

# Specimen

## Pornopop

A sculpture constructed for 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 won't greet me still Entrapment is all that's real  
My mind is wired to your's  
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 So this is your way  
Of showing me the truth  
I'm tired of this game  
Playing with my mind

Lyrics provided by

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