

Nasum, Pathetic

Born into this nothingness
With the sole goal - to succeed
Life hangs by a single thread
As we are trying not to feel

But to gather all we can
Out of proportion to our need
To hide within our deepest nests
And to never ever give

Dead faces
Breathing though it's meaningless
Aggravated existence
From dusk to dawn you swim in shit
Your only skill's persistence

So you gather all you can
Out of proportion to our need
To hide within your deepest nests
And to never ever give

We're robbing
We're rotting
We're hurting
We're feeling

At last we feel