

(SIC)Monic "Somnambulist"

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Blood of the fallen, a somnambulist wretched and
prophetic slaves to the
System who carves out her own eyes with razorblades
leaving a blister it takes
Form evaporative translucent prisms reflecting they
shatter infesting all I see
In a tongue I lace with insanity a phantomous
illumination I will never be
Painted on the walls with the blood of a paranormal
cataclysm I will never see
Feed upon the saints and eradicate the elemental
sacrificial bones that break
In a dream of isolated ambiance I find myself in cold
sweats wide awake cause
I've got punctures in my lungs gonna tear me out
fucking rip me out suffocate
Disintegrate love will never penetrate these walls I build
with my symptoms
Connptions inflictions a slave to my symptoms Denial-
I'm just fine don't
Touch me clairvoyance- these beings confront me
through violence I am
Deconstructing my soul by removing my eyes from my
skull just to see or feel
Something hallucinogenic pathetically craving what
kills me and destroys the
Voice that's relentlessly echoing carving a vision of
what once was, what has
Been could be anything but these purple angelic pupils
that haunt my dreams
Wide awake and falling asleep where I stand I'm the
saint who prays with slit
Wrist at midnite for the moonlight for the sunset for the
experience of the
Sickening decay if I had a reason just to breathe
another breathe I wouldn't
Need this phantomous illumination deep inside painful
accusations resonating
Thru these conversations spoken in the tongue of
psychotropic demonized pitiful
Acidic catastrophic condescending paranoid
delusionary penetrating finalized so

Murderous the conversation that I heard between the
voices venomous and
Complicated somewhat fantasized
I could be the one to hold and love and uplift u or I
could be the one to
Devastate disintegrate and move to impale u I feed on
the wounds that my manic
Episodes do heal or dig further too reveal the
degenerative failures inside all
Of u I'm fucking digging in my soul I'm fucking carving
out a hole I'm the
Saint who prays with slit wrists at midnite cause I've got
punctures in my lungs

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