

Pagan Lorn

"Confidence In The Executioner"

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Used thoughts
Second thoughts
Compact thoughts
No longer the one you were
Become and play your role
Who goes for the throne must go for the king
This matter is not overdue
Still no change to see in your self-absorption
And the animal runs amuck
Getting stronger
I start taking pleasure in these thoughts
But is it real or just a lie
A need
Demanding discipline
Love of order accused
In an inner-war
The dependence and the selfishness strengthened
But unacceptable
My unsecureness makes it feel safe
Any thought is a declaration of love
Any anticipated joy
On the outbreak
The crushing firmness hardens
A bit of pain
A bit of overloaded
And I live again
Self-confidence of the undestroyable
The power of the inferior winner is
The might of the motor inside
The secret in my head
If it is too fast it does not matter
Because the hole becomes bigger
Any lie takes its revenge
Any illusion is going to devour me
One step too far
Or maybe two steps behind
Is it more than you have ever had
Ever been
Ever known
A sense I do not know
And I will never know
Relax and drift above

I am sure you will love the joke
Please trust a man who would never lie
The one you have passed by with your innocence
Your eyes you have open wide
You will need to cry
Smiles sounding between my words
A child that dies to live like a gentleman
A prison-guard
A prisoner
A sense I will never know
And never give to you
Finally you start drinking
As you swallow you grow up
Filling yourself with yours
It is good to become yourself
Push and restart
Clear up your picture
What hurts can be killed
The m

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