

StrommoussHeld

"D.E.C.E.P.T.I.O.N"

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angels are crying
in a picturesque quarantine
this abandoned paradise
is now in a cold sweet sleep

welcome to this dirty land
where hope is under the anxiety's fog
calmness is included in a perverse spirit
mineral curse - without uniforms

D.espair was barn in the
E.xtravagant being which was
C.losed and inactive.
E.very man is a performer in a
P.antomime
T.ormenting fusion
I.am reserved to penetrate these plains
O.f infinity and eternity. I want to be
N.on-existant

the forms the shapes, the colours and I
the rules, the plans are stereothypes
the sounds, the scars, the starts and the ends
this is deception...

the forms the shapes, the colours and I
the rules, the plans are stereothypes
the dreams, the dramas, imagine and cry
this is deception...

glasses full of angels' lies
play this sad melody
growing chaos, silhouette of coming...
deception

the forms the shapes, the colours and I
the rules, the plans are stereothypes
the sounds, the scars, the starts and the ends
this is deception...

the forms the shapes, the colours and I
the rules, the plans are stereothypes

the dreams, the dramas, imagine and cry
this is deception...

This has never been my world
never...

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