

Forsaken, Soulshade

Inside our bodies pale reflections
Spectral shadows witness their contracts
Congealed by the conjunctions
We now see the distortion inside and beyond

Inscriptions of blood written by the sane
Creations, which embrace the insane
Life knows the truth of man's inheritance
But denial confirms betrayal as truth

Dispatched by the conjunction
Dispatched by the equal to man
Dispatched by the conjunction
Dispatched by the ghost of man

Enchained in a parallel between dimensions
Our immaterialized bodies floats in between
Entangled with faceless images from our past
Now we can feel our sorrow against our demise

I am one with the soulshade

[Lead: Persson]

[Lead: Holm]

Disrupted in life by the unknown - the equal to man
Disrupted in our dark silence - by the ghost of man

Obscurity is no longer dreams we cannot reach
We're the secondary images of a higher presence
A dislocation of the element in life itself
Which has disrupt our souls in their silent journey

Dispatched by the conjunction
Dispatched by the equal to man
Dispatched by the conjunction
Dispatched by the ghost of man

We cannot reach our dreams
We cannot reach our sanity
We're dispatched by insanity
Written by the sane

I am one with soulshade