

Burning Cells

Disarmonia Mundi

like flesh in a slaughter house
I know we are pleasant cowshed
 upset like a pig in his gore
 swim fast and fuck your needs
 you're not alone now
 let it go!wanna close your eyes
 tired of this nauseating cream
 but strobos flash your skin
 and you know
you're done, trippin' downyou can transgress now
 rebel against what?
 no choice, one way
 to get rid of the shit stored
 need some vaseline?
 to keep good all she promises
 can't be slave to the image
 display your illness
you became slave, stupid fucker!how long will it last
 all a story to live
 one thousand of cells to hive, to burn
 from now you can beginlight dissolving in my saliva
 under the tongue fireclaustrophobia
 your brain is suffering inside
 exploding
he found his grave in your mindtry to get up fucker
 you're sitting or you're already standing
 tell me which's your aftershave
 you are a floweret by this side
 to whom someone broke the stalk

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