

Disarmonia Mundi

"Burning Cells"

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like flesh in a slaughter house
I know we are pleasant cowshed
upset like a pig in his gore
swim fast and fuck your needs
you're not alone now
let it go!

wanna close your eyes
tired of this nauseating cream
but strobos flash your skin
and you know
you're done, trippin' down

you can transgress now
rebel against what?
no choice, one way
to get rid of the shit stored
need some vaseline?
to keep good all she promises
can't be slave to the image
display your illness
you became slave, stupid fucker!

how long will it last

all a story to live
one thousand of cells to hive, to burn
from now you can begin

light dissolving in my saliva
under the tongue fire

claustrophobia
your brain is suffering inside
exploding
he found his grave in your mind

try to get up fucker
you're sitting or you're already standing
tell me which's your aftershave
you are a floweret by this side
to whom someone broke the stalk

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