

Acrid Semblance

"A Perfect Pseudocrity"

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As I fall through the depths of this abyss inside
A cold swirl devours me of my last drop of sense
Fallen way beyond from the archaic heights
I now see no black, only see colours so blind

Reason obviates emotion, lust obviates lust
Time obviates touch, numbness I left in thy crust

I see the pain in your eyes, eating you from deep inside
Guiding you to the scenes you've seen, again they light
the torch of misery
I see the pain in your eyes, feel my burning touch in
your thighs
Leaving you in the abyss of demise, fight thy haunting
guilts tonight

From a sense so vivid, from a life so rheotic
I now live a life, emptied by pseudocrity
Perfection, thy desire, unholy cry for lust,
I see thy fixated to the chains of disgust

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[Solo: Vikas]

[Solo: Kshitish]

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