

# Scenario

## Dismal Euphony

Talking to an abstract, yet figurative image of myself  
Seen vaguely from this dim and misty place  
All those beings are like faceless and with tranquil hearts  
Words like hunted flesh  
They return again... and again  
Calling up the stirs of pain  
Walking down those stairs again  
I am barely the shadow of my former self 'cause  
I NO LONGER CARE!  
FUCK YOU... ALL OUT THERE!!!

Lyrics provided by

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