  
There's nothing above us, no nothing above  
Yet I'm left with my shoulders to hold on another dawn

Get me out of this mess that I'm in  
I can't find my place through the masses nor find a reason to search it  
I tore my mind to shreds, beating my heart to death to find  
Peace in here. there's another part of my delusion

Cause my life has been made for me to live it alone  
You'll never give us anything  
So what can be shared between us?  
Because I got nothing to give  
You should have known I got nothing to show you  
No hope, no sorrow, I just won't let you know

I always wonder if there's something above our heads?  
Here in this time, I'm not counting on the faith  
But I can't wipe off the doubt it's bringing in  
For I can't see the walls when they collapse on me  
Cause all the light I'm bathing in is fake  
I shall just keep it, shall keep it away from me  
I forged myself on what I've been living  
Not on what they were supposed to bring

I mean it's hard to live just like there's no meaning to it  
Shit my throat is tied beneath this god damn truth

I've learned your fables, but to me, they're nothing more but a fucking trend  
Your stories only bring the grief, an outburst when the thunder screams  
Life brought the worst, but now this is just nothing less but the end of this all  
A false story grows to numb the pain, reassuring me to not awake the hatred

OH PLEASE

Get me out of this mess that I'm in  
I can't find my place through the masses nor find a reason to search it  
I tore my mind to shreds, beating my heart to death to find  
Peace in here. there's another part of my delusion

I always wonder if there's something above our heads?  
Here in this time I'm not counting on the faith  
Because we're left with a rope upon our fucking neck  
So get ready to live in vain  
You know that I got nothing to show

No faith, no hope, no home, no sorrow  
But I just, oh I just won't let you know