

# Shadow Project, Zaned People

Well, you can beg and plea  
yes, you can beg and plea - for the end

Give me, please  
Give me your inside out  
Give me, please

Dissatisfaction, a chemical imbalance  
nails graze the hands, not the feet  
immediate reaction: every glance, a new horror in willing suffocation  
neck twisted/new cadence - not missing a beat  
tread water/slow footsteps - there is no season of birth!  
I am out on a limb which is broken, hanging  
abundance of nightmares - my last words  
I shall fuck myself to death,  
I shall fuck myself to death,  
I shall fuck myself to death!  
I will choke on my own breath  
so says the wise man/blind man  
Godevil/Godevil  
God damn the hand that feeds me!  
I am waiting, I have waited  
ever waiting for the end

You're sparing me, keeping me inside  
keeping me inside, it's me inside  
no room to hide

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no room to hide

You're sparing me, keeping me inside  
keeping me inside, it's me inside  
no room, no room, no room, no room to hide

Open up and stick it up, I said  
pick up on your own insides  
there are flames that melt the air  
zaned people left to dare.....

Everyone out! Every doubt ever pondered  
every thought ground to dust  
I must, I must  
I must trust the distrusted/mistrusted element of life  
my eyes have seen the light - have chosen darkness  
prefer the darkness,  
find peace in darkness... sometimes  
this world holds no image of truth,  
no semblance to those truly living  
I am outside myself/beside myself with grief  
signs of disaster, they follow me - follow me!  
Self inflicted wounds I know best  
and the rest inside, rotting, forgotten  
yet I am free

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keeping me inside, it's me inside  
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Give me, give me please  
Give me please your inside out, inside  
Give me, give me please  
Give me please your inside out, inside, inside

I mend, I bend shattered fragments  
the dream has not stopped  
has not stopped, will not stop  
stop, stop!  
The child is awake, pushed from the womb  
warm welcome, medicinal freedom, false entrance  
doors blocked, bolted  
molten figures of the dead

I have buried the child  
long forgotten this grave memory  
in solemn sentence, the end must end

And so the world is flat, retracted  
fractured to the eyes of thieves  
or those who believe

I am sacred, I am crowned,  
I am bound by the robes of freedom  
I bequeath the dream to those who still feel it, feel it, feel it!  
And God's eye is as one with Satan's  
in the twinkling of an eye, the dream is born  
dreams carry death in blood stream awareness  
fear not, for death is but a dream