

Squalor Opera

Aborted

I, I am the face of your torment
I, I am your sin personified
With picturesque decay I paint a world full of problems
Insanity, I am the herald of your misery

With lewd demeanour my visions congregate
A sickening black hole of debauchery
Construed to keep free thought at bay
A sickening hole, taking control

Wallowing in a wasteland, a sordid cacophony
Shrouded by a terror vision
Indoctrinated abomination
The grandest farce, misanthropic global diversion

Oh morbus operandi - invasive surgery through psychopathic imagery
Hypocritical congregation - an obnoxious freakshow for the mentally bizarre
Extermination policies for the weak and poor
We embrace our very end with the greatest amour

I, I am a vision of madness
I, I am the end complete
With a sickening display I portray all your problems
Pure lunacy, A mirror of society

Oh morbus operandi - invasive surgery through psychopathic imagery
Hypocritical congregation - an obnoxious freakshow for the mentally bizarre

Extermination policies for the weak and poor
We embrace our very end with the greatest amour

Gluttonous we keep devouring more
Moth to a flame, brainless necrovores
Epitome of the insane, we beg for more

Enter the Opera

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Gray matter rot, a voracious plot
No voice of reason, it pertains to treason
We adore a generation of idiots
Damned and doomed we embrace it like fools
No thought or reason, fill our heads with feces
Gray matter rot, a voracious plot
No thought or reason, fill our heads with feces