

Inside our bodies pale reflections  
Spectral shadows witness their contracts  
Congealed by the conjunctions  
We now see the distortion inside and beyond

Inscriptions of blood written by the sane  
Creations, which embrace the insane  
Life knows the truth of man's inheritance  
But denial confirms betrayal as truth

Dispatched by the conjunction  
Dispatched by the equal to man  
Dispatched by the conjunction  
Dispatched by the ghost of man

Enchained in a parallel between dimensions  
Our immaterialized bodies floats in between  
Entangled with faceless images from our past  
Now we can feel our sorrow against our demise

I am one with the soulshade

[Lead: Persson]

[Lead: Holm]

Disrupted in life by the unknown - the equal to man  
Disrupted in our dark silence - by the ghost of man

Obscurity is no longer dreams we cannot reach  
We're the secondary images of a higher presence  
A dislocation of the element in life itself  
Which has disrupt our souls in their silent journey

Dispatched by the conjunction  
Dispatched by the equal to man  
Dispatched by the conjunction  
Dispatched by the ghost of man

We cannot reach our dreams  
We cannot reach our sanity  
We're dispatched by insanity  
Written by the sane

I am one with soulshade