

Torsions

Dead Infection

Seized in claws of unmerciful torsions you're shocked,
Look around, culture spattered by stomach's bile,
Lost souls are going for a walk to a land of ugliness,
God is absent, his salvation is powerless. Look at yourself, you are in vomits, it's beautiful view,
Yellow mixture on your mouth embellishes you,
Dignity, appearance are full of sympathy,
It's a fragment of your life, and of your pride. Torsions-secret of life,
Vomits-secret of pride.
Your organism repeats regurgitation,
Organs of digestion excrete bad smell. In the bloody mood identity dies,
Torsions are increasing, the last remains of vomits.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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