

Cadacross

"Mr. Tumor's Misery"

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He watched himself as a living dead
Trapped inside a prison of dread
Nothing arrives, nothing disappears
Drowned in lunacy, misery and fear
In a vacuum of wasted time
Chained to his fate life, is his crime
Nobody would care if he died
He's a ghost desolated from pride
Run by a culture of anxiety
A person of senseless misery
His life will slowly cease
Disappearing with a breeze
The shadow has control
A tiny thread him holds
Misery
Misery
Misery
Misery
Now
Haunted by indifference to life
Looks into the mirror choked by the sight
Cosmic torture the world is in a blur
Drowned in lunacy, misery and fear
In a vacuum of wasted time
Chained to his fate life, is his crime
Nobody would care if he died
He's a ghost desolated from pride
Run by a culture of anxiety
A person of senseless misery

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