

## Cholera / Mor

Hypnos

You are nothing but prey  
One in a resigned herd  
That daily fattens up its own doom  
Which you only despise for appearance's sake  
You are non entity  
In a throng of plebeian lice  
Eating themselves alive  
Unworthy of the (freeborn) life  
Feel as it leaks through each single chink  
Through every door ajar..... Infectious  
Sick epoch of plague.  
Intrusive renaissance of sexless aggressors  
Carnivorous  
Cult of insects born for vexatious race  
Shadows snooping around..... Insatiate  
Captured in the net of an unctuous speech  
Commercial slogans pour in  
.....Brainwashing got reformed

Whatever I feel  
Whoever is luring me  
Wherever I shall roam, all over  
Cholera/Mor

Whatever I face  
Wherever I stay  
Wherever I shall soar, all over  
Cholera/Mor

It's sick ...so sick

Teeming of supranational worms  
They penetrate the inside... through skin... right into  
the mind  
With every weakness found  
they're getting stronger and deform furtively  
We're surrounded by an accoustic smog  
taking breath to resist this malicious disease

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