

Dreamtone

"Pre-arranged Overture"

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Slipped into another mystery
Corrupted from the start to the end
Binded to each other's soul
Driven towards an unknown path

Left alone within our freak fears
Sordid ways to control our beings
The future, it is consealed
Forced to pray and obey

And the bells begin to chime
Tonight, it is our show time

Again we start to act as if it is written before
But do our souls want to play it anymore?

Playing the pre-arranged overture
Let me play, let me play
Listen to my tears falling down
Let me live, let me live

Lost in a paradox of paranorms
Slaves of freedom are blind
Destruction of salvation comes
Driven into another madness

And the stars begin to shine
Tonight, it is our show time
And the sky begins to cry
As the last hope of freedom dies

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