

Abusement Park

Rotten Sound

Nowhere to move
No fucking place to go to
Around and around, still no goal is found
In my private merry-go-round

I am being abused...
I am all alone...
My emotions...
Are being torn...

No origin
Nor destination
Just the plane of sanity I am going under
In my intimate roller-coaster

I am being abused...
I am all alone...
My feelings...
Have been killed...

No way to win
Impossible to beat
The slot-machines of utter darkness
Or the pinball games of pain

My thoughts can not move
Emotions won't run
The inner self, it's stuck in the memories
Which can not be found
Tied into all of these,
These horrifying machines
The park of ultimate self abusement...
Can guarantee a total internal torment

Yaah
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