

Ghostforce Soul Constrictor

Dodheimsgard

In urge to become something
(believed to be) more infact
 I pursue the whole
 Of human Dementia
You know when your catastrophy
 Is utterly complete
 Only when you shut your eyes
 For the truth
 And for the worse
There's no place within your mind
 When all faces are set on fire
 To burn for the honour
 Of the pain in your heart
 And fade in the focus
 Of your cursed lust
 Ghostforce climax
 Soul Constrictor
A fountainhead of disorder
 A splinted human codex
 Ghostforce
 Soul constrictor
 I cry out
For the death of my guardian angels
 No more navigating
 The labyrinth of self-deceit
The one we share with a psyche
 (Almost) Obsolete
Without a ground to stand on
 Down the ladder
 Where we all break down
The soul murder armoury is ready to go
 So I blow up my sence of logic
 Deluded in default
 To separate the alternativeStifled by the concious mind
Hell made real by the terror of strifeAnd right from the core of hysteria
 Where suffering seems to grant
 No end
 In the absence of free flow
 A trance of flames

With no exit

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

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