

## Vomiturition "Depression"

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

What I feel  
But cannot see  
It's the fear of a man  
Reality of man and woman

If I could be a child with a hole in my head  
I'd take my mind out and rape it in my bed  
The juices of my naked soul shall slow  
Then I'd be more than just a man

Before I go  
I've decided to find  
The mind I've lost to the gardens of grey  
Where it was left with children to cry

If I could be more pure and naked than those  
Who brought me in here, I could have rosen  
My hapiness out and engrave the name  
Of my hatred god to it

Though others say that I'm often sad  
The deserted valleys and the sand  
Will prove with every springful rose  
That I still exist and be

What could be more beautiful than  
A funeral where grief and fear of a man  
Are floating grey to the face of the truth  
Of the deceased

Visit [Vomiturition](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyric and videos.