

Pagan Reign

"M.d.t."

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Society breeds growing crowds of pointless
masquerade,
Conformity a shallow lie that slowly starts to fade.
People strive for happiness; their efforts are contained,
In an illusion called reality, a prison for their pain.
I can only be myself; it's all I've to be.
There can be no-one else, no-one left but me.
You lie to seem like nothing's bad, a lie will make you
strong.
Everything I ever thought turns out to be wrong.

The web you weave is so complex you start to lose
yourself
I won't play your fucking games, my life's worth more
than that.
Step inside a hollow mind, of twisted morals: no love,
just hate.
Attraction rules, emotions are dead.
Play acting to fill the chasm that's left.
Cold and heartless, the mind moves on.
Another man falls, her lying has won

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