

Phantasmal Paranoia

Thyrane

When the sun won't shine on you
They are inside you, intoxicating
Bringing the deal from the devil
Your soul will be sold tonight

Drifting at the interstellar oceans
Laconic voice speaking about itself
As I see myself chasing me into the vortex
Discipline's executed below the surface

When synthetic gallows takes control
Murder of my mind is one of a kind
Believe in the words of darkness
Life is soon to be out of vogue here

There is no grave beneath my flowers
No worms on my bones
No proof of existence
No formula to exit

When the worms encircle your shrine
They are still inside me, intoxicated