

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
 - tih

- 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]

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