

Misteria

"Bashfully Deformed"

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broken mirror damaged faces, distored,
subdued voices, phobia in awe of yourself
you're afraid to face your reflection you don't want to
hear the lament
of conscience, torn asunder you defend yourself...
you defend yourself against the blow, inflicted by child
form the garden of decay, deformed visions...
deformed imagies...
deformed visions... phobia phobia!!!
...stroke of rusty blade,
with the surgeon's precision
takes away your thumb - it has a bitter taste...?
you're not bleeding you don't feel any pain
the claw grows from the fresh wound
it comes back, you feel the changes on
your body again, the child floats there is
no gravitation, phobia... broken mirror
don't look at your reflection, please don't look... at the
blind man!!! deformed visions... deformed imagies...
deformed visions... phobia phobia!!!

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