

Why?

Root

Why? I dance on gray skulls
Of just hypocrites
On my shoulders I carry
The globe full of fools I devour my own trails
On which my homunculus hangs
The comet shot out of my brain
Will not reach the borders of the space
Crowds of idiots trample down
My pregnant pituitary gland
I weep over my loneliness
Surrounded by my friends I must laugh at the kindness
Of my mortal enemies
I open my inward mind
For the icy breath of the endless existence
I want to change into an icicle
Of the universal reason
My heart turned to stone
Together with the testicles of the life
Thousands of hammers hitting the anvil
Of my dark destiny
Why? Billion of nothing

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