

## **Illdisposed "Depersonalisation"**

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There's no door in these cold walls  
surrounded by the infinite

My card is reading cardiac  
my thoughts won't seem to comprehend

Why? The lost sentence, in varieties of religious  
experience

The truth: a direful legacy, has driven me to my knees  
I'm hurt  
Pschiatric disbelieve, "good luck when you're  
panoplied"  
A force divided by slavery, a senseless futility

A must to see the unholy state, in which I was held for a  
while  
A study in grief taking over my mind, as I declared my  
soul to behind  
Just longing for the first day, to say, I'm back this time  
I'm here to stay  
Can't you see the one aspect, that makes my gift to  
innocence  
The metaphysics were caressed, by every bit of air I  
breathed  
In lustfulness

I've lost, a loser without a name, must be my contribute  
Your trust, the effort of ficticiousness, my grief is  
compelling me  
The sign, the sign is for all to see, I know what to do  
with thee

Waverer, to bewail, led defeats  
Engrossing my fate, my heart's decadence,  
capitulation  
Time to intrude, to declare the fate, an angel will fall  
My aspiration, you beg, the iteration, imbibes, as only  
you can  
I've tried, to leave this fucking hell

