

Illdisposed

"Darkness Weaves With Many Shades"

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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-existence

Sweetheart, 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 neglect my mind, do trust it
what's sacred to you has been put through my spine

Waiting 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 stagnant

Unabashed
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a shapeless ghost convoking me
Inside the church of nonbelievers I find myself
peacedecievers, my private hell
All the answers layed down to me
by higher power showing ways to victory

Deficient 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 stagnant

Her gracious smile at mine

Sweetheart, 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 neglect my mind, do trust it
what's sacred to you has been put through my spine

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