

UNKNOWING
CREATES
IGNORANCE
CREATES
FEAR
CREATES
RELIGION
CREATES
POLITICS
CREATES
TROUBLE
CREATES
CHAOS
AND
CHAOS
DESTROYS
THE
WORLD

after all i have done and what has been said
there is no hope to escape
my memories still tell my senses to react
on every cold, dark and lonely nite

if you could only see the pain i feel
or is this something we both share
are my instincts becoming real
two separate leaves, still blow in the air

was this a test for me or you
i thought we were finished with the games
your stare has lost your soul
or did someone else take it away

you are the dream i will always see
so live your life. but it will be without me
try hard not to forget my name
and always remember my love for you,
will never change

i may never know again, how you feel
this is a thought i dread
for one time i knew everything you felt
but now those instincts are dead

