

# A Canorous Quintet, Embryo Of Lies

Hidden thoughts of hate  
Trying to manipulate the fate  
Unseen is the power of every man  
They who see they don't understand  
(blind, blinded by fear)  
Truth they will not hear  
Neverending sadness  
Turn into pure madness  
[\*] a beautiful pattern of emptiness  
An empire of distress  
The ruler of darkness  
In an embryo of lies  
Unseen is the power of every man  
They who see they don't understand  
Neverending sadness  
Turn into pure madness  
[\*repeat]  
On memories they feed  
But the air is so hard to breathe  
Short fragments of delight  
To forget the icy fright  
Wish nothing else but to die  
And to stop the internal cry  
Waiting for the end to come  
Soon it will all be gone  
[\*repeat]