

Dew-Scented "Feeling Not"

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Terminal desire of thoughts
Overcome my destiny
I got the vibes of pain
Emotional dementia
I've found the thrill of the discontent

I bleed no longer
I'm through
This solitude was made for you

Misery enthroned by defeat
in a poverty of expression
I reject this anxiety
Wastelands from inside
I'm longing to be feeling not

I'm standing at the edge of the abyss
Your false remorse means shit to me
Feeling not
Go...

Longing to be feeling not
Your decay means shit to me
Feeling not

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