

Pagan Lorn, Absent Minded

Let my thoughts freeze
Let me feel not
Wax on their face
What they hide behind
I should not be here
I should not be there
I should not be at all
If I am
What is then?
I go and seek
Go and seek
When you look in the trench
Can you see me die
Drilling my mind in yours
Take me up
Take me up
I jump through the mirror
I fall on the other side
Emptiness I remember
I feel so clean
I feel secure
A smile on my face
A nice shine
A personal lie
This person is coarse
Trembling within my corpse
Putting a hole in my mind
Glowing pain to find
Can you hear the refusal to grace
See the hook in his face
Can not stow the anger
Can not size the pain
It hurts so good
Relapsing into relapse