

Dark Tranquility "Through Smudged Lenses"

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Let no one be themselves
Turn of the century lies
Not within the others
Turn on the wretched eye

The blindness ends tonight
Shelter for the shattered
In unison we strive
Dare to disassociate
And cut the blinds that tie

Abstractualize further
To the ends of fact and foe
Will it out of meaning
As silence speaks the truth

I want to hear
You scream
I want to see
You stand

Atop the Pantheon of fiction
And your failure
Grasping for a hiding place
Among indifferent stones

A brief reflection
It sets the soul apart
No selection
It tears our world apart

These walls are protecting us
Burn them to the ground
This haven of refuge
Burn it to the ground

So smudge the lens a little
Muffle the voice
Phase out of sound a while
And let it go

Citizens of choice

In a twilight world of your design
Left to our devices
We stumble on

I want to hear
You scream
I want to hear
You scream

Burn it to the ground
No firewall will save you
Burn it to the ground

Take me to the keep
And bare the darkest void
Thousandfold the agony
Of silenced screams alone

Tune right out of static
Exorcise the dark
How else can we move on

I want to hear
You scream
I want to see
You die

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