

Circle Of Dead Children, A Wooden Heart Never

In paranoia I find genius
But the ice-dreams have come with spiritless consequence
A hatchet has been hidden between my eyes
A hatchet gift-wrapped in paranoia
A wooden heart never bleeds
A wooden heart never bleeds, yet inextricable thoughts still weave
Introspection fabricated for battle
No time has been wasted
Neuroleptic seconds marry electroconvulsive hours
In the cranial freezer, paranoia is the bastard and I find genius
Petrify
Paralyze