

# Pagan Lorn, Collapsed

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 meal gets your own taste  
You are prospering  
Enjoying every single step  
Every new refreshing breath

Milking your life  
You feel the changes begin  
Is the secret the remorse afterwards  
I pay your price  
Anyway but I have to give more than my megalomania  
I am going to fail  
That is a part of the role  
Or is there less  
Than I can see  
No answers  
Will this eternal wandering end  
Will I live  
Or is this life  
No answers  
Through confrontation  
I will find a way  
And I will do so  
The animal inside  
The beast  
The maniac  
That is what it is for  
My victory is his death  
His existence to give me sense  
And to die on my birth  
So I will kill him!