

Deceased

"Three-Ring Circus"

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Numbers
And faces blended, confused me
Reality came back
Stole the moment, wanted to wake up

I embraced the feeling
Trust and betrayal in it's hands
I lived the dream

Slowly
Progress killed me
Blinded me from the real
More comfortable in that place
Where I made the rules

I embraced the feeling
Trust and betrayal in it's hands
I lived the dream

My unknown enemy comes to me
My unknown enemy comes to me!!

Trust and betrayal in it's hands
I lived the dream

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