

.Crrust

"Pain Is Only A Mere Sensation"

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1. Pain Is Only A Mere Sensation

Let me try to discomfort you
Let the others do same things with you
we'll see who's failing
and who's doing fine
You like competitions
I know it cause your

shallow lakes reflect shades of what's left of your
names

I'll run away
I'll mix in with the foreigners
I'll come back when the horizon clears up
I'm a drag addict
I won't be able to fear your fears
You'll probably stop when blood Interferes

with blue threads from the liver
with hands washed in quicksilver
the color
the one that sets the rules
sets the rules on fire
I see it in your eyes

I don't think I'll fit into your dream
Of perfect order and everything still
I won't fit in I'll bring my chaos along
Taking you further
Teaching you havoc
Taunting the birds
To bring you the message

Life's too exhausting and
That makes you untouchable
Death's so insignificant
And that makes me too play the game
Blood's so wasteful and
Flesh is too repulsive so
So what else is there to enjoy
But getting rid of it all

There's no space for compassion

At least the bones still hold
They don't have to avoid
Meeting eyes
Keeping track of the light years
Aren't we just wasting time
Is there really something to bow down to
You being untouchable
Means I'm unforgivable
It's all to forget about
Still you do play the game
I see it in your eyes your eyes
They're dying slow deaths

See for yourself
I'm on your side
Seal yourself off
I will not die

Nobody gets lower
Nobody shuts up
Strangely though someone's for hire
When others are left to get by
Spread wireless the virus
Leaves a blank space the shape of a split mirror
behind
To polish
My sick soul
Then demolish it all

Nobody wants to take control
everyone wants to be free
from fever that comes from knowledge
and photographed by the above

Can I get the picture signed
one more time
and get back what's mine
I've left my parts here long ago
didn't think of coming back
but it seems that
I fell right in again
I'm stuck in here for long

For as long as it takes
the war to be forgotten about
The rumors have it
that new clouds are now carved

You've come home only

to find that your boundaries
have eaten your soul
you now stand for all the hate you love
and everything you're bargained for

Irresistible to some
Annoying to others
Driven by the winds
Caught inside the fins
Relying on weather
To smooth out the leather
On you

Only to soak and freeze the triggered hands like frozen
brush ends dipped in red paint dripping down as they
thaw forming figures out of splashes turning back to
shatters of dried blood

Irresistible to some
Annoying to others
Driven by the winds
Caught inside the fins
Relying on weather
To rip out your studs

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Then sun will lick the foreign waters off the mud and
Cut through all the layers of their tender faces.
So I'll dust off the only line the bending's left to start
with as I continue to erode my sense with silence.

Each second here is worth a million later I took a dive
and sank into the ground

The figures rising they seem too harmless
They seem too instant they sound too faithful
I've cracked them open but they're empty inside
They sound like vultures approaching their dead
They fear and worship the early meanings of older
sayings and shout them out loud

Deep in the lost and found with bad intentions
Stuck in the classroom all with wrong decisions
It takes a while to judge us by the things that we do
unaware of the cause
We only hope it won't lead to collisions with outcome
much worse than we can comprehend
Conversation is expensive
What's in a simple talk that is making it so cheap

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What all is spun on is the ground of rival comrades
Not very innovative, not too damn persuasive.
Not really entertaining.

This sky is the roof of our shed decorated with vapor
trails and ornamented with moving stars, the roof of
our portable home.

It's not the best there is but it's the best there used to
be.

The waters are still for now but this does not change
anything.

A storm starts from butterflies flapping wings.

I owe it two apologies one is for being myself and it'll
have to decide what the other is for.

In this atmosphere our birds are never going to fly, our
birds are finished.

A Bird of Jove is hunted down by the gunshot, a
seagull's shredded by the turbine, a dove pecked to
death by the crows.

Those shadows from the image tube

Are rippled by the heated air

The images are dark and foul

But there's still no one with a better taste

Cause I adore the sun

and yet I see more clouds

I don't need to sense the presence of muted dialogues
in wintercolor while the coldest waters save us days to
come back and live state all your executives and all
that's left there I hear them calling

I'll be there soon

I'll move by rolling over

the sounds they're faking

you hear them too, ones that built those firing tubes
with

Too much on their minds to fall asleep asleep at the
wheel

With each second closer to the core.

What all is spun on is the ground of rival comrades

Not very innovative, not too damn persuasive

Not really entertaining

This sky is the roof of our shed decorated with vapor
trails and ornamented with moving stars
the roof of our portable home

It's not the best there is but it's the best there used to
be

The waters are still for now but this does not change
anything

A storm starts from butterflies flapping wings

I owe it two apologies one is for being myself and it'll
have to decide what the other one is for
In this atmosphere our birds are never going to fly, our
birds are finished
A Bird of Jove is hunted down by the gunshot
a dove pecked to death by the crows
a seagull's shredded by the turbine
a bird of paradise has had a heartstroke

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