

# 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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