

Mr Tumours Misery

Cadaver

He watched himself as a living dead
Trapped inside a prison of dread
Nothing arrives, nothing disappears
Drowned in lunacy, misery and fear

In a vacuum of wasted time
Chained to his fate life, is his crime

Nobody would care if he died
He's a ghost desolated from pride
Run by a culture of anxiety
A person of senseless misery

His life will slowly cease
Disappearing with a breeze
The shadow has control
A tiny thread him holds

Misery
Misery
Misery
Misery
Now

Haunted by indifference to life
Looks into the mirror choked by the sight
Cosmic torture the world is in a blur
Drowned in lunacy, misery and fear

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