

# Deadsy, Phantasmagore

In the blackest of light  
You try to sell the sooth, you try to turn me on  
And undercover at night  
In times of ill refute they play a distant song  
When there's a sudden surprise  
And they're not trying to be ruthless, they want to belong  
Oh, will they ever produce this  
Malevolent stranger devoid of wrong

And still it rolls along  
Forever facing the sun

Let the suicide of music take control

Oh, we would hope to remove  
Of all the dying in twos and the drifting in nines  
Time to open your eyes  
And see the fading of truth by the growing of lies  
So if you ever could choose  
Between the valley and kingdom your faith shall rise

And still it turns the time

Bereathed in burning fires  
A plasmic herald sinks alone and cries  
&quot;Let bleed the nectars of devotion&quot;  
Beneath the earth still lies phantasmic emerald paradises  
Come cosmic thunder, sip the potion

Let the suicide of music take control  
As the carrier infuses to your soul

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