

# 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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Of showing me the truth  
I'm tired of this game  
Playing with my mind