

Flux / Mental Maelstrom

Mortiis

I want you to descend.
I want you to fall down.
I want to be the end
- Of everything you've ever done. The cities that I built,
The forests that I grew,
Got stained by your filth,
And now they smell like you. You Stink!
Just!
Like!
The pigs you are. How long? How long?
How far are you willing to go?
How much? How dry?
I have seen the devil's eye
- And it is you. The world shut me out.
I see your faces in the sand.
But if I reach out,
You're gonna break my hand. I want you to be here,
I want you to descend to,
This pathetic mind-made sphere,
The perpetual end. I want to be the end
- Of everything you've ever done.

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