

Womb Of Vital Confinement

In Dying Arms

Look at what we have become
Fuck you, you fucking slave
something we cant manifest

Slave, fucking slave. You're a mother fucking slave

You see us as the antagonist?
must you feel insecure?
The walls that you once hibernated to for security
have now become your asylum of captivity.

You're not the same
can you feel me now?
can you feed off my words fucking slave?