

## Phantasmal Paranoia

Thyrane

When the sun won't shine on you  
They are inside you, intoxicating  
Bringing the deal from the devil  
Your soul will be sold tonight

Drifting at the interstellar oceans  
Laconic voice speaking about itself  
As I see myself chasing me into the vortex  
Discipline's executed below the surface

When synthetic gallows takes control  
Murder of my mind is one of a kind  
Believe in the words of darkness  
Life is soon to be out of vogue here

There is no grave beneath my flowers  
No worms on my bones  
No proof of existence  
No formula to exit

When the worms encircle your shrine  
They are still inside me, intoxicated