

## In-Quest

### "Anti-disestablishmentarianism"

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When we cross the border of madness  
Then there shines a glimmer of truth

Theres that serpent with two faces  
Shining through your shivering sported blood

We absorb the image of today  
Of your glistening body-form

That is and will continue to be the life source  
The morbid axis to our attention

Turning my back, future will come when we will die  
Out of the body, an opinion never accepted  
Burned in your flesh, even a fool can become  
disengaged

As the world turns in the wrong direction,  
And were fighting against the stream  
We sit at the gate and scratch the gaunt fruit  
Of passion dies in the light

Turning my back  
Haunted visions  
Wandering of our believe  
The entire spectre  
Im proud to know your body, I hate the point of view  
An ever floating move of the mind  
Im paralysed  
Rot away, you crusty clown

Welcome to this table, beloved unconscious  
Raise the best of hair from the crooks  
And struggling to summon on you one of the looks  
Their arms look like snakes

Wipe-off all the bottles that weve drunken  
Like dark crystal-skittles about the cabin  
And a morbid lump of love is a cleaver  
And then we fly in his ideals

Turning my back, future will come when we will die  
Out of the body, an opinion never accepted  
Burned in your flesh, even a fool can become engaged

Get out of my mind, down on your knees

Flush my brain  
Stripped of my wings, dont catch me  
Empty my rein  
Catch me

Drowning in clues, believe your lie  
Cant look inside  
Under the skin  
Try, try to understand

Wipe-off all the bottles that weve drunken  
Like dark crystal-skittles about the cabin  
The leaders free-hand is a cleaver  
And a morbid lump of love in his ideals  
And the mountains we will fly

Its just a fact of life,  
Youve got to accept the fact  
That things going to stay the same  
And youre not the only one who will stay

Why cant your put as much power of your feelings  
Into something useful to make an effort  
To overcome and make a new life for yourself  
Just because things arent the same anymore

Turning my back, future will die  
Out of the body, an opinion never accepted  
Burned in your flesh, even a fool can become  
disengaged  
Anti-disestablished

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