

Forlorn

"Delusion"

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With no escape, I drift, lost
Yet I recognize this place
Place so known to me
Shelter in self-opression
I'm in a sad state of siprit
Confidence, persistence...
Devotion to this perversion
Bounds me in delusion
Hear me, my friend, hear me
Behind these walls of silence
Hope is left burried in time
It went down fading with each cry
I stare into abiss
I turn my back on me
Is there a way out?
Hera me, my friend, hear me
Behind these walls of silence
With no peace, I drift, lost
Yet I recognize this place
Place so known to me
Shelter in self opression
I'm in a sad state of spirrit
Confidence, persistence...
Devotion to this perversion
Bounds me in this delusion.

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