

# Peccatum, The Moribund People

The broken minds are for the mad  
They say  
And shun it like a dog astray  
I know nothing of such a lie  
And neither did he  
Blessed be the unmasked enemy  
Of the righteous content mass

Some suffer to the point  
Where they grow numb  
Where they grow numb  
Others are so numb  
They deserve to suffer

He wrote his life in blood  
Reaching for a star beyond  
Which I, the writer, do not know  
What was - is - or shall become  
Where he showed courage I saw shame  
As I mirrored him in the common eye  
Of the herd  
Little did I know  
That when the world turns its monstrous head  
Away  
It reveals such an incredibly lonely place  
Where all is too much, too little  
Too much, too much

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