

Pain Of Existence

Disharmonic Orchestra

Hidden people seem to see
The way I cook the brain of thee
Sepia print of hunting dogs
Pointing out the unseen clocks

There I find myself in sorrow
Nothing's left for my tomorrow
Dirty waste of nameless people
A dark blue line of licking nipples

Hard to get from the unknown
Eyes work hard with tears that drown
Take control when I will peer
See the pain of northern fear

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