

Aborym

"Psychogrotesque VI"

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Not a sacred place! This place is cursed by God for sure!
See them try to kill the pain, blackness fills the mind,
decayed
Swarming stigma attaches, insane
Yesterday, truth despaired, my life, stolen easily
Trenched again, unfathomed thoughts, my grave
deeply
Stone grown, growing in squares, light shines me
through
Blindly finding, doubting, death's riddles, so true

[Saxophone by Marcello Balena]

Going to the asylum to learn how to die...
See them try to kill the pain, blackness fills the mind,
decayed
Swarming stigma attaches, insane
Yesterday, truth despaired, my life, stolen easily
Trenched again, unfathomed thoughts, my grave
deeply

[Vocals by Karyn Crisis]

I fly towards other rooms
They all look the same
But every single one of them is different
By the imprints they project in this astral space
They have different voices and different stories
Different screams, different microcosmos
They all reveal the echoes of men who've all lost their
way, yet remain
Their vibrations tell us: some of them went away, some
of them are dead

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