

Aborym

"Psychogrotesque II"

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They said I was schizophrenic
Rebellion to a steady order
The mass kills empty containers
The mass smashes heads full of air
Those who try to escape from the gears of mediocrity
Neurotics, they call them
Those who want to be
Haldol interferes with the complex
Biomechanical activity of my nerve cells
Devastating effects: no joy... no joy, no colour, no
feeling
My body doesn't react, my soul refuses to talk with me
Trapped in a shroud, my refuses justified the
diagnosis
I swallowed Luvatran and I vomited my life
My psychosis was developing, they were making me
mad
I was feeling disgusting: hatred for myself
Spontaneous explosions of violence - uncontrollable
Regurgitation of suffering
Remembrance of humiliations and blood
They sewed on me a heavy strait-jacket
Attraction-repulsion - obsession
Hatred for myself - self-mutilation
Me, horrible insect - brand of infamy
Banned from the mankind community
Is this my punishment? For what?

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