

## Pathetic

Nasum

Born into this nothingness  
With the sole goal - to succeed  
Life hangs by a single thread  
As we are trying not to feel

But to gather all we can  
Out of proportion to our need  
To hide within our deepest nests  
And to never ever give

Dead faces  
Breathing through it's meaningless  
Aggravated existence  
From dusk to dawn you swin in shit  
Your only skill's persistence

So you gather all you can  
Out of proportion to our need  
To hide within our deepest nests  
And to never ever give

We're robbing  
We're rotting  
We're hurting  
We're feeling

At last we feel