

The Sicker Things

Dew-Scented

Just thoughtless words of filth filled with influence
You no longer feel the presence of wit
Losing all self made shape is an easy step up
And reality is a maze being truly unable to lie
Simplicity, the twisted lifework, so full of might, your cheap
disguise
Trust me with no fucking doubt but pride
Learn at last to read now between the lines
Weakness for remorse is an instrument
And irony means wisdom if you are soon to try
The sicker things will join me now!!!
Out of mind, revering echoes, so full of shit, your plastic kin
gdom