

Dominique Dalcant

"Half Bent Pen-Knife"

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Go away I must get you out of my way
We tried but we failed
Life is illusive
Does it end somewhere?
I'm asking you
Again
Who do you think we are?
You're messing with my world
But I'll set myself free with my pen-knife

Your soul
The hotbed of evil, begins that hatch
The lords of chaos
Jack-o-lantern
Moral insanity
Look what you produced

Dead children of tomorrow
Surrounded by the dark
I'll prepare them for yet another war
You know
I can smell their hatred

The sanctuary
Of my mind
Keeps me senseless to everyone's feelings
I'm not your chariot
I'm not your freakin' slave
Don't play games with me
Anymore

You're already dead man
I warn you one more time
Try me
Find out!

Forget about the future, forget about the past
I know their lies
Qualified to suicide
That's the mirror of our times

Watch your back!
Questions and answers about the mystery of death
You will find out in another man
Sufferings is like your stench
It can allways find you

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