

there is no right, there is no wrong
in why we live, there is only wrong
so radical, destroyed for nothing
and i don't care, i don't care anymore
remarkable, pulsating creature
into whose calves the poison flows
when it is wondrous
it makes us whole
to force a hammer and a nail
into its soul
journey to the end of the night
am i alright, do i look alright?
a car has killed you
and your corpse
has de-discouraged us
to never never never never look up
the scorpion in our chests
cuts the word to scar, powerlessness