

Cannae "Synapse"

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Tomorrow is here
Damned by the speed of time
Imagine when becomes where did it go
Mindless people
They shake hands and smile
I should introduce myself with a slap

A nation of a million fools
Programmed by the media's mainline

Logic and reason
How does it escape your thoughts?
Half the truth enveloped in lies
Face life with a vengeance
Shattered by an instant death
A bloody end to a hopeless life

A nation of a million fools
Programmed by the media's mainline

And then a chilling thought
The point of madness
Left in a grip of terror
Left to try recapture myself
With a gun to my head

In a grip of paranoia
With a gun to my head
My spirit stands alone in a room
A bloody end to a hopeless life

And then a chilling thought
The point of madness
Left in a grip of terror
Left to try recapture myself
With a gun to my head

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