Disharmonic Orchestra "Pain Of Existence"

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Hidden people seem to see
The way I cook the brain of thee
Sepia print of hunting dogs
Pointing out the unseen clocks

There I find myself in sorrow Nothing's left for my tomorrow Dirty waste of nameless people A dark blue line of licking nipples

Hard to get from the unknown Eyes work hard with tears that drown Take control when I will peer See the pain of northern fear

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