

# Censored Project

## Yyrkoon

Censored Project Refusing to see all of those infected minds  
Just to feel better in your own veins  
Asking yourself why and how to share all those visions  
And more this nightmares of that lost humanity  
Closed recipient filled of ominous spikes Don't enter my private desires  
Bad habits are ruling forever  
Pushing the door of a closed reality  
For the science or any other learning Metaphor of colors  
Blood red black  
Altar of flesh  
Razor's cuts macabre breath of creation  
Remembering old deception Censored!  
Project!  
Censored!  
Project! The wounds created by the flesh  
Seem to be occulted by all of us  
Metaphor of colors  
Blood red black  
Altar of flesh razor's cuts  
Closed recipient filled of ominous spikes Censored!  
Project!  
Censored!  
Project! Little by little truth's blood runs among us as an empty river  
I'm like you making the black side  
To reason and to kill the ideal lineage

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>