

Beehoover "The Hospice Inn"

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Feel your breath as you awake from lungs you haven't
known this way the limbs are numb pain's all to feel this
rotten body a useless remnant this pain is endless all's
to loathe just a victim of hypocritical oath half-dead is
what you're called your body is machine controlled like
a present to despise as a child in it's mother's hands
from which it's life depends you're so helpless and
fragile the focus narrows the mind restricts to the
beauty of the end's bliss the focus narrows the mind
restricts you want to go they won't let you you drown in
fear in endless fear they torture you by loving you you
drown in fear in painful fear

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