

A Frame Of Mind

Illdisposed

As the man I am, I dislike
More purities and feelings send
Into the extacy I hate
Nobody controls me
Maybe it's because nobody wants to
Anyway

They watch the terror
In a maze full of gray we shall rest
Incomplete, fictive mirror
Enchanting the way, I do at my best

When a man disconnects, he will lie
A tale telling mehem inquiries leading
The poor suckers brain
I'm one of those men
But hey then again: Who's to say

Grey is coming, a broken frame

On the cross, my mirror
Unattended my body decays
A future loss, aching nearer
Soon I'll meet the boss

[The band is talking:

- Der var et eller andet, jeg syntes der var et eller andet med ...
- jeg spillede helt ved siden af, jeg tunkte kun på den dukke der
- tihi
- Jeg syn... lagde du ikke mærke til hvor mange riffs jeg spillede forkert?
- Jojo

which translates to something like:

- There was something, I thought there was something about... I was playing all wrong... I was only thinking about that doll, you know
- (laughing) Teehee
- I thin... Didn't you notice how many riffs I played wrong?
- Yeah, sure]