

Mis-teeq

"Hypochondrium Forces"

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To the disillusion of life
You loved us but we betrayed
Your reliance in coming by
Through you as a misanthrope of trumpery

Unwittingly how to leave
Still to human to overthrow
All those pleasant years of hatred
Hypochondriac rapture to our ego's firmament

To confess you in evil
Words have an imprecise shape
Images should alas stay sharp
Obsessed by our own world
We have lost our existance

The song of songs
Hymns of canticles
The office's epilogue
The birth of our neo-testament

To the disenchantment of the world
Join the hypochondrium forces
Stronger than ever and still unvanquished
Raise the misanthropist hate's torches

Hypochondrium forces

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Hymns of canticles
The office's epilogue
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