

Zaned People

Shadow Project

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

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

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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