

Insision

"Breathing The Black Dust"

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["Expelled, but never again in this body I will hold", was his words as he breathed on my lump of a soul.

From the plains of anger he has come, still hosting the virus from the thick sludge.

The black dust, robber of the soul, killer of the spirit.]

No lust

No will

I vomit the soul

Regurgitate the spirits here

Empty shells, the hammer click

So, I reload and try again... again

In the mud, and down the drain

I spew the crippled out

I inhale and I reject

I reload and I try again

I can not cope, I do not see... the voices never stop

I don't feel, I've got no lust, I'll carve you out of me

There is a silhouette on the horizon

Circles and points of view

There is something wrong and vile inside

Satan, guide this bullet right!

Houses of humans flicker by

Satations on the fucking line

Fast-forward and flat

Chuckle, cackle and crack

Eyes are bulging in the head

Feelings unreal and spirits dead

No meaning to it all

Hear them calling...

Depraved, Deranged, Depraved

I breathe the black dust deep inside

I must transform again

Another angle to this life

It just consumes me

Border walking every hour

I've seen it coming

No lust, no will, no life

Isolation is complete

