

## Auto-auto "Duma"

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When a poem still unwritten makes it's way through  
space  
It's determined to be seated in a mental case  
That will give it all the nurishment it needs

To grow into an epic of great altitude  
To make the virgins wet by beeing b\*\*\*\*\* crude  
And lyrically complex to who may read

Chorus  
Plauge is beeing human beeing  
Haunt the shadows of their dreams  
I'll born  
I'll be long  
I'll be gone  
Before you breathe

Human beeing is a disease  
Haunt the shadows of their dreams  
I'll born  
I'll be long  
I'll be gone  
Before you breathe

When a picture is to horrible to make headlines  
It will stay inside the head of those who lay their eyes  
On the evidence of memories of crime

It will stay until the picture is a mantelpiece  
A manifest of hedonism and it wont cease  
Until it's paper is consumed by tharmageddon

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