

Hands Of The Puppeteers

The Misanthrope

I'm the automaton of life
The one which sleeps in each of us
Who's talking, who's feeding, who is loving for you
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Who's talking, who's feeding, who is loving for you

I'm your universal guardian angel
An image of serviceable civilized man
Is reached when you put the final touch
To my mechanical minute detail embellishments

I'm you as automaton apostolic image
Lead by your hands of puppeteers
Yourself directed external
From outer controlling all my deeds and motions
I can do what you ever desire

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Yourself directed external
From outer controlling all my deeds and motions
I can do what you ever desire

But what will you become
Oh my master, my guide
An eternal disguise being
Lost among the humans
Holding on my ties
In the beginning you were coming in sight
For the royal moments of ejaculation
But soon all this will end in perdition

Every single thing annoying you
Even the most macabre scenery

Lie in hiding, I became yourself
You loose all your madness
As marble with acknowledge depth

I totaly identify myself to you
But now you are nothing any longer, not even yourself

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