

Dementophobia

Aborted

If ignorance is bliss, can I embrace madness?
Depressive concoction, the purity of sadness

All of these faces, oh what a masquerade
These pristine faeces, insecure and soulless
Tumbling and fading, their interest fatigued
Oh all these faces, so empirical

Feast of abundance
A decrepit show
Enter the pit of Tartarus

Prelude to revulsion
A vile moment of truth
Sycophantic bile inducing vermin
To abuse

When the mad are king, only the callous remain
The status quo, the ingenuity of hell

All of these faces, oh what a masquerade
These pristine faeces, insecure and soulless
Tumbling and fading, their interest fatigued
Oh all these faces, so metaphorical

Embrace lunacy
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The fall of the hammer, you're no longer obtuse

Embrace lunacy
An alternate reality, romanticised infernally
Embrace lunacy
Dementophobia, a mirror to your own fate

A gluttonous feast of decadence
With little tin foil hats we gladly dance
A flame divine, watch the world plunge into decay

Sun will never rise again
Should have gotten that fucking tan