

# Lengsel, Revival

(Words: Tor Magne, Music: Tor Magne and Lengsel)

Again I stare  
Without really being able to  
-Illusions

The verity terrifies  
The dreams, the lies I deify  
In despair I fail to understand  
Whether the dreams create the scruples  
Or the other way around

As the eyes begin to sting  
I am swallowed by an abstract state  
The spirit of indifference is here

Apathetic, searching  
The sorrow feels preposterous  
Within this psychotic chaos  
The will smoothers  
With the spew from the past

Weakened I dry out the faith  
And then kiss its forehead  
Uncertain  
Slavering

This inner desperation is sort of religious  
(Apocalyptic)  
No clammy hands can alter me  
My God  
Alleviate the many distressed  
I firmly proclaim  
Hand out the water to those who thirst