

Somatically Incorrect

Whitechapel

There are no bonds between a mastermind of armageddon
And the ones who vomit forth their fabrication
Of a life that is blinded by lies.
Funny how it all works out
This is my chance to control
You're lying on the shards talking to yourself
Your innards exposed
Laughing uncontrollably, crushing your anatomy
Delusional psychosis has its grip on me.
I just can't fucking wait,
I have the upper hand to do whatever I please
I'm in love with the fact that you're looking at me
While you take your last gasp of air
Crawl back into your comforting hole
Keep promising yourself that salvation will come.

I really don't think you know the life that you could
have
Just keep thinking everything will be alright
Keep thinking you can hide from destiny
I'll keep haunting every move you make
Let me inside your mind
I prefer you to defend yourself
Schizophrenia interrupts the scene of attention
Let's see how long this will last
It's normal to dismember, it's normal to contain no
regrets
For what I have caused and the dramatic effect
My vision's spinning, my nose is bleeding
Everything is slowly distorting
This is somatically incorrect
Through hell you will walk to get even the slightest
moment of peace
You haven't even gotten anything close to what you
deserve
It's set in stone and putrefaction will be my oxygen
Recite your pledge to death and don't forget to die
Choke on the false hope.