

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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