

Visceral Despondency

Aborted

This visceral despondency
A grand depression, our demise
Corruption of the beholders mind

We were born to die alone, in despondency

Towards the end, towards the uncertain
The endless void

Prelude to all your suffering
Unprepared for trauma
The silence is deafening
Bleeding through your pores

Uncompassionate, distraught
Selfish and oblivious
Apathy aching like an open sore
Forever mourn

Towards the end, towards the uncertain
the endless void

Of egoism we're the great defender
Our inner struggle irrelevant
The selfishness is deafening
Bleeding til it rots

For we are all callous, the walking dead
Living life in the backseat
Full of bitterness, the living dead

I dig deep to fall again
Grabbed by the throat, upon life choke
Drawn in to misery, born for despondency

Trapped in your head, the heavens bled
As you slither through the hairline cracks
Sanity lies beyond humanity's grasp

Prelude to all your suffering
Unprepared for trauma
The silence is deafening
Bleeding through all your pores

Through heavy torment
Throughout a life of misery
Our thoughts drive us insane
A final nail...