

Susperia, Specimen

A sculpture constructed for the perfect system
Not knowing your true origin
You wander through life as instructed
Not knowing the end of it all
The entity has written your life
Showed you your path but not how to walk it

I know now the reason
Why these visions from beyond
Haunted me through life
As a supposed guidance

So this is your way
Of showing me the truth
I'm tired of this game
Playing with my mind

Hands that cannot move
Eyes that cannot see
Mouth that cannot speak
And a body that cannot feel

Lifeless, limbless, speechless
No gestures of my own will
Soulless, mindless, feeling less
Even death wont greet me still

Entrapment is all that's real
My mind is wired to yours
How long will you test my strength
What follows when I am dead

How long will you test my strength
What follows once I am gone
Wired to you
Encagement is all I feel

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