

# Velvet Acid Christ, Intussusception

this is now, we live  
so cold, and lifeless  
just sitting here  
with my head between my legs  
staring at the ground  
twitching, convulsing  
think about the past  
where did it go?  
where did it come from?  
and why is this such a rhetorical question  
to ask myself?  
so why?  
i must try to seek salvation  
in a world that is so cold  
cold, cold, cold  
loud empty thud  
against my head  
as the pain rushes in  
and loving it  
is over here upon myself  
listen to time, why? why? why?  
try to understand  
why do you understand  
when no one else does?  
no one else does  
sick and killing time  
killing me forever  
forever dead  
all in till the end  
so this is worth living?  
in nothing?  
so something is all  
it's all a game to debate  
contemplate suicide  
i don't patronize  
i don't sympathize  
for you or dissed burnt image  
image on top of the forehead in the mirror  
where we see no truth  
forever lost, forever loveless  
loveless forever, loveless forever  
tired of living, soul taking  
i feel it breaking my mind  
so goodbye, so goodbye