

# 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