

## Shadowcast

# "Anticipated Resurrection"

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Everything is tentatively, everything's venally  
How disgusting & lifeless, how morbid & tasteless  
Dying is carried out in thrusts and parts  
Automatic redemption, seasons of killing art  
Searching the answer somewhere in nowhere

Glamour is the land, where you'll never live  
Out of your mind, out of endless sight  
15 minutes of fame is what you'd like to receive  
Within your sense, within unreachable delight

I use the terror of the new to buy - emptiness in you  
The quantity of nothing's what you will have to go  
through

Everything's a number, reduction ad absurdum  
Strangulation of the individual's mask  
The natural person being torn to the minimum  
Control of thoughts, control of every task

You're bound to empty promises and false hope so  
curled  
Man is a ware like anything else in this world

Is it water, where we will drown?  
Emptiness is our burden crown  
Unwilling to lose it all  
We'll slide down the surface of things

Zero existence

Shattered glass & venomous dreams  
We are starting the overture to screams

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