

Pentassam Constellation

Agoraphobic Nosebleed

your hope collapsed like a burning orphanage under the
weight of their expectations it must seem routine for
you now snowing in their spit languishing in their
refuse a human/virus a victim of disease called
circumstance their real faces are the faces of disgust
the only kind you see from down here here there is no
healing only the slowing of decay i've heard they
still smile in their world perhaps you will go there
someday and destroy their happiness

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