

Darkness Weaves With Many Shades

Ildisposed

Hidden in shadows of light, when the curtain's pulled
looked at with eyes sayings all, about direfulness
Should have preferred the comfort of nondisclosure
Slayed by pre-existenceSweetheart, come here, touch me, I'm still me
the making of lies is not all to decline
I've been there
I've touched it
don't neglate my mind, do trust it
what's sacred to you has been put through my spineWaiting for the verdict inwrought with secrecy
generative thoughts, from another dying bred:
All we see and all seem is but a dream
and darkness weaves with many shades
Sector senseless, your stagnantUnabashed
Ildisposed
a shapeless ghost convoking meInside the church of nonbelievers I find myself
peacedecievers, my private hell
All the answers layed down to me
by higher power showing ways to victoryDeficient as a heathen, in terms of fortitude
singing out the dirge relieving me for you
All we know just goes to show our inner glow
and darkness weaves with many shades
sector senseless, your stagnantHer gracious smile at mineSweetheart, come here, touch me, I'm still me
the making of lies is not all to decline
I've been there
I've touched it
don't neglate my mind, do trust it
what's sacred to you has been put through my spine

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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