

Shadowcast

"Pharmakon (Sulphur City)"

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You always thought that reality is what you see
You meant to feel that your sense was totally free
No sick illusion, no false institution
No dream to hold on, just the pure retronomicon

You never realised that life can be the perfect drug
An imaginary colour screen, created without overdub
Of how to think and (of) how to act
How to develop & of what you might expect

Activating - the bleak seed of chaotic coil
Disintegrating - philosophy about godless turmoil
Degenerating - the lonesome frequency of life
Recapitating - the little jewel of entity derived

I'm giving insight to the conflict relation
Between your desires & thought-strantulation
You try to build up your own definition
By pretending a world without recognition
Gift & poison can be the same
Intoxicate your mind & drown yourself in vain

You never tried to explore your mental range of will
Instead you chose to freeze intentions poisoned still
Without your own believe, fucked-up initiative
Without identity, just crap-banality

You always live for the moment next to come
Don't waste a thought on things that could be done
No more perspective, grotesque & distinctive
Contradictions analysed, built up & pulverised

Wake up, it's your decline!
Relieve from now, realise that it's time
To break it up, find a new direction
I'm gonna shroud you in fog, give you a new
interpretation

To complete your downfall...

