

Stigmatized (Robotripping)

Aborym

While your god was sleeping, mine was having fun
Nothing changes behavior like pain
everybody turns their back on us
faces dimmed by memory still heard
and madness may be here and the sounds are gone

And it hangs around, the way
Everybody wants to jump in with their sympathy
and they pretend to built walls of concrete
until they see the reality
They became a consumer
of the needs they create everyday
Will they die before they wake up and perish
by the coming day?

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Down the senseless pit of despair
their direction is out of control
they demand to swim in dried up lake
in a collection of impurities
up is down, left could be right
There is no moon or sun to shine bright
Just clouds, which seem to orbit this place
In a beautiful blue they keep their little race

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