

Tank

"Pawns Of The Oracle"

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Strangled by your own filth...

Once upon a time, degenerated
Virtual has become reality
For many of those that life didn't spare
A refuge in bytes instead of arms
Don't! Stop!
Listen to you inner voice
Forgive!
Bury your bullshits six feet under

Whatever you're feeling you hold
I'm trying to figure myself that it's cold
Like the ice of waterfalls
Disdain of a porn industry
That you are using to take control
But I'm not beside you

The future that we already fear
Is now knocking to our window
Drift, straight
Forward to what revolves around us
Dreaming of
Dwelling in darkness, far from reality

No time to pretend the redeemer inside
Addicted to fake, do not cross the borderline
Soft drug damaging, locked up in a cage
Unaware of thoughts, feelings and torments
Escape from this endless maze
Drain the poison in your veins

Poisoned by a false life
Strangled by your own filth

Whatever you're feeling you hold
I'm trying to figure myself that it's cold
But I'm not beside you

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