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
"Let bleed the nectars of devotion"
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

Bereathed in burning fires
A plasmic herald sinks alone and cries
"Let bleed the nectars of devotion"
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