

Pain is like a pure killswitch
Pain is like an exquisite exoneration
Doped foetus in its mother, similar to stitch
Fighting for very own life through...
The parturition...
An aetherpartus... my prayer in this mess
Of human being brought to existence
Little baby wrapped in hydrogen bonds
Entrenched in anesthetic beauty
Ensnared in its hydrophobic pounds
Through frenetic looting...
There...
Plundered to the soul through blood
The aetheroartus foul
Resected psychologically to be the One
An aetherequiem would sound around Earth cowed
When it shall be dying, to be dead and gone
Ransacked to the soul through blood
The aetherpartus foul
Preserved chemically to be the One
The One...
Demonized to the soul through blood
The aetherpartus foul
Addicted abnormally to be the One