

Flames In "Egonomic"

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A mass illusion

Blind men in a line

They smother their fires with gasoline

A stranger's contribution

Everybody's on the run

No clue where they are heading

A spineless attempt

Have we lost it completely?

It always ends up in a mess

A liar's ambition

Praised like a king

Every day in every way

We are getting weaker

You won't go far

With the life that you're living

Every day in every way

We are getting weaker

Slow and calculated

Afraid of the sleeping

We'll never ever reach the goal

A liar's ambition

Praised like a king

Every day in every way

We are getting weaker

You won't go far

With the life that you're living

Every day in every way

We are getting weaker

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