

# Anathema, Pulled Under

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

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