

Construcdead, God After Me

Sometimes when I walk the streets
I'm overcome by this fantasy
That I'm the only one whose mind is not yet gone,
And that the rest live in a dream.
Silence speaks loud, well words speak louder still
and I'm all out of patience, just like you're out of will.
Get a grip, wake up you fucking puppets.
Never disputed, never disproved, never deceived and never
Fooled I stand, and the gun in my hand is my imagination.
Superior to all I cannot break nor fall.

[Chorus]
God created you in his image,
you created god after me.
I see right through this illusion
you call reality

I see, I hear, I feel all that you don't.
I see I know so much more than I want.
Please God (thou), stop this (shall) endless (not)
droning (lie),
make the (thou) voices (shall) cease their (not)
chanting (kill).

Trapped in confusion, is it all a dream?
I'm submerging in everything I feel.
I cannot break, I can't escape my cage of insanity.
Slowly I'm losing my grip of me.
One life more or less; one lie...

[Chorus:]

Thou shall not lie, thou shall not kill.