

## Anaesthetic (For the Pathetic)

Psychlon Nine

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Suffered a legion of blood and despair  
Naked and twisted scratching in this empty skin  
Perverse and destroyed  
A forgery of what used to be  
Drowning in the absence  
Of self sustaining chemistry

Delay, decay  
Filling up the cavity  
To staunch the sickly feeling of death, of death  
Killing me the tragedy  
This torture scene is purity  
You will see inside of me  
The growing of this malady

Do I fade away  
Do I gasp for air  
Do I live out a life that was preset  
Even if I struggle to the day I die  
Do I waste my time

We'll just live out our lives anesthetized.