Pagan Altar "Confidence In The Executioner"

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Used thoughts

Second thoughts

Compact thoughts

No longer the one you were

Become and play your role

Who goes for the throne must go for the king

This matter is not overdue

Still no change to see in your self-absorption

And the animal runs amuck

Getting stronger

I start taking pleasure in these thoughts

But is it real or just a lie

A need

Demanding discipline

Love of order accused

In an inner-war

The dependence and the selfishness strengthened

But unacceptable

My unsecureness makes it feel safe

Any thought is a declaration of love

Any anticipated joy

On the outbreak

The crushing firmness hardens

A bit of pain

A bit of overloaded

And I live again

Self-confidence of the undestroyable

The power of the inferior winner is

The might of the motor inside

The secret in my head

If it is too fast it does not matter

Because the hole becomes bigger

Any lie takes its revenge

Any illusion is going to devour me

One step too far

Or maybe two steps behind

Is it more than you have ever had

Ever been

Ever known

A sense I do not know

And I will never know

Relax and drift above
I am sure you will love the joke
Please trust a man who would never lie
The one you have passed by with your innocence
Your eyes you have open wide
You will need to cry
Smiles sounding between my words
A child that dies to live like a gentleman
A prison-guard
A prisoner
A sense I will never know
And never give to you
Finally you start drinking
As you swallow you grow up

Filling yourself with yours
It is good to become yourself
Push and restart
Clear up your picture

What hurts can be killed

The m

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