

# The Sicker Things

## Dew-Scented

Just thoughtless words of filth filled with influence  
You no longer feel the presence of wit  
Losing all self made shape is an easy step up  
And reality is a maze being truly unable to lie  
Simplicity, the twisted lifework, so full of might, your cheap disguise  
Trust me with no fucking doubt but pride  
Learn at last to read now between the lines  
Weakness for remorse is an instrument  
And irony means wisdom if you are soon to try  
The sicker things will join me now!!!  
Out of mind, revering echoes, so full of shit, your plastic kingdom

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