

Red Circiut "Trance State"

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[C. Somapala]

Nightmare, frightened state
We suffer within, a fearful stage
Day-mare, can't escape
It's a twisted spin without sound
Fantasy, can't be real
Temptation is greed
Ecstasy, is the deal
Suffocation is guaranteed

I'm flowing in space with an alien mind
I'm trying to hide but they are not blind

You get high, freed from the strain
You get high, restlessly flying into a trance

Fright-mare, no more fairytales
They offer the sin, embrace the rage
Beware, self destruction
For Lucifer, unveils his gaze
Outcome, the want to feel
Entwined, in heated phase
Speed is the sensation
The energy within them

I'm caught in a race with an evil mind
I'm out in a haze, they're are not blind

You get high, freed from the strain
Flying in trance, just flying in trance
Freed from the strain
You get high, restlessly flying into a trancea

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