A sculpture constructed for the perfect system
Not knowing your true origin
You wander through life as instructed
Not knowing the end of it all
The entity has written your life
Showed you your path but not how to walk it

I know now the reason
Why these visions from beyond
Haunted me through life
As a supposed guidance

So this is your way
Of showing me the truth
I'm tired of this game
Playing with my mind

Hands that cannot move

Eyes that cannot see

Mouth that cannot speak

And a body that cannot feel

Lifeless, limbless, speachless No gestures of my own will Soulless, mindless, feeling less Even death wont greet me still

Entrapment is all that`s real
My mind is wired to yours
How long will you test my strength
What follows when I am dead

How long will you test my strength What follows once I am gone Wired to you Encagement is all I feel

So this is your way
Of showing me the truth
I`m tired of this game
Playing with my mind