

# Amatris, Lies

I hear many tortured souls cry  
I see the honesty die  
I feel oppression  
In the bog of lie

Gloomy thoughts and delusion  
Sinister words and distress  
The curse of damnation  
I fall into emptiness

I look into lifeless eyes  
In the faces of lies  
The sign of betrayal is on their forehead  
I loose the trust and the shelter is dead  
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I loose the trust and the shelter is dead

The battlefield of intrigue  
I drown in the lake of deceit  
But still sincerity  
Is all that I seek

Crushed dreams, no respect  
The ties of disgrace  
Cold embraces, whispering voices  
The slave of resentment

Ruthless decadence is the reason for my descent  
Into their trap I fall by what they pretend