

To Elysium "Bug"

Visit "[Bug](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[One some terms I'm rather easily annoyed. Persons can be parasites, think of so called friendships, think of some govermental whorish institues. Let them fuck themselves into oblivion. So lovely to mirror themselves, might be senseless, but it feels good. It's alright to give, even if you get not much in return, tides turn, just as long as it doesn't eat you away.]

Insect, your host is dead

Make it come
Take it down
Back to the heavy basics

Vagrant, your host is dead
Homeward, your host is dead
Insect, your host is dead

Sleeper during the day
At night high on thin air
All that you bless
Has grown from emptiness

Between word and world
Lies the hurt and hurt the lies

Visit [To Elysium](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.