Anathema "Pulled Under"

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just freedom is only a hallucination that waits at the edge of the distant horizon and we are all strangers in global illusion wanting and needing impossible heaven

chasing the dream as they swim out to sea the mirage ahead says that they can be free become lost in delusion drowning their reason swept on by the current of selfish ambition

frightened ashamed and afraid of the blame the questions are screaming the answers are hiding the sickness is growing distracted condition you can feel the disgust and smell the confusion

lying insane getting soaked in the rain draining the sky of the guilt and the shame the nightmare is coming the clouds are descending pulled under two thousand metres a second

clawing at walls that just slip through my fingers darkness consuming collapsing and breaking distilled paranoia seeped into the walls and filled in the cracks with the whispering calls

shadows are forming take heed of the warnings creeping around at four in the morning lie to myself start a brand new beginning but i'm losing myself in this fear of living

freedom is only a hallucination
that waits at the edge of the places you go when you
dream
deep in the reason betrayal of feeling
the mistakes I made tore my conscience apart as it
seems

freedom is only a hallucination that waits at the edge of the places you go when you dream

freedom is only a hallucination

that waits at the edge of the places you go when you dream deep in the reason betrayal of feeling the mistakes I made tore my conscience apart as it seems

freedom is only a hallucination that waits at the edge of the places you go when you dream...

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