

Naumachia "Wrathorn"

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Overwhelmed by dream of power
You cry of night and fear the day
Dreams lend you a strong identity
Reality will make you pay

Days blur into a year
What no one dares- you may
Just try to pull through
One more day... one more day

No hope, no straw to catch
No god, you ask to much

Numb inside, let down again
Piece of mind, all in vain

Agonized minotaur in the maze

Of ordinary moments
Shape the days to your pace
Clench fists hard, holler!

Treat your life like a war
Unless you fight- you'll fall
Do what you will, live be the rule
Be the master, not his tool

No hope, no straw to catch
No god, you ask to much

Numb inside, let down again
Piece of mind, all in vain

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