

## Alesana

# "And Now For The Final Illusion"

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Wake up... Wake up... Wake up...

My eyes open wide as I wake, panting, some say that  
dreams have deeper meaning.

That they are cries from our subconscious.

I feel strangely compelled to recount this one to my  
love,

My Annabel, shaking her gently, I wonder why her flesh  
has the chill of virgin snow.

My thoughts are disrupted as reality hits me like a bold  
of lightning and I scream.

We are the crucified, we are the virtuous, we are the  
damned.

We are the crucified, this is our nightmare, let's pray  
we never fall asleep.

Imprisoned beneath the world where the soulless dwell.

Lies a place that the damned call home.

A place where the virtuous hide in fear.

A place we see only in our nightmares.

A place where the sun is silent.

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