

Nervecell

"Haute Monde Facade"

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In the verge of existence,
There lies a lust to devour, the pain of humanity's
anguish
This grief never settles my soul not an hour, filled with
shame and disappointment
Misconceptions towards this life and it's death, drawn
through disobedience and anger

What this verve brought us to? Towards the end of
everything

Chaos is here

Engaging in a never ending hatred, hatred to this life
our fathers once led
Injecting revulsion in the minds of the weak, innocence
to corruption
Puppets of a ruthless aim, stupidity is born in the name
The name of honor we once swore upon, swearing
upon the lord of one

Towards the end of everything

Something is near consequences you can hear
Your doings are unset revealed through blinded eyes

Something is near, your vision, determination set
unclear objective and need
Your doings are unset revealed through misleading
lies

Come to realize with an open mind
We are made to, decompose, to humiliate, to
invigorate
Rot in peace

This tragedy is tearing me, true senses scattered
everywhere
This silence has forsaken us, can hear my soul crying
out with despair

"History will have to record that the greatest tragedy

this period of social transition was not the strident
clamour of the bad people, but the appalling silence of
the good..." - Martin Luther King, Jr.

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