

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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