A Frame of Mind

Illdisposed

As the man I am, I dislike
More purities and feelings send
Into the extacy I hate
Nobody controls me
Maybe it's because nobody wants to
AnywayThey watch the terror
In a maze full of gray we shall rest
Incomplete, fictive mirror
Enchanting the way, I do at my bestWhen a man disconnects, he will lie
A tale telling meyhem inquiries leading
The poor suckers brain
I'm one of those men
But hey then again: Who's to sayGrey is coming, a broken frameOn the cross, my mirror
Unattended my body decays
A future loss, aching nearer
Soon I'll meet the boss[The band is talking:]
- Der var et eller andet, jeg syntes der var et eller andet med...
jeg spillede helt ved siden af, jeg tunkte kun p den dukke der
- tihi
- Jeg syn... lagde du ikke mrke til hvor mange riffs jeg spillede forkert?
- Jojo[which translates to something like:][- There was something, I thought there was something about... I was]
[playing all wrong... I was only thinking about that doll, you know]
[- (laughing) Teehee]
[- I thin... Didn't you notice how many riffs I played wrong?]
[- Yeah, sure]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/