

Dark Facets Of Self Indulgence

Inherit Disease

A cold gaze of the unreal
False realms of our inanimate children
Through veins do not coarse, synapses are fired
As we travel through a twisted paradise
Of our own making, a realm of indulgence
Of lust and power
The decay of reality
Myriad of pleasures
Repeating endlessly
To the point of disgusting perversion
Drunk with power
In this garden of eden
Pleasure fuses with pain
A god with a bloodlust
Surpassing the most deprived
Masochist, blinded by a fiendish brutality
Thought of the insane and schizophrenic
Are deleted redirection into another reality