

## Aborym "Psychogrotesque X"

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Death to the lifeless, befall the death of their line  
Consumed with absurdity, it will all be taken within time  
Created to be desolate, a new way of life begins anew  
Distorted daylight, it's darkness will reach the few  
Combined catastrophe, the mindless soul dead  
Born in the grave, a wretched life force-fed  
Ex-sanguinary empowerment, now gains the insane  
Usurping the chosen, destruction will now reign  
We are all delusions in the eyes of God

[Solo Peter Michael Kolstad Vegem]

I am a perfect mask of pain  
The violence of the poison twists my limbs  
It deforms me, it knocks me over, look how the fire  
rises again!  
They can't hear me, they're ghosts  
Don't come nearer, I smell like burnt  
Climb toward the final burst  
I'm losing hope, I wish for death  
I am drowning in an amniotic liquid  
A neverending whirlpool is dragging me down  
My wings are melting and merging with plastic  
I'm a nest in flames: I am burning

He sits down with holy fears and waters the ground  
with tears  
Then humility takes it's root underneath his foot  
Soon spreads the dismal shade of mystery over his  
head  
And the caterpillar and the fly feed on the mystery  
And it bears the fruit of deceit ruddy and sweet to eat  
And the raven his nest has made in it's thickest shade  
The Gods of the earth and sea sought through nature  
to find this tree  
But their search was all in vain there grows one in the  
human brain

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