

Shadowcast "Attention Deficit Disorder"

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Frameshift-mutating vengeance throughout this dying
time

Tragedies exalted, elegies are no crime

A silver-glass-projection - of ideology

A fever-caused injection - of stupidity

What if I chose to cease all killing style?

Drowning faith at death's door for a while

Beyond this bitter option

There's no salvation now

With a smile...

Contempt of spawning sorrow, but in the end it's fear

Conspiracies implanted, everything's so near

Exploring unknown regions, never seen before

Entangled here in after, tormented to the core

Seeing... the unseen

Hearing... the unheard

Regain access to the tree of life

Your first choice into another future

An enigma of shadows

A legacy of shame

A mirror of night's glamour

An infernal horde of pain

I am the pain inside when our feelings collide

In all redemption

In all rejection

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