

Shadowcast

"Mass-Placebo"

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So here's another senseless story
Without exit or hope and without any glory
Come along and I will pull you down
To the center of redemption or the toxic crown
Tell me what you are waiting for and tell me what you
are crying for
This is - where we are from, this is - where we belong
There are things you might ignore and there are things
you might explore
Entering the welkin' dying puppet throne

You keep on asking, you keep on yearning for more
You keep on talking and there are things for you to
score
You get another chance, within your stupid trance
Surrounding is the interface, searching for some outer
grace
The toxic command, the inner remnant
There is nothing left for you to self-refrain

Come on take it to another end - the freedom of our
blend
Come on take it somehow higher now - and you will
understand
It's an illusion of a dying plan - the failure to expand
Cause you keep on trembling - the way you'll find an
end

The mass-placebo

Use your senses, rely on expenses
Pattern chain moving and arpeggio grooving
Killing joke or silent moving
Infinity, reality, what are they doing?
It's a newly spinning universe, the center of some blind
remorse
Will the future plead for love/hate as seed
World's a hateful spinning course, just try to find your
war-resource
Down on your knees - a fictive bet you'll need

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