

Aborym "Psychogrotesque V"

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If I could breathe the hate I found in humanity
I would be suffocated by it's virulent fogs
If I could live in my way - no mercenaries
I would count on the pain, the only thing I own
I am a man... I am without a leg
If I look down I realize that I don't even have the other
one
I am a legless man and I don't have my left arm
I don't have the right one either and I have no spinal
column
I have no hands... I don't have eyes... I don't have hair
There's a lack of nose and ears in my face, I can't see
anything of me: I am a black fly
I am misery: I am nothing: you made me a "non-man"
dear doctor world
And if I transgress against your catechism I hope many
will follow me!
If I exist I am no one else: I don't acknowledge in me
this equivocal pluralism
My subjectivity and the Creator it's way too much for
just a brain
This place... in where huge instinctive pulsions are lost:
here there is the Final Apocalypse

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