Luxt, Not Of My Kind

Aching for fact, still as blind as a bat.
How did it come to this and which way is back?
Filled up with riddles of the shallowest kind.
Brought down and violated (they're) after a piece of my mind.

Blue blood inside, turns to red as it dies.
The air we breathe is out make sure we're cold and dried.
Killing our damn selves and cutting the cord.
This type of damage, only a few can afford.

Full eyes, overloading with light.
Stretching lungs nearly splitting so full of night.
Pure skin slithering to my lips,
this jawbone changing form, dark as it drips.

Silence roaring in the blinding of black.
Contorting limbs are mutating with every crack.
The demon builds till the edges are filled.
Turning back is not an option in this womb of midnight drilled

Killing time till the six foot slab drops down.
Wasting mind on the pleasures that really aren't.
I'd be fine if I only had it all
everything, affluence wall to wall.
A dripping sexuality on ice.
A closet full of guns and whores and life
A needle to encapsulate my heart
and cold machines to tear this place apart.

I don't want to touch you.
I've got nothing for you.
I am nothing of you.
Yes, I must say I'm above you.