

Sensual Sickness

Decapitated

Blind is the euphoria of the crowd
Staring at themselves from inside
And observing the succeeding patterns
Of the world that spirals downwardsI sense tangible phantasm
It causes human pride to swell anew
Come on, to touch, maybe catch
Fever of senses stimulates animal brain
And to those of you who scream that they knowKeep roaming in your dance
Singing of truth and happiness
Quelling the misty vision of end

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