

Perturbed

Hacride

Obsession, old demons who defeat you
I search, greedy for calm, my liberty

Let the amoeba devour you
It's your requiem

The racked guided spirit by the past,
Voodooed by this pity witch freeze my veins.
Ridiculousness
This obsession is yours, individual

Invented or hidden, justified or inordinate

Your eyes give away and this secret so well kept
This languidness, suffering from hurt you so much
These perturbed sensations
Macabre mass of my look towards the future

Respect your vision of humanity respect man who regard
you
Respect these men who look at you
These memories which spoil life