Pathogen

The Afterimage

We're all forgotten
We're all forgotten

Enveloping my mind in a wasteland of suspicion
Compassion twisted and defiled leaving only hatred
I'm fastened in by the chains of discontent
I'm fastened in by these fucking chains

White walls closing in
White walls closing in on me

I'm growing weary of the front that I've established for myself
I'm resenting anyone who begins to assume they can know for themselves
I don't care about them and I'm unmindful of the infection of those who rely on sentiments
I never cared about them

Carefully calculated explanations
(I don't need them)
Dismissing errors of emotion

I choose to regard them for who and what they are
They are nothing but a fabrication
They never meant a thing to me

Just an illusion
A distortion of the senses
Just an illusion
A distortion of the senses

I'm growing weary of the front I've established for myself
For myself, now

As I progress I've watched the things I've been taught
Decay and fall to pieces
Right in front of me
I'll never be the same again

I'm fastened in by the chains of discontent
I'm fastened in by these fucking chains

White walls closing in
White walls closing in on me

We're all forgotten
We are all forgotten

The air is filled with the foul stench of death

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