

Anaesthetic (For the Pathetic)

Psyclon Nine

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Suffered a legion of blood and despair
Naked and twisted scratching in this empty skin
Perverse and destroyed
A forgery of what used to be
Drowning in the absence
Of self sustaining chemistry

Delay, decay
Filling up the cavity
To staunch the sickly feeling of death, of death
Killing me the tragedy
This torture scene is purity
You will see inside of me
The growing of this malady

Do I fade away
Do I gasp for air
Do I live out a life that was preset
Even if I struggle to the day I die
Do I waste my time

We'll just live out our lives anesthetized.