

Deceivers

Paradise Lost

The make-believers
We trusted to redeem us
Underachievers
Demoralise
Harvest the lies

Today redeemed
Tomorrow scream believe
With thoughts so dire
We're in denial
At ease

Awake a dark intention
A storm of thorns
The stealth of mass deception
Will welcome all
Forlorn years of deadly deeds

With theory to sustain us
As domination breaks us
The withering enslavers
Harbouring doubt
They'll break you down

This deathly greed
Has planted seeds
Of dreams
With thoughts expired
The ending hours of need

Awaken pandemonium
The swarm endorse
The source of mass deception
Hangs on our thoughts
Forlorn years of deadly deeds

Divine have wept before me
Desire of death reforms me