

Velvet Acid Christ, Intussusception (Bowel Move

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