

Calloused

Shamir

The world is sick, I'm sick of it
My blood runs thick and black
My soul is whole and hella old
And ached since earth was flat

Now it's colonized, and I recognize
My life spins free on a sphere
When I feel at ease, I'm plagued with bouts of fear

Don't know if my peace of mind
Will throw the demons off my track
They keep me close, and as I've grown old
They've lessen their attacks
Indifference to creed is what carries me
I don't care, I don't want to come back

When I burn blue and worship who
Used my name back on earth
The trees were green, the beast is free
Once I'm one with the dirt

I hope that I'm dematerialized
But my blood will haunt for years
But I wouldn't mind if it all disappeared

My ravished mind euthanized
A corner of my identity
I let her go, 'cause she always known
The devil had plans for me
The money, the greed, the worldly things
I don't want 'em, I'm a calloused being

Just a cycle I'm tasked with completing
No interest in searching for meaning