

The Path That Lies Behind Me

Catamenia

I am discharging the twilights of my mind
Conditioning fabricates my authentic sight
My radiant past, beaten paths are left behind
In the sea of make-believes, lies the remnants of dying mind

Death notice, think deep, death sentence, think deep
Last shout, breath deep, last twitch, sink deep

The morbid images are draining my consciousness
Raping, slaughtering my thinking process
Once I was a beast of a man, now I am just a man of a straw
Beaten paths are now left behind, the paths of dawn

Lost ideals of the future became the past
Revolutions of silent lambs are despairily made to last
This meaningless life breaks down far way too fast
Psychic hellhounds tear remains of abandoned soul rags

Break my essence, the core of weak morality
Steal my essence, it's an empty meaningless territory
Break my skull, the vermin caveman decease
Eat my guts, modern man's heel of Achilles