

Tidfall, Zounds

Crawling in ever crack, mechanical
creatures, don't open your eyes

The part of existence is now distorted, to a level
where sense is out of reach
The glassy image that refers to a state of thoughts
That again reflects to a dream, neither non-sleeping, nor awake
Your biggest enemy is your consciousness
In the end it will drag you down

Feed on yourself non-trust worthy
You, the only error in a system

Of a world soon to be self-destructed
I am you in a way that you never thought
was possible
A controlled device to follow a pattern
Made specially to make failure
For there will be no more
No more, never to see what the right path
to follow is

Who are you to think you can control all existence?
I am God
And you are all my wounds

Now die!