

## **Dorling**

# **"Dark Age"**

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Sitting up and rubbing tired, rested eyes,  
The conscience rises to intercept the lies  
The secrets of the competition pleasure are revealed  
Escaping from the mighty cage that once was locked  
and sealed  
Despite living in hell, this saint has kept his head quite  
cool  
Seething, he could no longer sit there like a fool  
Angered, restless, shamed, tired and torn  
Locked up in that cage since the day that he was born  
Suffering in silence, his fate would not be known  
In a society where everybody, on the inside, isn't on  
their own

Waking up to see the light  
Grab the heart strings  
Pull them tight  
There's a pain  
Inside my chest  
As artificial face gets laid to rest

Outbursts no longer controlled, measured, sensible  
and kept in check  
He laughs and looks me in the eye, as he tightens the  
noose around my neck

Grab my arm and take me away  
Show me thoughts of yesterday

Tomorrow could have been much brighter  
If he hadn't reared his ugly head  
He's trying to prevent the sinning  
And trying to make me repent instead  
I'll try to pretend that I like it  
So defeat doesn't cloud my soul

So when I cry  
Turn out the light  
Spare my foes  
The ugly sight  
I'll kick and thrash  
Until he's still

Only he can win  
My mind is ill

My mind is ill  
So I'll kick and thrash  
Until he's still

The ugly sight  
Not seen by my foes  
There is not light

His triumph over me  
Has improved my social grace  
For once the bad man has been put  
In the one and only place  
Where he cannot hurt the loved ones  
ANYMORE  
NEVER AGAIN  
No, Not more.....

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