

Forlorn

"Conspiracy"

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Branded-it's hard to breathe
You wear the mark so you can't see
The strings in your mind, the ropes
Arround your neck 'couse they own
They rule, they bring you down
Allow you to laugh
And grant you death
The games, the laws, the rules you
Should not break, you're just a pawn
In a cage and faith is not in your hands
The privilege to obey, designed in your mind
Shall force you to embrace the world in
Theyr eyes, illusion, devotion, the plot
Who owns the world, who shapes the world
They are the ones to blame!
The ones that you hate
Have made this dark illusion
The ones that you hate, have sealed your eyes
To stay blind, raped your soul just to
Leave the mark behind, burned down your
Dreams to bleach your mind's eye
Theyr face, you can not see,
Unless your eyes are wide open
The scars left to burn in your mind,
Are the reasson for this mindless rage

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