

A soul broken, an empty shell
Rusty knife cuts your infantile dreams
From the bowels of the world depraved
Slow abortion that never ends

Disgusting rituals of spawning hope
Expected answer in musty words
His dead tongue is like umbilical cord
Through which they sip sick visions

Suppressed are crippled thoughts
Torn into shreds weak belief
Emanating in twisted images
Fearing to be divided

No cure for this disease
Devouring from the inside
Shining jewel, a thing of pride
Turns into ashes trampled down

A soul broken, an empty shell
And only blackness here so cold around
Torn into shreds weak belief
There's no place for eternal rest