

## Psychogrotesque Vi

Aborym

Not a sacred place! This place is cursed by God for sure!  
See them try to kill the pain, blackness fills the mind, decayed

Swarming stigma attaches, insane  
Yesterday, truth despaired, my life, stolen easily  
Trenched again, unfathomed thoughts, my grave deeply  
Stone grown, growing in squares, light shines me through  
Blindly finding, doubting, death's riddles, so true

[Saxophone by Marcello Balena]

Going to the asylum to learn how to die...  
See them try to kill the pain, blackness fills the mind, decayed

Swarming stigma attaches, insane  
Yesterday, truth despaired, my life, stolen easily  
Trenched again, unfathomed thoughts, my grave deeply

[Vocals by Karyn Crisis]

I fly towards other rooms  
They all look the same  
But every single one of them is different  
By the imprints they project in this astral space  
They have different voices and different stories  
Different screams, different microcosmos  
They all reveal the echoes of men who've all lost their way, yet remain  
Their vibrations tell us: some of them went away, some of them are dead