

The Hidden Hand

"Mastercut + Charisma"

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It's the perfect world for you to live in with two black eyes, I built it myself, made it look good, became your Christ. Now you're feeling brave cuz you've got free will and you roll the dice...as the vultures set thier sights

Afraid of who you were...and who you couldn't be
You built your houses out of glass...and sleep on concrete

I know at night you climb your walls...to avoid the snakes

Now your soul's in the black, but you've got some things to loose, things that you can't keep when you die...the black swan burns tonight.

Now you drag your feet across the floor of everyday and your mind shuts down when you recall what you betrayed. That cage with golden bars is feeling small and you suffocate as you hear those old songs play...

Don't you wish you hadn't wished...for your luxury
You bruised your hands folding your palms...praying to the color green

Died to live in a fable...with a broken wing

Go get some sleep in the back to forget what you choose and forget all your reasons why...the black swan burns tonight.

I need the perfect hell...to show me what I'll loose...if i ignite myself...and burn me into you

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