

# BATTLE BEAST, No More Hollywood Endings

I see strangers  
Every night in my dreams  
Locked in dark chambers

Should I know what it means?

Shadows are crawling  
On the walls of this cave  
While we're sleepwalking  
From cradle to grave

When the spectacle swallows the true story  
Where spotlights blind us to the glory

A tale without a history  
Crushing echoes of my screams  
I'm crawling into tragedy  
Chasing someone else's dreams  
A life without a mystery  
Creation of dream factory  
Nothing's what it seems  
Goodbye hollywood dreams

I am a sidekick  
In the story of my life  
Pretending that I like it  
Afraid to close my eyes

No joy in happiness  
I'm on my hands and knees  
On the edge of madness  
On these dead end streets

When the spectacle swallows the true story  
Where spotlights blind us to the glory

A tale without a history  
Crushing echoes of my screams  
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Kissing in the rain  
Stargazing once again  
Old clichés still remain but I want my own endings  
No false solutions  
No safe illusions  
Come along with me, into a real dream

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